

DR. JOHN WILKINS, INDICTED CITY PHYSICIAN, WILL RESIGN POSITION IF GRANTED PENSION

Chinese Bandits Slay U. S. Sailor at Yochow

BRITISH GUNBOATS
ALSO FIRED UPON
AND TWO WOUNDED

American Commander Silences Attackers With 3-Inch Guns and Machine Gun Fire.

STATE DEPARTMENT HAS SENT PROTESTS

Missionaries Reported Driven Through Streets at Suiping by Chinese Armed With Sticks.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—(AP)—Difficulties with revolution-torn China, already climaxed by a state department protest, were augmented today by a radio report to the navy department that an American blue-jacket had been killed in a battle with bandits.

The seaman was Samuel Elkins, of Brooklyn, N. Y., attached to the United States gunboat Guam. He was struck by bandit rifle ball during a short encounter at Yochow, Hunan, China, when brigands turned from looting the city to fire upon the ship.

A news report from Shanghai said three British gunboats had been fired upon at the same time, and two sailors wounded before the British and American seamen silenced the bandit riflemen.

A report of the encounter sent to Secretary Adams by Rear Admiral Charles B. McVay, commander-in-chief of the Asiatic fleet, said:

"U. S. ship Guam reports she was heavily fired upon by communists at about 1 p. m. July 4, while convoying the Neihe past Yochow. Fire was silenced by 20 rounds three-inch and 1,200 rounds machine guns.

"Seaman First Class Samuel Elkins was killed by rifle bullet.

"No sign of foreigners in Yochow."

The next of kin of Elkins was listed by the navy as Mrs. Rose Teitelbaum, his grandmother, at 2845 West 36th street, Coney Island.

Two days ago the state department instructed the American legation at Peiping that "urgent protests" were to be made against the mistreatment of American citizens.

This action followed a report from Frank E. Lockhart, consul-general at Hankow, that he had received reliable advice that American missionaries at Suiping, Hunan, China, had been driven through the street with widespread attention.

State department officials said today no reply had been received from this place, and they probably would not for at least a week. Instructions had been to deliver one protest to the highest military authorities now in control of Suiping, but because of difficulties of communication officials said the protest could not be delivered for some time.

Lockhart's report to the department said the Rev. Thomas J. Lee, of Minneapolis, and Deaconess Thonea Sandland, Grygia, Minn., had been paraded through the streets of Suiping and roughly handled by a local political organization.

Late last month a treaty of arbitration between the United States and the republic of China was signed at the capital. The Chinese minister in Washington. But even if the treaty had been ratified and placed in effect by the two governments it was not known today whether it would apply to the situations now causing international difficulties in China.

In another encounter between the British ship Teal and a band of communists was also transmitted to the navy today by Admiral McVay. His message said one man had been seriously wounded in an engagement at Cheng Ling on the Yangtze river.

**BANDITS SLAY
MANY IN HUNAN.**

SHANGHAI, July 5.—(AP)—Bandits, vultures of China's civil war, today swayed British gunboats in the wake of fleeing rebel armies.

Enclosed by their success yesterday in sacking Yochow with masses of hundreds, outlaws fired upon American and British gunboats and plundered numerous Yangtze valley towns.

Samuel Elkins of Brooklyn, seaman on the American gunboat Guam was killed, and two British sailors were wounded before the return fire of the Guam and three British gunboats round the island effectively.

Killing and burning, the self-styled communists terrified the countryside west and south of the sister cities Hankow, Wuchang and Hanyang.

Following the path made recently by rebel armies and pursuing govern-

Bankers of Britain Urge Tariff Wall

LEN G. BROUGHTON
RESIGNATION SEEN

Free Trade in Empire, High Duties on All Imports Is Plan of Powerful Group.

LONDON, July 5.—(AP)—A resolution adopted Thursday by a committee of the most powerful bankers in the country urging free trade among the component parts of the empire with a tariff on all goods imported from foreign countries, became today a political reality.

Among those voting for the resolution was Reginald McKenna, former liberal chancellor of the exchequer and chairman of the Midland bank. His conversion from traditional free trade supporter to protectionist is still regarded as a seventh wonder in the British political world.

The bankers' resolution says: "Urgent measures for the promotion of inter-imperial trade are needed to secure and extend the market for British products both at home and abroad."

Among the signers are the Bank of England and five other great British banks.

Commander J. M. Kenworthy, labor member of the house of commons, said he believed the bankers' frank expression of their views would "help the laborite policy of inter-imperial trade by bulk purchase, import boards and direct exchange of commodities."

The proposals for a protective tariff, Commander Kenworthy dismissed as "simply that even the hard-headed bankers have become frightened for the time being."

The labor member expressed hope that the bankers would soon "recover their sanity."

Sir Lambert Ward, conservative economist, said dry that practically none of the bankers had ever fought an election in an industrial constituency. Therefore they did not realize the appalling prejudice against protection in many parts of the country.

The mere whisper of food taxes had kept the conservatives thousands of votes in the past and might easily do so in the future.

In addition, thus Sir Lambert is believed to have suppressed the view held by the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, conservative leader.

While these opinions were being expressed in interviews, R. H. Tennant, chairman of the Westminster bank, was one of the signatories of the resolution, remarked that the conference represented the highest of banking opinion and added, largely in recognition of comments:

"We all want empire free trade, and while we bankers are not politicians, we have seen fit to discuss and declare our views."

2 KILLED, 3 HURT AT GRADE CROSSING

G. T. Woodall, of Columbus, and 4-Month-Old Child Die in Wreck.

NEW YORK, July 5.—(AP)—G. T. Woodall, of Columbus, Ga., was killed almost instantly and his wife and three children were badly hurt tonight when an automobile in which they were riding collided with a Central of Georgia train at the Elm street crossing.

Answering to the name of Alphonse, or maybe it doesn't, the bull was en route to Brooklyn from Staten Island on the first lap of an ocean trip to Germany when he decided to swim across the English Channel.

The mate on the ferry aboard which he was making the trip tried to argue it out with him, but after a couple of laps around the deck, with the bull gaining on the straightaway and the mate picking up headway on the corners, Alphonse fell down and went ashore.

Came the pursuit, first one police launch, then two, then three, then four, and a couple of tugs.

Puzzled policemen scratched their heads, tried maneuvering Alphonse toward shore, tried to lasso him, but everything they could think of. Alphonse became bored, really settled down to swimming and they lost sight of him.

Imagine the surprise of swimmers in Gravesend bay an hour or so later when Alphonse arrived, panting, in the mid-morn. Being resourceful, they lassoed him, tied him to a post and called the police, to which Alphonse gave meek acquiescence. He was tired of swimming.

Alphonse, the best Holstein bull in Pennsylvania, is to be shipped to Germany for exhibition at fairs there.

NIAGARA'S RAPIDS PLUNGE BARREL RIDER TO DEATH

Buffalo Chef's Body Is Lost in Cataracts—Veteran Riverman Predicted Death.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., July 5. (AP)—Niagara's thundering horseshoe cataract ended another dream of fame and fortune in causing the death late today of George L. Stathakis, 46, Buffalo chef, who attempted to ride through the maelstrom in a barrel of his own construction. Thousands saw the barrel of wood and steel plunge over the cataract. Not a vestige of the barrel or a trace of the man's body was found.

William (Red) Hill, veteran riverman of Niagara Falls, Ontario, engaged Stathakis to haul him out after the trip, gave up hope of finding the Buffalo man alive.

Hill had predicted the trip would bring death to Stathakis. So sure was he that the man would not live to tell of his trip that he had George Morse, Canadian undertaker, on hand to care for the body. Hill also had two physicians on the lower river bank in case Stathakis were picked up alive, but injured.

Success Discounted.

Before the start, Hill told Stathakis he did not believe the barrel would withstand the terrific buffeting to which it would be subjected.

Stathakis was placed in the barrel on Navy Island. Leo and John Mang, rivermen and brothers, superintended the towing of the barrel out to the island and the placing of the man in the craft. The heavy steel lid was placed on the small opening and secured down with 16 bolts.

The huge barrel, after being towed out into the Canadian current and cut loose, The swift current caught the great bulk immediately and carried it on toward the cataract.

As he snuggled down into the barrel and strapped himself to the spring mattress inside the barrel, Stathakis expressed certainty he would make the trip successfully. He pointed out the time the barrel was cut loose until he was taken from it below the falls. The oxygen tank he carried inside had a three-hour supply.

The huge cask rode well, the strong current driving it rapidly. It was almost submerged by the heavy waves, and the man inside the barrel was almost submerged by the heavy waves.

As it neared the falls' brink it just missed an old submarine chaser, manrooned on the rocks. Spectators on the shore about Terriapoint, Goat Island, on the American side, and Table Rock on the Canadian side, gasped as they saw the great bulk swing in toward the steel frame of the old chaser.

Search for Barrel.

A diverting current caught the barrel and carried it away from the manrooned boat and it sped on toward the falls' brink. It passed over the crest at a point very high and some believed it had hit a rock as it rose high in the air, faltered for an instant and then fell straight down into the mist and tumbling water.

"The barrel must have broken up," Hill said as he came in from his vigil. "I knew from the start that he would never make it. The cask is caught back there in the rocks and surely is a mass of ruins."

After Stathakis took the fatal plunge the steamer Maid of the Mist made two trips to the scene of the falls. The crew reported that they kept close watch for signs of the barrel, but could see nothing of it or any of the fragments.

Stathakis had said he was the author of "The Mysterious Evil of Humanity Through the Ages," and he was well known as a speaker on the subject as he made the perilous trip to record them in another book as much as he did the chance to repeat the monastic harvest he believed awaited a successful conclusion of the stunt.

Stathakis' barrel was the heaviest craft in which any seeker after fame and fortune has yet attempted to make the plunge over Niagara Falls.

It weighed a ton, was 10 feet long and almost 5 feet in diameter. It was constructed of oak staves four inches thick, held in place by heavy hoops of steel. At each end were strong steel projections. The exterior was well painted and the inside was a nice cabin.

The interior was well packed, and Stathakis was strapped to a spring mattress for the plunge. A steel plate, fastened with 16 bolts closed the opening through which he entered the barrel. The strange craft was fitted with air chambers.

When the ambulance picking up the injured reached the hospital a 4-month-old baby of the Woodalls was found to be lost.

Identification of the victims was established by a brother, P. F. Woodall.

G. T. Woodall and his family had been visiting the family of W. F. Hough, on South College street, over the Fourth of July holidays, and left shortly after dark tonight for their home in Columbus.

They took a short cut from Mercer University to the highway leading to Columbus, using Elm street, where there is a dangerous grade crossing.

Whether the freight train struck the automobile or vice versa had not been established.

Mrs. Woodall will recover, doctors at an hospital in a serious condition.

Woodall's neck was broken. The four months old child was crushed.

Boncile Woodall, three years old, sustained an injury to her head. G. T. Woodall, five years old, has a broken leg.

Mrs. G. T. Woodall escaped with lacerations of the face and possible internal injuries.

Heroic Atlanta Grocer Severely Burned Saving Family and Fortune From Flames



Photo by J. T. Holloway, Constitution Staff Photographer.

Mrs. Charles E. Evans, left, her husband and their little daughter standing by the wrecked gasoline stove which exploded early Saturday morning and destroyed the furnishings of their home and a stock of groceries at 730 Bankhead avenue. Saving \$600 in cash from the fire, the Evans opened another store half a block away a few hours after the fire.

22-YEAR GIRL WINS BRITISH AIR RACE

All England Thrilled as Girl Defeats 87 in Famous Race.

LONDON, July 5.—(AP)—Winifred Brown, a 22-year-old girl, today thrilled all England by winning the king's cup air race against scores of noted pilots, thus seating herself on the pedestal occupied by the 22-year-old English girl who recently flew from London to Australia.

Victor over 87 others around a 75-mile course, she was hailed tonight as a fit companion for Amy Johnson, the first woman to fly across the Atlantic.

Both the residence and grocery stock of Evans were destroyed, the damage being estimated at \$2,500. The grocer, having aroused members of the household and seeing them safely outside, rushed back into the burning structure and saved approximately \$600 in currency which he kept in a chiffonier drawer. It was this act that caused him to suffer burns, and during his brief time in the flaming house his wife fainted. She was carried to West Side hospital, nearby, as was her sister, Mrs. Carlton Benzon, confined to bed with typhoid fever.

Mr. Evans told police he was attempting to prime the gasoline stove, using a five-gallon container of gas, which became ignited and which exploded, spraying the kitchen with flames which quickly spread to other parts of the house and store. He awoke all members of the family and rushed them to safety, after which he re-arranged his savings in the chiffonier drawer. He saturated his hair, face and arms in water and went into the burning dwelling, where he secured the \$600, which was badly scorched.

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DeKalb Commissioner Plan Special Election Ruled Out

Act of 1927 Legislature Is
Held Unconstitutional in
Ruling by Judge John B.
Hutcheson.

Judge John B. Hutcheson, in Stone Mountain circuit court, Saturday held unconstitutional a set of the legislative which would have permitted a special election to decide whether DeKalb county shall have a one-commissioner or a five-commissioner and county manager form of government. More than 3,000 registered voters of DeKalb county, proponents of the five-commissioner plan, had signed a petition asking that the special election be held.

The special election, which was to have been held Wednesday, was prohibited by the court in an injunction directed against ordinary U. S. marshal, John Weller, Weeker, district attorney, was the author, was in effect an amendment to the law of 1922—a general state law, providing for the manner of changing county governments—and therefore was invalid.

Petitioners favoring the five-commissioner form thus were faced with the alternative of appealing to the state supreme court for a review of Judge Hutcheson's ruling or of promulgating a new petition based on the general law of 1922 instead of the subdivisional act of 1927, the court having rendered its decision on the ground that the 1927 act was passed solely for the benefit of DeKalb county by virtue of its phrasology respecting population.

While leaders of the faction seeking a special election would not indicate Saturday just what course would be taken, it was the general opinion that a new petition would be filed in this event, opponents pointed out, however, it would be necessary for three-fourths of the registered voters to sign such an appeal instead of the mere majority provided for by the amendment of 1922, held void by the court.

Under the 1922 act, it was set forth, by a county of four-thirds of its registered citizens, may adopt either an ordinary form of government or one, three- or five-commissioner form. To effect a change, however, a constitutional amendment is necessary, and opponents of the proposed change in DeKalb expressed themselves as confident such a majority was improbable.

Judge Hutcheson's ruling was as follows: "The act of 1927, in so far as DeKalb county is concerned, is unconstitutional; petition for injunction, September 10."

The act of 1922, Page 82, a law of a general nature having uniform operation throughout the state, provides:

"A person of this act will show that it applies to the entire state and to every county in the state. The act provides that the act shall be a general law to provide a uniform county commissioners form of government in this state as may require a commission form of government composed of the board of county commissioners, the recorder and revenues for each county, with a county manager as chief executive officer thereof, etc. It further provides that the act shall not prevent any county from having a county and a commissioners form of government by local act provided that the local act does not provide for a county manager and further provided that this act shall not go into effect in any county in the state except upon a majority of the qualified voters of the county and that the operation of this act in any county in the state, adding the same shall be suspended for the time necessary to vote upon the suspension of the act the last act previously in force is automatically suspended."

A study of Section 24 will show that any county in Georgia, upon proper

application, can call for an election upon this uniform county manager law. If this is a county having a local act with a five county manager, it is unconstitutional. It is put into effect upon proper proceedings. If it is a county in which the ordinary is not a political subdivision, it can be put into effect in that class of counties. There is no county in the state under the 1922 act which is a political subdivision which cannot invoke the operation of this act. It is practically controlled by counsel on both sides of the controversy."

The next question is, What sort of uniform operation of the law is there? The constitution provision in Section 620 of the state constitution provides that laws of a general nature shall have uniform operation throughout the state. This and again the supreme court has held that this means territorial uniformity, which is necessary for quoting law on this point.

The question then arises as to whether the act of 1922 is to prevent the county manager law from being put into effect. The constitution provision in Section 620 of the state constitution, a special law for which provision has been made by this existing general law of 1922.

An analysis of the act of 1922, Page 21, shows that it amends the county manager act of 1922, and to prevent the county manager law from being put into effect, the 1920 census, the county manager act instead of the act of 1922, is to be used for the election of the qualified voters of the county as it does in all the other counties of the state. The act of 1922, Page 21, provides that the election of the qualified voters of the county shall go into effect by a majority vote of the qualified voters of the county voting in the election called for that purpose.

A more material variance in the going into effect of the two laws could not well be imagined, and the constitutional provision is that no special law shall be made to affect the case for which provision has been made by existing general law. The general law applicable to the whole state, including the county manager act of 1922, is operative by a majority vote of the qualified voters of the county irrespective of the place where the voters are registered.

The act of 1922, Page 21, provides that the act of 1922 and uniform operation of the act of 1922 and the county manager act go into effect in that county upon a majority of the qualified voters of the county in the election. In the county of Fulton, adjoining DeKalb, the county manager act of 1922 is to be used for the election. In the county of DeKalb, if the act of 1922 is constitutional, the county manager act of 1922 is to be used for the election until a majority of all those who are registered and qualified to vote in the county of DeKalb, if the act of 1922 is constitutional, the county manager act of 1922 is to be used for the election. In the county of Fulton, if the act of 1922 is constitutional, only 500 votes are cast, provided 250 of them vote for the adoption of the act, and 250 of them vote for the retention of the act.

The question that arises—does the mere making of a special law by reference to population make the case different from what it would be if DeKalb county manager act of 1922 is unconstitutional? The answer is, as far as I can determine, that if the language of the special act of 1922 is constitutional, it is only to one or two counties, or even more, that this does not prevent the legislation from being put into effect. The act of 1922 is a matter of which the courts (which is a matter of which the courts have judicial knowledge) has only one county in Georgia, which is DeKalb county. Under the decisions of the supreme court too much importance is not to be given to the language of the act of 1922, and the population of counties under the act of 1922 is fixed and irrevocable.

With the exception of the navy department desires to have two ships for modernization when work has been completed on the Pennsylvania and Arizona, at Philadelphia and Norfolk, Va. These ships, he said, will be finished by the first of next year.

The London treaty, he added, can have no effect, whether ratified or rejected, upon the modernization program permitted under the Washington arms treaty.

Wets Described As Defenders Of Constitution

PHILADELPHIA, July 4.—(P)—

An attack on the eighteenth amendment was made today by Mayor Harry A. Mackey in addressing a great crowd in Independence square at Philadelphia's official celebration of Independence Day.

Standing in the shadows of historic Independence hall, Mayor Mackey said that those who contended the eighteenth amendment was a great mistake in fundamental government, and that the choicest defenders of the constitution.

"For it is they," he added, "who seek to defend the constitution against ruthless mutilation by an amendment that regulates private conduct than addressing itself to the great principle of fundamental government."

"I plead for a return to the states of the right of local option. There is no constitutional prohibition against the congress leaving the enforcement of prohibition to the states."

The mayor said that if by the waving of a hand or the snapping of a finger all strong drink could be removed from the face of the earth he would heartily approve. He promised all the police power of his administration in an attempt to enforce the law but he said enforcement was "practically impossible."

Miami Lists 5,718
Persons Unemployed

MIAMI, Fla., July 5.—(P)—Miami had an unemployment percentage of 5.1 as of April 1 for its 1930 population of 110,514, according to figures released here today by Hugh G. Williams, census supervisor. The magic city had 5,718 persons who listed themselves as unemployed, able to work and seeking work.

Dade county, with 142,620 population, had 6,536 persons unemployed, a percentage of 4.5 as of the April 1 date. Miami Beach, playground for many of America's wealthy, had but 1.6 per cent of its 6,401 persons unemployed, while Coral Gables, another Miami suburb, had 108 unemployed out of its 5,862 population, a percentage of 1.8.

Palm Beach, another winter playground, listed a similar unemployment percentage to that of Coral Gables, with 31 persons unemployed out of the 1,673 population. West Palm Beach, with 21,328 population, had 8.2 per cent unemployed, or 1,765, while Palm Beach county, with 51,776 population, had 2,083, or 3 per cent unemployed. Lake Worth's unemployment percentage was 354, or 6.1 per cent of its 5,888 population.

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191 Peachtree St., Cor., Decatur

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**Diphtheria Deaths
Drop 95 Per Cent**

NEW YORK, July 5.—(P)—The recent report of the joint committee on health of the American Medical Association and the National Educational Association, released today, said that the death rate of the nation has been cut in half since 1900. In the case of some diseases, notably diphtheria, it has been reduced 95 per cent.

The report hailed the diphtheria death rate reduction as one of the most striking victories recorded in the history of medicine during the past 50 years. This victory was principally due to the discovery of diphtheria anti-toxin and toxin-anti-toxin used to immunize children it said.

The report disclosed that the reduction in diphtheria was equaled by that in typhoid and cholera.

The report estimated that American taxpayers pay more than \$927,000,000 yearly to care for sufferers from tuberculosis and heart disease, and to assist those otherwise physically handicapped.

**550 Fight Forest
Fire for Six Days**

LARAMIE, Wyo., July 5.—(P)—

In the sixth day of their struggle, 350 fire fighters today continued their efforts to check a forest fire that has burned over some 3,500 acres of rich timber land in the French creek territory of the Medicine Bow National forest.

Forest Supervisor H. C. Hilton reported his fighting force had succeeded in establishing an eight-mile control line around the blaze, leaving only a gap of about a mile and a half which it was hoped could be closed.

Air passenger ticket sales in Chicago were three times greater than a year ago, he said.

Saved From River.

MADISON, Ind., July 5.—(P)—

Jack Bersonette, of Fox Lake, Ill.,

was rescued from the Ohio river today, when his motorboat "Good News" upset during one of the events

in the 23rd annual regatta of the Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association.

readers. In case householders become frightened of meter readers and refuse to admit them to their basements, artificial mustaches will be provided. I shall order a gross of Charlie Chaplin mustaches immediately to be distributed among the unknown spectators they hold behind the basement steps and the cobwebby meter?

Is the meter reader obliged to report

port clues as well as leaks, the inscription on basement bottles as well as the reading on the meter dial?

These important questions may be

discovered by corporation lawyers if

the Kansas City Gas Company is in

charge based on the government's

allegation that gas company employees

must have seen 800 million stills

recently seized in the basement of a

gas station at 11th and Harrison

streets. The meter was just be

hind the still, which the government

holds had been in operation three

months.

It is to our interest to report

the drinking of anything but water.

We consider every other water

drinking than water.

"Horrible our meter readers have

been impressed in their duties. They

never did violate the privilege of

admitting to the homes of our

citizens. We will change that.

It is to our interest to report

the drinking of anything but water.

We consider every other water

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"If our meter readers don't know

what a still looks like, we will teach

them. Perhaps we can start an ob

ject lesson class if we can get a good

readers. In case householders become

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BARKLEY OUTLINES NEW TARIFF EFFECT

Says Farm Produce Price Is
Still Dropping and End
Not in Sight.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—(P)— Senator Barkley, of Kentucky, said in statement through the democratic national committee today that if farm prices continue downward, the government "will be driven into the real state business."

He characterized the prediction of the secretary of agriculture that for the next seven years wheat prices would be lower than in the last seven as "remarkable," "without warrant" and made at "a peculiarly inopportune time when grain and especially wheat is lower than it has been for nearly 20 years."

Barkley said the praise Secretary Hyde gave the tariff on the same day of the crop prediction was "a tragic way of notifying the farmers of America that under this administration the worst is yet to come."

"If the prices of major farm commodities are destined to lower prices for me, who lives on a farm," he said, asserting that both wheat and cotton were selling below the cost of production.

"The federal farm loan system already owns \$17,000,000 of real estate and over for unpaid loans and the joint stock land banks own \$15,000,000 worth of real estate."

DR. JOHN WILKINS REQUESTS PENSION

Continued from First Page.

exists to control the price of the commodity.

3. Another paper by Councilman John A. White, of the fourth, which would require ice peddlers to carry scales and to weigh each sale, giving ice Measure Under Fire.

4. Recommendation of the tax committee of council that the ice scoring ordinance, passed by council last December and which figured in the trial of former City Clerk Walter C. Taylor, be repealed, thus permitting the sale of ice in smaller quantities than the 25-pound scogies. Under the ordinance the ice blocks were scaled into 25-pound cubes and no sale was permitted in smaller quantities.

5. Another proposal by Councilman George Lyle, of the eleventh ward, that the board of trustees which formerly operated Grady hospital be re-established.

6. Revision of several ordinances which would affect several businesses, through the proposal to tax aviation will be stricken in order that operators may be given an opportunity to appear before the tax committee of council before making the fees applicable.

7. Proposal by Councilman Lyle that operators of businesses be forced to obtain from H. W. Tarras, engineer-secretary of the city planning commission, a certificate showing that the place for which the license is desired is zoned for business before the city clerk can issue such a license.

More Nurses Sought.

Alderman Millican also announced he would ask for half a dozen additional nurses for Battle Hill sanatorium, declaring that unless they are provided the institution will be unable to take any more bed patients at this time.

"Unless Dr. Wilkins quits his post as city physician, I am sure he will be asked to accept the position of the trial of his case. I shall offer a name putting him on the suspended list," Mr. Millican said in discussing the trial.

Dr. Turner is chairman of the garage committee, and Mr. Millican holds that the committee should wait until Dr. Turner retires officially.

Dr. Russell H. Oppenheimer has de- clared that Emory University would take over the white unit of Grady and operate it as it now does the negro unit if council would control the finances.

Work on reconstruction of the negro unit is now under way under the direction of Emory, and the unit will be placed back into service following the fire about two weeks ago within the next few days, it was said Saturday.

A new elevator will be installed, new mattresses also have been bought, and every effort will be made to make the unit more efficient than it was before the fire broke out.

Tax Ordinance.

Features of the tax ordinance will be before council for its consideration are a levy of \$30 a year for antique dealers; \$200 a year for finance companies; \$100 a year for building and banking loans; \$120 a year for Tom Thumb golf courses, and striking a provision from the tax ordinance which required building and loan companies to return stock of those companies at their market value as banks are required to do. Under the revised plan, the stockholders would pay the only tax on the stock.

7. Nationalities or swimming pools will pay a license of \$50 a year under the revised schedule; license of obstetrics sanitarians will be increased from \$30 to \$60 a year; dog peddlers will

Bustling Activity at City Stockade and Farm Is Succeeded by Air of Silent Desolation



Photo by George Cornett, Staff Photographer.

Usually the scene of bustling activity, a dead calm enveloped the city stockade and dairy farm Saturday. Less than 48 hours after Acting Mayor J. Allen Couch had by executive order liberated all city prisoners. When the above picture was taken Saturday afternoon only one white girl and three negro women prisoners were to be seen in the main building (left), while seven male prisoners worked in the fields of the dairy farm nearby.

BY WILLIAM O. KEY, JR.

Silent and desolate in a white-hot sun that poured down upon it, the city stockade and dairy farm Saturday resembled a deserted village, with only a lonely handful of prisoners lasing about. The main stockade buildings, the result of Alderman J. Allen Couch's executive order releasing 233 inmates Thursday night.

One white girl, three negro women and seven male offenders constituted the guest list; and all about them was an air of detached loneliness. Roman apprenticeship, standing, com- plementary available at the prison, with plenty of stockade clothing lying in piles on the floor for future wearers.

The mountains of blue denim and heavy-soled shoes told a mute story of the joy with which the incarcerated men and women received the news of the new mayor's Fourth of July general amnesty.

People living some distance from the prison farm told of it, too. One woman living on the McDonough road near the Southern railway crossing, said that on the evening of the release of the prisoners shouts of glee were heard at her house, which is approximately a mile and a half from the stockade. The released inmates

weeks ago in presentations concerning that institution.

Re-election of Joe C. Little, tax assessor, also to be brought to the floor of council, seemed assured Saturday. Mr. Little has held the post for eight years and is regarded as highly efficient. The term is for four years.

Alderman Millican Saturday scored announcement of the garage committee that it had selected at 12:30 o'clock Monday a successor to Bruce Baxter, resigned, following entering a plea of guilty to a bribery conspiracy indictment.

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WHEAT BELT TO HEAR HYDE SOUND WARNING

Farm Board Officials To Re- late Dangers of Over- production.

KANSAS CITY, July 5.—(P)—Describing his mission as being in the nature of a "Paul Revere ride to warn southwestern wheat farmers of the dangers of overproduction and lack of organization, Secretary of Agriculture Hyde arrived here today.

With Chairman Alexander Legge, of the federal farm board, and delegation, he will make a swing through Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, west Texas and Oklahoma next week to address gatherings of wheat growers.

"We are not going to tell the farmer how to run his business," Secretary Hyde said. "By an accident of fate we are posted as sentries on the lookout to see that the farmer is not led into a trap. We would be derelict in our duty if we didn't warn the farmer. We are simply going to leave with the farmer the facts of the situation and let him use his own judgment."

into the mystics of culinary aptitude in order that their fellow prisoners might not go hungry.

Prison Population of 18.

In all, until shortly after noon Saturday, Atlanta's prison population totaled 18, counting the 11 at the dairy farm and the 7 incarcerated at the "iron house" on Hilliard street. All were released that night, and July 4 was a day of emptiness for the farm. Not only that, but Couch's order created a problem for those prisoners brought into the city prison at the police station and those few who remained jailed on Hilliard street. With all prisoners let loose from the farm, there was no one to cook for whatever offenders might still be behind the bars on Decatur and Hilliard streets. All such food is prepared at the dairy farm stockade, and with all prisoners gone, the officials of the farm sent out an S.O.S. for somebody to cook the city prison grub.

The big kitchen out at the farm Saturday was utterly devoid of its usual staff of seven cooks, but evidence of snap beans and corn pone in the mess hall brought out the story of two emergency negro cooks from police station who delved willingly

3 Atlantans Injured In Automobile Crash

Three Atlantans were injured in an automobile crash near Jasper late Friday, it was learned Saturday when Mrs. Frank Roman, widow of "Wop" Roman, late band leader of Georgia Tech, the more seriously injured of the three, returned to her home at 404 Boulevard, N. E.

Mrs. Roman was riding to Miami, Fla., with Mrs. Ellis Coffee and Sam Durgan, both of 404 Boulevard, N. E., when the accident occurred. In turning a sharp curve the steering gear of Mr. Durgan's car locked and the machine left the road and was badly wrecked. Mrs. Roman suffered several fractured ribs and bruises about the body. Mrs. Coffee and Mr. Durgan were slightly injured and Mrs. Roman returned to Atlanta Saturday while Mr. Durgan continued to Florida.

Colonel H. H. Rogers
Builds Costly Pool

Three Atlantans were injured in a private swimming pool, rivaling the famous ancient baths of Pompeii, has been completed at the country home of Colonel and Mrs. H. H. Rogers. It is believed to be the largest private pool in the United States.

After he had been taken into custody Kay was freed under \$500 bond on habeas corpus proceedings. He appealed to Governor L. G. Hardman, of Georgia, and a hearing has been set down for Monday.

Colonel H. H. Rogers
Builds Costly Pool

Colonel H. H. Rogers, city detective of Mobile, was Atlanta Saturday armed with requisition papers seeking to return Kay to Mobile. When local authorities learned of the fight being staged by the indicted man, the police department instructed Detective Holmes to obtain legal aid if necessary in order to bring the man back to Atlanta.

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Colonel H. H. Rogers
Builds Costly Pool

The Rev. Father Joseph P. Moyle, pastor of the Immaculate Conception church, Hunter street and Central avenue, quieted Saturday night the chest of silk and linen offered by the Ladies' Altar Society of the church, to its friends will be disposed of at 8:30 o'clock Wednesday night in the Sunday school auditorium of the church. The proceeds will go to the Altar Society fund.

Bishop DuBose's Son
Accidentally Shot

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C., July 5.—(P)—Horace M. DuBose, Jr., local attorney and son of Bishop H. M. DuBose, of the Methodist Episcopal church, south shot himself accidentally in the arm late yesterday with a shotgun.

His arm is badly mangled and physicians said it might be necessary to amputate it. He had been target shooting with friends and was getting into an automobile when the gun discharged.

Nicaraguan Vessel
Destroyed at Mobile

MOBILE, Ala., July 5.—(P)—The Nicaraguan steamer Greyhound, owned by Captain Felix Verzone, of Mobile, was destroyed by fire at her anchorage at Twelve Mile island, to day. The vessel, it is reported, burst into flames by the tug Echo, which had been dispatched to aid the craft. Loss will not be known until the owner returns here from Florida.

Heeza Married Man Says.

SHENZHEN, China, July 5.—(SUNDAY)—Nationalist Kwangtung province forces have definitely shattered the Kwangsi province rebellion after a five-day battle in southern Hunan province near the Kwangsi border, government officials disclosed today.

Casualties on both sides were heavy, the nationalists said. The nationalists claimed that reduced the insurgents from 25,000 to 10,000. The surviving rebels fled into Kwangsi.

The government considers so-called communist activities the only remaining problem of Hunan province.

Continued from First Page.

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CARSWELL STATEMENTS FALSE, SAYS PERRY

Declares He Opposed Holder in Senate Fight Some Years Ago.

MONROE, Ga., July 5.—(Special) James A. Perry spoke at the courthouse here this afternoon in defense of his candidacy for governor. His speech was along the line of former addresses, specially emphasizing the elimination of political bureaus, commissions, boards, etc.; modernizing our tax laws, particularly doing away with an ad valorem tax as a means of supporting the state government. He said "the state will never go forward until it is free of the influence of the schoolbook trusts and certain road construction and road machine companies."

Mr. Perry called especial attention to Mr. Carswell's speech at Bainbridge, as follows: "I have never said that Mr. Carswell represents the best friends I have and I do not know that the lieutenants of this trust are supporting Mr. Carswell, as similar representation of the road construction and road machinery companies are supporting Mr. Holder. Mr. Carswell stated he was aiding and abetting Mr. Rivers in leading the fight for Mr. Holder in the senate three years ago to keep him on the highway board."

UNABLE TO WORK FOR 2 MONTHS; IS BACK ON FEET

"Sargon Made Me Feel Like New Man From Head to Foot," Says Ga. Power Co. Worker.

After all, the test of any medicine is this: does it make good? Sargon does, as thousands will testify, who have found new and abundant health through its use. A typical example of



R. J. HULSEY

the remarkable powers of this new, scientific medicine is the case of R. J. Hulsey, 973 White St., S. W., Atlanta, an employee of the Georgia Power Co. He says:

"I experienced great things of Sargon, seeing all that had been done for my wife and other members of my family—I never saw this wonderful medicine fail! My health was so bad I had to leave work since I took Sargon; it overcame all my trouble I had and made me feel like a new man from head to foot."

Sargon Pills are the only liquid for chronic constipation, and found that instead of being just another laxative, they gave me perfect regulation. Nothing is too good to say about Sargon!"

Sargon may be obtained in all Jacobs drug stores.—(adv.)

This is wilfully false. I was actively opposed to Mr. Holder and just as actively supported Captain Barnett, which was known to Captain Barnett and all others acquainted with the truth.

"Mr. Carswell's criticism of the administration of the motorbus law is wilfully deceptive. He knows it was never intended as a revenue-producing measure, but that it should be regulated in the interest of the public, looking to safety convenience and economic travel over the highways. Not a cent of the money goes to this department as alleged by him, and he knows it. The entire sum is collected by the comptroller-general and only the actual operating expenses can be paid from said fund. He also knows that the evidence in support of this law has been made effective, the first year's operating cost is the heaviest. Total receipts amount to \$30,642.50, with total expenses of \$21,456.24, since the effective date of the law, October 1, 1920. Mr. Carswell says that he has been received and practically all of it has been spent in regulation."

"The truth is, Mr. Carswell has been palavering in and out of the legislature for some 20 years, in such manner as to justly merit the esteem in which he is held by those who know him well—that is too often found on both sides of town, many questions to be taken seriously. I say, sincerely, the least of his vices, so far as my knowledge goes, is he won't tell the truth."

"I want Mr. Carswell to tell the people of Georgia he will support Mr. Phillips to the highway board? Tell them if he will support the publication of schoolbooks at actual cost? Let him tell us the political bureaus, etc., which he feels should be abolished? He has dodged these three questions and I do not believe he will answer them now. I ask him to do so."

"What of the truth of his statement that if Perry has ever given one day or one order for the benefit of the people, no one has ever been able to discover it? Has it been of no concern to the state to publish a report that reductions in freight rates during the past eight years in Georgia have amounted to \$48,000,000; that 2,200 shipping points in Georgia have been relieved of the handicap of 22 odd centers being favored with lower rates, whereby the cost of freight rates and commodities to the extent that commodity rates have been revised; a reduction of \$2,000,000 in light and power rates whereby the same rate prevails throughout the state wherever served by the same company; that the gas consuming public in Atlanta, and soon, an additional \$12,000,000 will be added to the same program? Has it been of no concern to the bringing of natural gas to the state of Georgia that will develop commercial industries running into the millions and to provide a market for clay products abounding in Georgia—for more than our state has ever received?

"Many of my friends tell me that it is useless to waste time and effort in organizing for a campaign—that the polls show the people favor me five or ten to one, and that Mr. Slaton cannot buy the voters of their county or the senatorship in Georgia. While I agree to all that, at the same time overconfidence is a dangerous thing, and we have to show that the man whom Smith and Mr. McCormick may buy seats in the senate in Illinois and Vare may buy one in Pennsylvania, Mr. Slaton nor anyone else can buy one in Georgia."

"All honor to the press of Georgia. Nearly all of them discouraged Mr. Slaton from opposing me although I know that he has spent a great deal of time advertising with them as he has done and is doing. However, a large percentage of the papers publish by the side of Mr. Slaton's advertisement their editorial endorsements of me and urge my re-election. Thousands of dollars spent in advertising can buy a single Georgia paper."

"No one has ever paid the services of Wall Street in this and expected campaign contributions in payment of same. I have been just to all legitimate business interests, large and small, and the humblest and most powerful receive the same attention at my hands. I would not have the office of a man and place myself under obligation to satisfy the people and against the great masses of the people."

"No one except Mr. Hardwick and Mr. Slaton have ever criticized a vote I cast as a member of the appropriations committee passing on billions annually."

URGES FRIENDS TO ORGANIZE.

"I hereby call upon my friends in every military district in Georgia to organize immediately and send me the names and postoffice address of the men and women who are to be my fight alongside every fatherland and motherland, and a girl who make the effort should be given the chance to obtain any honor within the gift of the people of our state and wealth should not prevent it."

"I have conducted my campaign on a high plane. Mr. Slaton has not. It is torn to pieces by a campaign of bitterness and prejudice and unfortunate issues, the blame will be Mr. Slaton's. He will reap the harvest of what he sows."

INTEREST SLUMPS IN STATE POLITICS.

Continued from First Page.

steady stream of visitors at the Slaton headquarters."

RICHARD B. RUSSELL HAS FULL PROGRAM.

Richard B. Russell, Jr., announced a schedule in his race for governor which will take him into several counties, starting Monday. He will speak at Conyers, Rockdale county, tomorrow; Jenkins county, Thursday; Sylvania, Screven county, Friday; Statesboro, Bulloch county, Saturday.

Little political discussion was heard at the state capitol Saturday, due to many of the offices being closed in continuation of the holiday started yesterday. Willard C. Parker, state comptroller general, was at his desk, however, following a brief tour of several counties in the interest of his campaign for re-election.

Of interest to the legal talent of the state was the announcement that some 40 members of the Augusta bar and by Henry C. Hammond, Richmond county, Friday, had signed a petition endorsing Judge Nash R. Broyles for re-election to the state court of appeals.

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| west parkwood road, 150 feet..... | 2,750.00 |
| east lake road, 100 feet..... | 3,750.00 |
| west parkwood road, 67 feet..... | 2,500.00 |

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HARRIS WILL REMAIN AT WASHINGTON POST

Senator Charges Slaton With Attempting To Buy Place in Senate.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—(Special)—Attacking former Governor Slaton, and charging that the latter is attempting to buy the democratic nomination for the senate, also defending his vote for the veterans' bill, Senator W. J. Harris tonight issued the following statement:

"To the people of Georgia: The senate will be in session for some days and I shall remain as usual at my post of duty regardless of the mischievous and efforts of Mr. Slaton and his hired workers to discredit the people about my record. Mr. Slaton may have fooled the people of Georgia in the past, but he cannot do so again."

"I had hoped that congress would finish its work last week and I could spend a few days at home, but I would have to leave until the bill, which I am sure will be passed, is signed by the president. Mr. Slaton and his hired workers bills were sure of passage and safe from the president's veto. More than 15,000 disabled veterans in Georgia and their families were interested in this legislation. I voted for higher amounts for the veterans, but the president vetoed it. I will give notice that next December I would vote to increase the disabled veterans' pension.

"Millions for Georgia: The rivers and harbors bill carried millions for Georgia—far more than our state has ever received.

"Many of my friends tell me that it is useless to waste time and effort in organizing for a campaign—that the polls show the people favor me five or ten to one, and that Mr. Slaton cannot buy the voters of their county or the senatorship in Georgia. While I agree to all that, at the same time overconfidence is a dangerous thing, and we have to show that the man whom Smith and Mr. McCormick may buy seats in the senate in Illinois and Vare may buy one in Pennsylvania, Mr. Slaton nor anyone else can buy one in Georgia."

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POPE'S BAN ON POLITICS OFFICIALLY REITERATED

Papal Secretary Denies Sect
Will Form League of
Nations.

VATICAN CITY, July 5.—(AP)—The pope's injunction that Catholics as Catholics, is no matter what country should "stand outside and above all political parties," was reiterated yesterday from the papal secretary of state's office today, denying reports of the founding of a "Catholic League of Nations." These reports grew out of a meeting last Sunday in Paris of Cardinal Bourne of England and Cardinal Verdier of France.

It is believed that, according to the reports published in London and elsewhere, one of the undersecretaries of state said that no mystery had been attached to the meeting of the cardinals or the foundation of a federation between the already existing society for the maintenance of the apostolic see, with headquarters in London, and Les Volontaires Du Pape (the pope's volunteers) with headquarters in Paris.

Cardinal Bourne is president of the English society and Cardinal Verdier of the French one. The federation was formed in Paris on the occasion of the feast of the Assumption of the Saints Peter and Paul, on June 29. Both groups came together in the basilica of the Sacred Heart on top of Montmartre for solemn religious rites and "to establish between them a federation" as both had the same aim of offering aid to the practice of the holy see among Catholics and in the face of all.

The undersecretary's statement said the federation of the two groups similar in origin and scope, would in no wise modify the character of the religious and spiritual activity of the federated associations.

The statement said reports of the formation of a Catholic international political party were ridiculous, particularly in view of the pope's injunction that Catholics, as Catholics, should "stand outside and above all political parties."

The statement made the point that the "constant and universally applied directives of Pius XI are against the confusion of Catholic activity with political activity."

MISSISSIPPI A. & M. SHAKES UP TEACHERS

GULFPORT, Miss., July 5.—(AP)—In a drastic shake-up of the departmental heads at Mississippi A. & M. College by the board of trustees of the university and colleges here to day, Dr. W. L. Moore, president of the college, was dismissed. Dr. Moore, was named director of extension forces, succeeding R. S. Wilson, for 20 years the occupant of the office.

More than 100 changes were made at the agricultural institution, while Mississippi State College for Women, Columbus, saw about 15 instructors let out and about five additional members dropped from University of Mississippi.

Other important changes at A. & M. College included the appointment of J. C. Robert, Macon, as director of experimental stations, replacing J. R. Ricks, for 10 years holder of that office.

Senator Len G. North, Bolsoni, was named secretary at A. & M. College in place of M. H. Moore, while at M. S. C. W. that position was tendered H. B. Graves, Elizabethtown, 1927, manager of Governor Bibb. Mr. Graves succeeds F. E. Parsons. Miss Nellie K. Williams, formerly of the M. S. C. W. since the death of President J. F. East, was dismissed from the institution when her former position as dean of women was given to Miss Clythe H. Evans, Columbus.

The changes in administrative heads as well as employees and faculty were voted by the board in session here in the summer executive offices of Governor Bibb.

Three new college heads, appointed three weeks ago by the board, appeared before the group with recommendations. They were Chancellor-elect J. N. Powers, university; President-elect Hugh Critz, A. & M., and President-elect R. E. L. Sutherland, of M. S. C. W.

Robert D. Morrow, state adjutant of the American Legion, was appointed director of athletics at A. & M. College, replacing W. D. Chadwick.

Employment of Christian Keener (Red) Cagle, West Point football star and former Louisville, as assistant football coach at an annual salary of \$3,500 was approved. Cagle will report to A. & M. College September 1 and will spend three months each year for three years in football coaching.

School Opens July 10 For Women in Industry

The fourth session of the Southern Summer School for Women in Work in Industry will be conducted at Christ School for Boys in Arden, N. C., near Asheville, for the six weeks between July 10 and August 22. The change in location was made necessary by the closing of the Carolina New College.

Women engaged in industries in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Tennessee meet annually and discuss the industrial situation of the south at these summer schools. Thirty-five women have been accepted for enrollment this year.

Miss Mary C. Parker, Atlanta school principal and president of the American Federation of Teachers, is chairman of a committee of educators and workers sponsoring the school. Miss Peggy Lou Armstrong, of Agnes Scott College, is an assistant member of the faculty.

Mrs. Bobby Jones Back From New York

The presence in New York of so many of his home folks to greet him was assigned by Mrs. Bobby Jones, upon her return to Atlanta Saturday, as one reason why Bobby—for once—seemed to enjoy having a fuss made over him.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard Hurt, who made the trip to England with the famous golfer and Mrs. Jones, also returned on the same train Saturday morning. Others returning included Major John S. Cohen, who was chairman of the Atlanta reception committee, Mayor Hagsdale and Charles Mack.

"I don't think I was ever so glad to get back home," Mrs. Jones said when she had greeted members of her family and friends. "We enjoyed our trip very much. The reception in New York was wonderful. Bob seemed satisfied and worn that I am not sure he will win the open."

But Bobby, III, continued to be whistling conscious, asking his mother soon after she had kissed him:

"I can whistle now, Mama. Did they tell you and daddy?"

Civic Music Association Announces Four Attractions for 1930-31 Season



Left: Henri Verbruggen, conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, which will appear at the auditorium on February 10 at one of the attractions of the Civic Music Association. Center: Marion Claire, soprano, and Henry Weber, accompanist, coming to the Wesley Memorial auditorium on November 4. Right: John Charles Thomas, baritone, in recital at Wesley Memorial on January 8. Below: Manuel and Williamson, piano duetists, coming to Wesley Memorial on March 12.

Four outstanding concert attractions for the Civic Music Association in 1930-31 were announced Saturday by Mrs. Wilmer L. Moore, vice president of the Civic Music Association. These concerts were made possible by the campaign for membership in the association conducted in March by the Atlanta Music Club. There will be no public sale of tickets for any of the association's programs until after membership card only.

While the membership list for the coming season closed last March, there was some confusion, said Mrs. Moore, as to the exact time of the re-opening. She received the impression they had until September in which to renew their memberships. For this reason the time for renewals has been extended until July 25, after which date no renewals whatever will be accepted.

Membership cards, Mrs. Moore stated, will be issued in September in time for the first program of the association by the Music Club, which is scheduled for October 1. Association membership entitles the holder to admission to the Music Club programs also.

Wounds by Negro Fatal to Farmer

WARRENTON, Va., July 5.—(AP)—Allie Corbin, 55 years old, farmer, shot last Sunday night by Ellwood Payne, negro, died of his wounds in a Warrenton hospital today.

His daughter, Estelle, shot and wounded, the same night, was in critical condition at the hospital, and Isabelle, another daughter, also shot and buried by Payne, was suffering from wounds, but was expected to recover, attaches said.

Physicians said Corbin's death was caused by gun shot wounds, and not by burns received when Payne set fire to the automobile in which Corbin lay after he was shot.

Judge J. T. H. Alexander tonight expected a special grand jury to hear the case. Payne first denied, but after being questioned by Commonwealth's Attorney C. W. Collier, and Commonwealth's Attorney John Galleher, London, that he shot Corbin and his two daughters, and later placed them in an automobile saturated with gasoline, and set fire to it, automobile and all, after he poured oil on their clothing.

Payne tonight was carefully guarded in the county jail at Warrenton.

Clearaway!

SHEETS

Formerly
\$1.49 to \$1.98

\$1

Well-Known Brands!
Some Celophane Wrapped!
Hemstitched and Plain Hems!

Sizes

63x90 63x99 72x99 81x90 81x99

CASES

Formerly 39c
Size 42x36 ...

25c

ATLANTA'S Only REFRIGERATED STORE
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Ranges of Idaho Combed in War On Wild Horses

Menaces to Live Stock Men
Rounded Up and Sent
to Canneries.

BOISE, Idaho, July 5.—(UN)—Probability that the wild horses will follow the trail of the buffalo and be driven completely out of the range land, taking with it another reminder of the old pioneer west, "was seen in the activities of range riders and organized roundup crews who have been busy for several weeks herding "broomtails" and mustangs, plowhorses and other types of animals into corrals.

The annual drive on wild horses threatened to clear the ranges of the last vestige of the fierce tribe of animals that used to range the open country of the west. Riders were covering the wide section lying in northern Nevada, southern Idaho and southwestern Oregon, rounding up all horses running loose on the range, sorting out those sporting brands, auctioning the better grade of unclaimed animals for individual use, and auctioning the culs to representatives of horsemen, canning factories.

Buses were destroyed by widespread drivers of hunters seeking their hides for robes, once so popular. Wild horses are being driven from the ranges and shipped to canning factories; if permitted to continue running wild, they multiply and spread until they present a real menace to the livestock market, and the great that must be paid for more valuable animals and by carrying disease that may be spread among ranchers' stock.

Some of the wild horses may be broken and trained for domestic use. But most of them are useless. They are transplanted from the wild into the most of the caned confines of the canes. Most of the carcasses consigned to packing plants are used in the manufacture of meat feed products for sale to operators of poultry ranches, fox farms, dog kennels and fish hatcheries. The better grades of horse meat are canned for shipment to European markets, and equine steaks are said to be more or less popular in some of the larger markets of this country.

Arrow snails found in the ocean off Bermuda are sharply pointed in the shape of arrow heads.

New Hot Spell Here; Mercury Hits 94 Degrees

A thermometer standing at 94 degrees Saturday afternoon ushered in another hot spell which, although weather bureau officials said it would not equal that of two weeks ago, will keep the mercury in the nineties for a few days.

Today will be fair, it was forecast, with a temperature of about 95 degrees. Low temperatures will be near that of Saturday, when a low of 87 degrees was recorded.

Reports received at the local weather bureau are that high temperatures are prevailing in the southeast, extending on into the Missouri valley. The immediate cause, it was said, is a low pressure area which Saturday afternoon was over the state of Iowa.

A low pressure area in that vicinity, it was said, causes southeast winds in Atlanta, which during the summer can easily be counted on to bring heat.

Hour-by-hour temperatures from midnight Friday until 7 o'clock Saturday night were as follows:

| | | | |
|----------|----|----------|----|
| Midnight | 79 | 10 a. m. | 88 |
| 1 a. m. | 77 | 11 a. m. | 89 |
| 2 a. m. | 75 | Noon | 91 |
| 3 a. m. | 72 | 1 p. m. | 92 |
| 4 a. m. | 71 | 2 p. m. | 93 |
| 5 a. m. | 68 | 3 p. m. | 93 |
| 6 a. m. | 71 | 4 p. m. | 94 |
| 7 a. m. | 72 | 5 p. m. | 93 |
| 8 a. m. | 83 | 6 p. m. | 92 |
| 9 a. m. | 85 | 7 p. m. | 91 |

Plane Joy Riders Die in S. F. Bay

ALAMEDA, Cal., July 5.—(AP)—Alameda police expressed belief today that Rene Medus, 19, Alameda, and a youth known as Lefty York, 20, were plane passengers killed when an airplane dived 1,000 feet into San Francisco bay last night.

Both were reported missing and both were seen at the airport shortly before the plane was taken without permission from its hangar, police said.

Efforts were made to bring the submerged plane closer to shore before the plane dived from its hangar but assumed its owners were to take a ride. Within a few minutes it had taken off dizzy and reaching 1,000 feet dived almost vertically into the water.

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For your home or summer cottage! Light, gaily colored, cool! Tremendously reduced for this first-of-the-week clearaway!

| Formerly | Now |
|----------|---------|
| 3 Rugs | \$10.25 |
| 3 Rugs | \$11.00 |
| 3 Rugs | \$16.75 |
| 6 Rugs | \$18.25 |
| 7 Rugs | \$24.75 |
| 1 Rug | \$34.50 |
| 1 Rug | \$67.50 |

Rugs—Fourth Floor.

Smart LAMPS That are Especially Suited for Summertime!

Lounge Lamps \$12.44 (Complete)

A little lower than average bridge lamps—just high enough to throw the light directly on your reading and keep the glare out of your eyes. Complete with flared shade.

Bridge Lamps (Complete)

Brass base complete with smart silhouette shades. Beautifully finished.

Boudoir Lamps

\$1.98

Boudoir
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\$1.98

Green, rose, amber and crystal base boudoir lamps with pleated chintz shades in harmonizing colors.

Lamps—Fourth Floor.

Housewares Specials for

Monday and Tuesday Only!



Green and
Blue Kitchen
Clocks—
smart
shapes.

\$2.98



Rayon
Rubberized
Shower
Curtains.
Pastels.

\$3.49



One and
Two Burner
Hot Plates.
Handy sizes.
Pastels.

\$2.69



\$3.98

White Enamored Refrigerators

\$43.75

White enamored refrigerators—ideal size for small home or apartment. 75-lb. capacity. Well built!

Housewares—Fourth Floor

Order by Telephone Call JACKSON 5700

Paris Looked Holes Through Batiste

—and

EVOLUTION OF BODIES GIVES ENGINEERS FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Transformable Models Regarded as Next Step

Designers Work on Idea of Building Open and Closed Car Into One.

BY E. Y. WATSON.
(Written exclusively for The Atlanta Constitution by the American Newspaper Alliance.)

DETROIT, Mich., July 5.—The evolution of the motor car body is giving the engineers food for thought. Compilation of 1929 data has revealed the fact that it took ten years for closed cars to supersede completely the open models in family use. What will be the next progressive step? How long will it take to make it? These are questions company executives are asking. Some of them believe that the convertible cars will be the next trend of design.

Literally, it would mean that the open car and the closed car would be rolled into one. Thereby the average man's car would be instantly transformable into a model that would have the open car's convenience and the closed car's weather protection.

"Convertible" is a term already applied by several builders to models they are now manufacturing. It is conceded, however, that the idea as it may be finally worked out, still is in the early stages of development.

It would mean that the top must be designed so that the roof rails and pillars against which the door glassess seal when closed are sufficiently rigid and in alignment to withstand the wear of old-fashioned top bows and sockets (a holdover from buggy construction) and replacing them with folding roof rails and falling main pillars.

With good engineering skill and manufacturing precision, it is possible to build a convertible body of this type which will give satisfactory service.

It is not being done as yet on a large production basis nor at a cost which fits the smaller purses, but that day, too, may come as it did in the case of the sedan."

News of the Italian government action decreasing an immediate increase of 110 and up to 120 per cent in the tariff on American cars, reached Detroit on Wednesday just as the export committee of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce was holding a meeting. It found the members in the act of naming a subcommittee to promote the exchange among American automobile manufacturers, at one of its spring assemblies of export data.

Mr. Clayton Hill, chairman emeritus of the Detroit engineering group, gave a talk and led a discussion on it.

In the course of this it was brought out that the present world-wide vogue for the outdoor life, vigorous health and sun-tan is assumed to preface a demand by motorists for a vehicle that will remove them from the "shut-in" class.

Moreover, large portions of the United States enjoy climatic and meteorological conditions that make riding in a car with the top folded back comfortable and beneficial.

Weather Favorable.

A check of government weather reports in the Michigan section showed that during the months from May to September, inclusive, there was no rainfall on 118 days out of 152. The weather man also had found that during this period the sun had been shin-

ing 1,442 hours out of a possible 2,149. Thus, it was deduced that it would have been possible to have enjoyed a major part of the summer months in this section of the country without being cooped up in a closed car. In Europe, they have sensed the demand for a convertible vehicle, but have started on a different track.

They have developed bodies which are essentially sedans with sliding, or "stowable" middle-roof sections. These are largely intended for sightseeing in the country, especially in mountainous regions.

As to convertible cars becoming a factor in mass production, Mr. Hill believed there was such a possibility.

"Attempts have been made," he said, "to build convertible bodies by using sash glass in the doors in combination with a top which is hinged at the front. This old-time open car top. This part may step is seldom a success." satisfactory.

Design of Top.

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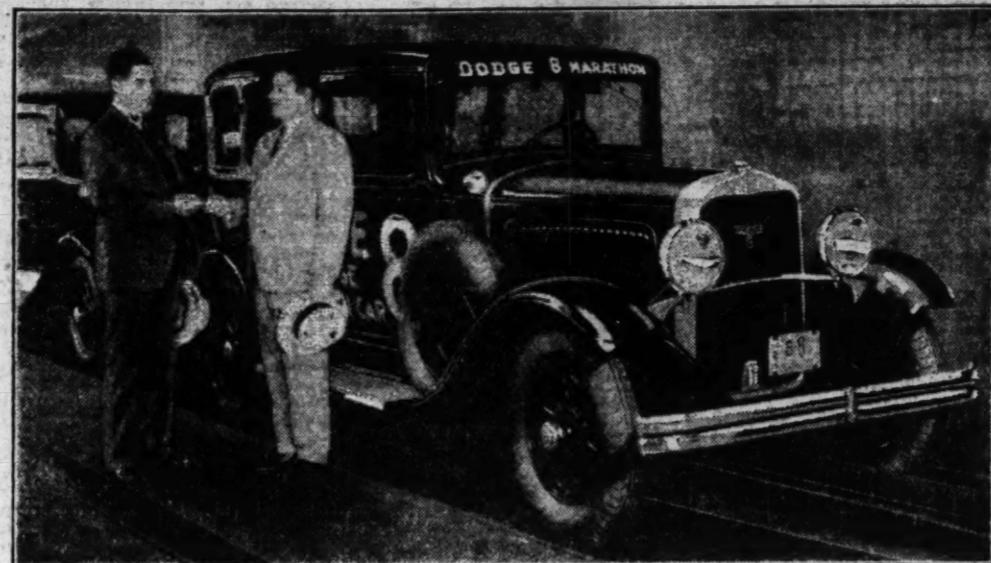
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Dodge '8' Mileage Marathon Car



The president of Dodge Brothers Corporation, K. T. Keller, hands over to General Sales Manager A. van Duzee the keys of the Dodge 8 Mileage Marathon car at the end of the final assembly line. The car left Detroit July 1 on the first of the countless trips to be made from coast to coast and border to border.

Woco Pep Wins Outboard Race At Palm Beach

Long before Colonel T. Tooe's recent remarkable victory at Palm Beach, where his speedy craft, "Miss Celo," won the \$25,000 Sir Thomas Lipton trophy, Woco-Pep was immensely popular with owners of outboard racing boats.

Colonel Tooe, after defeating 15 worthy contestants in the Lipton trophy race conducted by the Palm Beach Anglers' and Sports' Club, expressed the opinion that Woco-Pep and its companion, Tiolene Motor Oil, "makes the best combination possible to put in an outboard motor for winning results."

Woco-Pep and Tiolene give to the motor of a racing craft, pep, added power and a smooth, frictionless drive, they give to the motor of a pleasure car, and thousands upon thousands of motor car owners have learned this fact. That is why the 4,500 stations which dispense these famous Pure Oil Company products from Virginia and Mississippi realize a constantly increasing demand for them.

As one well-known motorist puts it, "It stands to reason that a combination use of a motor fuel that is so volatile that it fires every atom at the spark, burns clean and is all that is required to make a motor refined from the highest grade crude that it stands up under terrific heat and gives perfect lubrication for a thousand miles, is the most satisfactory, dependable and economical."

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WAR! A Book War Is Now on in Full Swing! A Band of N. Y. Publishers Has Declared War on Our Policy of Low Prices by Organizing a Drive to Cut Prices to \$1---We Accept Their Challenge and Now Fight Back! WAR!

Until July 31st We Offer Little Blue Books at Amazing Cut Price of 30 Books for \$1

WE have sold 150,000,000 Little Blue Books at 5¢ per copy; 20 for \$1. This was the greatest bargain in the history of printing. But now comes this vast price war in the book world! We meet the challenge and hurl defiance! During the month of July—until midnight of July 31, 1930—we shall let you take your pick of Little Blue Books at the rate of 30 books per \$1, postpaid, instead of at the regular price of 20 books per \$1. Never before was there an offer like this one.

Every order we receive will mean a loss, but we have the rate of 30 books per \$1, carriage charges prepaid put aside \$1,000,000 for our July drive. We shall aim for the greatest sales in publishing history! Our goal is: 50,000,000 books sold during July! After that date we shall return to our policy of 20 books per \$1. Orders may be mailed up to midnight of July 31. The postmark will show that your order was mailed before midnight of July 31, so even if your order arrives in Girard, Kansas, a few days after that date your order will still be filled at

Here's what you get during this July sale: 30 Little Blue Books for \$1; 60 Little Blue Books for \$2; 90 Little Blue Books for \$3; 120 Little Blue Books for \$4; 150 Little Blue Books for \$5; 180 Little Blue Books for \$6; 300 Little Blue Books for \$10; and so on at the rate of 30 books for each dollar you send us. And we pay the carriage charges!

Pick Out Books at Rate of 30 Books for \$1 While This Price War Lasts! Order Today! Sale Closes Positively at Midnight July 31. The World's Biggest Bargain

1. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.
2. Wilde's Ballad of Reading Gaol (Jail).
3. Love and Other Stories.
4. How to Get a Liberal Education. Huxley.
5. Nietzsche's Philosophy Explained.
6. Tales of Mystery. Poe.
7. Story of Man and His Ancestors. Fenton.
8. What Every Girl Should Know. Sanger.
9. Atheist's Mass; Accursed House. Balzac.
10. Story of Nietzsche's Philosophy. Duran.
11. Let's Laugh. Petroleum V. Nasby.
12. Carmen. Exciting Love Story.
13. Great Sea Stories. Cooper.
14. W. C. Brann: Smasher of Shams. Gunn.
15. The Kiss and Other Stories. Chekhov.
16. Pocket Rhyming Dictionary.
17. Toleration of Others. Voltaire.
18. Dreams: Tales of Passion's Paws. Schreiner.
19. What Life Means to Me. Jack London.
20. 33 Facing Plain Facts of Life. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
21. Origin and History of Human Race. Schwalbe.
22. Marriage and Divorce. Aesop's Famous Fables.
23. Romeo: Love Murder. Oscar Wilde.
24. Controversy on Creation of Man. Haeckel.
25. Common Sense. Thomas Paine.
26. Oration on Voltaire. Victor Hugo.
27. Insects and Men. Clarence Darrow.
28. Dictionary of American Slang. Wood.
29. Rip Van Winkle; Sleepy Hollow. Irving.
30. Tales from the Decameron. Epigrams of Wit, Wisdom and Wickedness.
31. Compensation and Friendship. Emerson.
32. What Is Religion? Leo Tolstoy.
33. Nature of Religion. Arthur Schopenhauer.
34. Golden Saying of Marcus Aurelius.
35. Crimes of the Borgias.
36. Color of Life and Love.
37. Physiology of Sex Life. Dr. Greer.
38. Prince of Peace. William Jennings Bryan.
39. What Great Men Learned of Women.
40. Hints on Public Speaking. Aligeld.
41. Common Faults in Writing English. Smith.
42. Evolution of Marriage. Leo Markun.
43. The Nature of Love.
44. Love Letters of People of Genius.
45. Manhood: Facts of Life.
46. Hypnotism Made Plain.
47. How to Live 100 Years.
48. Trial and Death of Socrates.
49. Confessions of an Opium Eater.
50. Famous Dialogues of Plato.
51. Self-Contradictions of the Bible.
52. How to Love. Clement Wood.
53. Sherlock Holmes Tales.
54. Battle of Waterloo.
55. Frenchwoman's Views of Life.
56. Fall of the House of Usher.
57. Short History of World War.
58. Secret of Self-Development.
59. Debate on Spiritualism. McCabe-Doyle.
60. War Speeches of Woodrow Wilson.
61. History of Rome.
62. Rome or Reason? Ingerson vs. Manning.
63. Christian Controversy. Ingerson-Gladstone.
64. Love's Redemption. Leo Tolstoy.
65. Beliefs of Major Religions.
66. Principles of Electricity.
67. Crimes Against Criminals.
68. Great Ghost Stories.
69. Historic Crimes and Criminals.
70. Queer Facts About Lost Civilizations.
71. Son of the Wolf. Jack London.
72. Chinese Philosophy of Life.
73. Andersen's Famous Fairy Tales.
74. Plato's Republic: Ideal State.
75. Alice in Wonderland.

159 Story of Plato's Philosophy.
160 Wit and Wisdom of Voltaire.
161 Sex Life in Greece and Rome.
162 English as She Is Spoke.
163 Everyday Rules of Health.
164 Has Life Any Meaning? Harris-Ward.
165 Evolution of Sex.
166 A Hindu Book of Love. (Kama Sutra).
167 Four Essays on Sex.
168 Subjection of Women.
169 One of Cleopatra's Nights.
170 Strange Primitive Beliefs of Mankind.
171 Lying Adventures of Baron Munchausen.
172 Eugenics Explained.
173 Psycho-Analysis Explained.
174 Evolution vs. Dogma. Shipley.
175 Book of Synonyms.
176 What French Women Learned About Love.
177 Tallow Ball: A Prostitute's Sacrifice.
178 Great Men of Science.
179 Book of Sympathies.
180 Women the Warrior.
181 Facts You Should Know About Music. Sheehan.
182 Romance of Paris.
183 Essay on Man. Pope.
184 Einstein's Relativity Explained.
185 Great Men of Science.
186 French Amorous Misadventures.
187 Fact About Phonology.
188 Why You Need Art in Your Life.
189 Art of Being Happy.
190 Modern Aspects of Birth Control. Knopf.
191 Ellis' Plea for Sane Sex Life.
192 Speeches of Abraham Lincoln.
193 Puzzle of Personality.
194 Essence of the Talmud. Von Keler.
195 Vest's Tribute to a Dog and Other Dog Lore.
196 How to Know Women.
197 The Vampire, and Other Poems. Kipling.
198 Strange Loves. Manuel Komroff.
199 Introduction to Zoology.
200 Plain Talks With Husband and Wives. Ellis, Bierreck.
201 Ridiculous Women. Moliere.
202 Quest for a Blonde Mistress.
203 Strange Loves. Manuel Komroff.
204 Love of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.
205 100 Best Books. Powys.
206 Hints on Scenario Writing.
207 Secret Memoirs of French Royal Mistress (Pompadour).
208 Strange Tales of Oscar Wilde's Life.
209 Love of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.
210 Best Yankee Jokes.
211 Essence of the Koran.
212 U. S. Commercial Geography.
213 Tragedy Story of Oscar Wilde's Life.
214 Love of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.
215 Book of Best Yankee Jokes.
216 Essence of the Koran.
217 U. S. Commercial Geography.
218 Strange Tales of Oscar Wilde's Life.
219 Revealing Comments on Life.
220 Baseball: How to Play and Watch It.
221 Pert Paragraphs on Life.
222 Fraud of Spiritualism.
223 Psychology of Religion.
224 Auto-Suggestion—How It Works. Fielding.
225 61 Reasons for Doubting the Bible. Ingerson.
226 Men and a Girl.
227 Hamlet. Shakespeare.
228 Macbeth. Shakespeare.
229 Julius Caesar.
230 Romeo and Juliet.
231 Midsummer Night's Dream.
232 Othello. Shakespeare.
233 Taming of the Shrew.
234 King Lear. Shakespeare.
235 Venus and Adonis.
236 Adventure of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle.
237 What Ford's 5-Day Week Really Means.
238 Merchant of Venice.
239 Can Faith Heal the Invalid?
240 Is Death Inevitable?
241 Building of the Earth.
242 Quacks of the Healing Cults.
243 Poems of Robert Burns.
244 An Unconventional Amour.
245 Prostitution in the Ancient World. Markun.
246 The Best Jokes About Doctors.
247 The Gold Bug. Poe. (Detective).
248 Celebrated Jumping Frog. Mark Twain.
249 Miles, Fifi, and Other Stories.
250 Do We Need Religion? Joe McCabe.
251 Today's Poetry. Anthology.
252 Short Stories of French Life.
253 Night Flirtation, etc.
254 Story of Infamous Intrigue.
255 Life of Abraham Lincoln.
256 Essence of Buddhism.
257 The Ice Age.
258 Dante's Inferno. Vol. 1.
259 Dante's Inferno. Vol. 2.
260 Multivane Stories of Army Life. Kipling.
261 Mark of the Beast.
262 Life of Jesus. Renan.
263 Famous Lincoln-Douglas Debate.
264 Hints on News Reporting.
265 Diary of Columbus in 1492.
266 Don Juan; Passion in the Desert. Balzac.
267 Clarimonde: Vampire and Harlot. Gautier.
268 Old English Songs. Everyone Knows.
269 A Book of Riddle Rhymes.
270 Charge of Light Brigade, etc.
271 Alice in Wonderland.

272 Story of Robinson Crusoe.
273 Polar Exploration and Adventure.
274 Psychology of Suicide.
275 How to Improve Your Conversation.
276 Arcticus Ward's Funny Travels.
277 Deathius on Life and Death.
278 Splendid Nights in Paris.
279 As a Man Thinketh. Allen.
280 History of American Revolution.
281 How to Play Chess. Hayes.
282 Lustful King Enjoys Himself.
283 Humor and Wisdom of Lincoln.
284 Prostitutes in U. S.
285 Facts You Should Know About Painting.
286 Development of the Atomic Theory.
287 Are the Planets Inhabited?
288 Pilgrim's Progress.
289 Wit and Wisdom of Disraeli.
290 Old Favorite Negro Songs.
291 Short History of the Jews.
292 How the Old Testament Was Made.
293 Aladdin; Thieves (Arabian Nights).
294 Woman the Warrior.
295 Facts You Should Know About Music. Sheehan.
296 Romance of Paris.
297 Essay on Man. Pope.
298 Einstein's Relativity Explained.
299 Great Men of Science.
300 Women Who Have Lived for Love.
301 Confidential Chats With Wives.
302 The Truth About Los Angeles.
303 Facts You Need Art in Your Life.
304 Art of Being Happy.
305 Nature of Dreams.
306 Life; Its Origin and Nature.
307 Puzzle of Personality.
308 Essence of the Talmud. Von Keler.
309 Vest's Tribute to a Dog and Other Dog Lore.
310 Book of Best Yankee Jokes.
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353 Robinson Crusoe.
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371 How to Improve Your Vocabulary.
372 Crime of Poverty. Henry George.
373 Handbook of Legal Forms.
374 Greatest Thing in the World. Drummond.
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380 Great Fighters for Freedom.
381 How to Raise and Train Cats and Dogs.
382 How to Make Money in Wall Street.
383 English Composition Self Taught. Smith.
384 Conventional Lies of Civilization.
385 Young Generation's Views of Life.
386 Handbook of Useful Tables.
387 Bluebeard, Cinderella, etc.
388 Life of Parisian Fashion Puppets. Middleton.
389 Conventional Lies of Civilization.
390 Popular Self Taught. (Music).
391 Book of Strange Murders.
392 Best Jokes About Married Life.
393 How to Enjoy Orchestra Music.
394 Book of Children's Games.
395 Origin of Religion. Joseph. Typewriting Self Taught.
396 Book of Amateur Magic Tricks.
397 French-English Dictionary. Book of Best Negro Jokes.
398 One Hoss Shay, etc. O. W. Holmes.
399 Bad Habits and How to Break Them.
400 How to Know the Song Book.
401 How to Write All Kinds of Letters.
402 Arithmetic Self Taught. Part I. Smith.
403 Arithmetic Self Taught. Part II. Smith.
404 How to Play Card Games.
405 Book of Best Irish Jokes.
406 Book of Best Jokes About Fishing.
407 What Married Women Should Know. Fielding.
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590 Cassanova: World's Greatest Lover.
591 Pope Alexander VI and His Loves.
592 How I Psycho-Analyzed Myself.
593 The Real Mary Baker Edger.
594 Popular Self Taught. (Music).
595 How to Play the Piano.
596 Some Politic Scandals of Life.
597 How to Write Business Letters. DeFord.
598 How to Make Pies and Pastries.
599 How I Psycho-Analyzed Myself.
600 How to Make Money in Wall Street.
601 How to Make Ice Cream and Gelatine.
602 How to Play Checkers.
603 Book of Best Scotch Jokes.
604 Handbook of Latest Golf Rules.
605 How to Make Pin Money at Home.
606 Book of Broadway
607 How to Make Money in Wall Street.
608 Wonders of Radium.
609 Dictionary of Sea Terms.
610 How to Think Like a Lawyer.
611 How to Make Love.
612 How to Make Money in Wall Street.
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617 How to Make Money in Wall Street.
618 Adventure Stores. Jack London.
619 How to Write Business Letters. DeFord.
620 How to Make Pies and Pastries.
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SOCIAL SERVICE WORK DESCRIBED BY MILLER

More Needy Cases Served With Less Money, Report Reveals.

Magnitude of the task of Atlanta social service workers, faced by increasing appeals for assistance and hampered by inadequate public response to the needs of welfare organizations, was described Saturday in the monthly meeting of the Atlanta Community Chest.

The report showed a total of 18,216 individuals and families served by the 39 societies of the Chest in May, and here this comment by Frank Miller, executive director:

"These have been strenuous days for social workers. Demands for assistance have increased over the average for the same period during the past two years. Since there is unemployment here, the chief cause of need. We have less money to use, but we have worked all the harder. Social workers are trying sympathetically and patiently to meet every human need. They do not give up to weariness and discouragement in the face of great difficulties."

"It is comparatively easy for people to find faults with the Chest and its service, times such as these through which we are passing. We record our appreciation of the many friends who write us words of encouragement and send in checks to help us on with our work. Just now we need a stream of money to help us meet Atlanta's needs."

The report showed a total of 7,001 families and individuals served by the 12 agencies of the family relief and direct service group. The Family Welfare Society served 1,212 families, with a total of more than 5,000 members. The Community Employment Service took in 1,100 families, and for 1,840 individuals. The Tuberculosis Association, one member of this group, served 1,538 persons in its program of health conservation.

The 11 societies of the child welfare group within the Chest gave shelter, instruction, and medical service to 1,377 little children who otherwise would have been menaced by disaster from neglect and unwholesome associations.

The seven societies of the character-forming group, working among young men and women, boys and girls, served a total of 8,714.

The report showed an increase of operations of the Community Shop, which devotes its efforts to employment to men and women handicapped by blindness or other infirmities, and to put an end to street begging. A daily average of 15 handicapped persons were employed there.

Postoffice Receipts Show \$6,000 Increase

Postoffice receipts in Atlanta showed an increase of more than \$6,000 in the first six months of 1930, despite the talk of depression in business, it was reported Saturday by John J. Martin, assistant postmaster.

The increase was taken by Mr. Martin as indicative of a general healthy condition of business. Postoffice receipts are a fairly accurate barometer of business conditions. The increase, particularly in that the greater part of it was in June, is most encouraging.

"We have, in my opinion, passed the crest of the depression and are now heading for normal conditions."

Total receipts for the first six months of 1930 were \$2,292,788.03, and in the first six months of 1929 were \$2,286,174.65. The increase was \$6,613.38.

June receipts of the local postoffice were \$346,266.42. In June, 1929, they were \$339,962.63, showing an increase for the past June of \$6,303.75 over the same month last year.

Mr. Martin said the \$6,000 of the increase was represented by increased sales of stamps, and \$4,000 in increased revenues from the sales of permits. The rate of the increase was 1.8 per cent.

Fireworks Display Brings Fines to Two

R. E. Green, 28, 979 South Boulevard, and C. J. Palmer, 20, of the same address, were fined \$10 and \$5, respectively, by Judge Murphy Holloman at Saturday's late session of recorder's court for exploding firecrackers in a bucket. Green, dressed in the larger fine upon his admission that he was responsible for most of the racket-making.

J.M. HIGH CO.
Your Eyes Examined and Glasses Fitted as Low as \$7.50
Dr. John Kahn Registered Optometrist Use Your Charge Account

OLD SORES

Since 1868 ALLEN'S ULCERINE SALVE has healed more old sores than all other salves combined. It is the most powerful salve known and has been used by thousands on sores with the pemphigus. By mail 45 cents. Post free.

T. P. Allen Medicine Co., Dept. R, St. Paul, Minn.

NO ONE NEED HAVE CORNS ANY LONGER

Newest, Best Remedy For Corns Stops Pain—Shoes Don't Hurt Any More.

SIX WAFERS FOR 10¢ GUARANTEED RESULTS

The newest, best remedy for corns is a tiny, thin, as paper corn wafer. No burning acids or bulky doughnut pads to add pressure when shoes are on. Press an "O-Joy Corn Wafer" on the corn or callous with your finger. It adheres. Six wafers—six all. Guaranteed to never fail. Ask druggists for O-Joy Corn Wafers—six wafers for 10¢. (adv.)

Former Atlanta Man Held in Embezzlement

MEMPHIS, Tenn., July 5.—(AP)—A charge of embezzlement against D. C. Vorus, former vice president and district manager of the New Orleans Adjustment Company here, has been dismissed. Attorney-General McLain announced tonight.

Vorus, formerly of Atlanta and New Orleans, and a graduate of Georgia Tech, was charged with withdrawing hundreds of dollars when he resigned from the company, but it developed in the state investigation that each side of the partnership held claims against the other and General McLain refused to prosecute.

NORA ALLEN VOLPI TO SING FOR ELKS

Nora Allen Volpi, brilliant operatic soprano and an outstanding radio star since broadcasting began, has again been signalized by the Elks of America through being named



NORA ALLEN VOLPI.

as soloist representing the entire B. P. O. E. at the national convention of the order in Atlantic City this week.

Madam Volpi will sing Monday night as the featured artist at the great auditorium on the boardwalk, one of the largest concert halls in the world. This program is a gala affair inaugurating the week of deliberations and revelry by thousands of visiting Elks. Colonel Walter P. Andrews, of Atlanta, who is retiring from his office of grand exalted ruler, will preside and will introduce the noted soprano and her soloist.

The entire inaugural program Monday night will be broadcast over station WPG, of Atlantic City. Five years ago Madam Volpi enjoyed similar distinction when she represented Atlanta lodge No. 78 on the air at the BSA national convention. Her appearance at WNGC, Boston, proved to be a record-breaking personnel triumph and brought a flood of congratulatory letters, running into the thousands.

Madam Volpi is associated with Signor Emilio Volpi in the conduct of the latter's studios for training in grand opera and other lines of vocal and dramatic art. Hundreds of Atlanta radio fans are expected to tune in on WNGC Monday night to hear the Atlanta star.

FURNITURE DEALERS TO HOLD STYLE SHOW

"Women of America have reached the pinnacle of perspicacity in their observations of home decoration and arrangement," Paul Duffee, of Duffee-Freeman Furniture Company, said Saturday. "The latest designs and Grand Rapids to select the latest furniture designs to be displayed in his store this fall.

Furniture dealers regard the 1930 summer held in many years. Mr. Duffee said, "A home furnishings style show will be held in every city and town of consequence throughout the United States from September 26 to October 4 and the smartest ideas of designers of home furnishings will be shown at this time. The merchandise selected by dealers at the markets this month will be for fall delivery."

"The most particular woman in the world is the American woman. Furnishings that pleased her a few years ago are not marketable today. Her interest in the latest in home decoration together with changes in social structures of cities have brought new demands upon the designers of furnishings."

"It is because of this keen knowledge of the American woman that the dealers of furniture manufacturers decided to hold the first national home furnishings style show this year. For eight days starting September 26 retail furniture dealers throughout the United States will display in their stores the new designs that have been created to meet the demands of today."

Mr. Duffee said that dealers of Atlanta expected to have the greatest offering of styles this fall, both from the standpoint of smartness and variety, ever shown in this city. The first display of this merchandise will be made at the home furnishings style show in which home furnishings dealers will participate.

Young Boy Is Given Tetanus Treatment

Robert Clegg, 14-year-old son of W. L. Clegg, 228 Market Street, was given anti-tetanus treatment at Georgia Baptist Hospital Saturday for burns and cuts above the face following an explosion of an improvised firecracker in the yard of his home Saturday morning. Instructed by his father to gather up the fragments, which exploded crackers, from the Fourth of July celebration, the boy pinched powder from several crackers and put it in a small pipe, afterwards lighting it.

Manager of Grocery Victim of Holdup

William Goldberg, operator of a grocery at 150 Peachtree Street, was held up Saturday night by two men in masked negro, wearing a stocking for a head piece, and robbed of about \$200 in cash as he was transferring his receipts from the cash drawer to the safe.

ATLANTA WILL FETE 300 CUBAN TEACHERS

Visitors Will Be Taken in Auto Tour of City Monday.

An automobile tour of the city and a dinner on the program arranged for a party of nearly 300 Cuban school teachers who will visit Atlanta Monday and Tuesday, it was announced Saturday by B. S. Barker, executive vice president of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce.

The tour will be Tuesday afternoon after a morning left free of formal entertainment in order to afford the visiting teachers opportunity of inspecting Georgia Tech and other educational institutions of the city.

Colonel J. C. Woodward, president of the Georgia Military Academy, who will be in charge of the school, will entertain the party with light refreshments at the school Tuesday afternoon. Tuesday night the party will be the guests of the Coca-Cola Company at a dinner in the tea room of the Dawson-Paxon Company.

The party will arrive in Atlanta Monday on a special train. Mayor

J. N. Ragsdale and Chief of Police James E. Beaman will meet the Atlanta Police. Each will meet the visitors at the station, and a motorcycle squad escort them to the Atlanta Biltmore hotel, which will be their headquarters in their stay here.

Miss Allie B. Mann, president of the Atlanta Public School Teachers' Association, heads a committee of teachers who will show the visitors many courtesies during their stay, including an inspection of the Bass Junior High School.

Willard Patterson, district manager of Paramount Pictures, has invited the entire party to be his guest at the newly-remodeled Paramount theater Monday evening, to see pictures of the Byrd expedition to the south pole.

The tour Tuesday afternoon will take the visitors through Druid Hills, the Bass Junior High school, through Grant Park and past the federal prison, to College Park, where a stop will be made at the Georgia Military Academy for refreshments. The Atlanta Fair grounds and Candyland will also be visited. After a drive to Fort McPherson the party will return to the Dawson-Paxon store for dinner.

After dinner the visitors will return to their hotel. They leave Atlanta Tuesday night at 11 o'clock on their special train for the east.

Atlantaans who have promised the use of automobiles are requested to have them at the Terminal station Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock, and again at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon in front of the Biltmore hotel.

Gas Station Operator Robbed of \$7, Watch

John K. Dickinson, filling station operator at 501 Greenwood Avenue, was held up by two white men Saturday morning and robbed of \$7 and his watch.

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Involuntary bankruptcy proceedings were instituted in federal court Saturday against the Loretta Shoppe, 116 Peachtree street, in the ladies ready-to-wear. The New York companies began the proceedings through Dillon, Calhoun & Dillon, attorneys.

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THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

VOL. LXIII, No. 21.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1930.

HOOVER CALLS PARTY LEADERS TO KICK OUT HUSTON AS REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CHAIRMAN

Mayson Declares Couch Subject to Impeachment

**MAYOR PRO TEM.
VIOLATED OATH,
ATTORNEY SAYS**

Criticism Continues To Be Heaped Upon Official for Liberating 273 City Prison Inmates.

MANY PRISONERS ARE BACK IN TOILS

Alderman Millican To Confer With Mayson on What Steps City Council Can Take in Matter.

Mayor Pro Tem. J. Allen Couch, who, as acting mayor of Atlanta, Thursday ordered the release of 273 prisoners from the Atlanta- negro prison and city dairy farm, is subject to impeachment under a ruling of City Attorney James L. Mayson Saturday.

As criticism continued to be heaped upon the mayor pro tem for what was termed his "unwise action" in ordering every one of the city prisoners incarcerated in the various places of detention released as a "Fourth of July present," many of the released again found themselves within the toils of the law, several were en route to the stockade serving new sentences.

"Release of many of the prisoners was in violation of the law and as such constitutes a violation of the oath of office Mr. Couch took." Mr. Mayson declared when asked for a ruling on that point.

"He is, therefore, subject to impeachment for violation of his oath, and the charges could be filed by any member of council. If a private citizen were to file a complaint against him asking impeachment, the charge would, according to the law, have to be sworn to."

Alderman Ed A. Gilliam Saturday night declared that the ruling of City Attorney Mayson put a different face on the situation that council could hardly afford not to take some action on the situation.

He said that he was not prepared to say just what action would be taken but that he will confer with other members of council by telephone to get their ideas of the proper steps.

Mayor Displeased.

Mayor J. N. Ragsdale, on his return to Atlanta, issued a statement Saturday in which he was freed from any criticism of Couch but in which he set out his attitude in the matter, declaring it has been his custom always to consult the trial judge.

Text of the mayor's statement follows:

"During my term as mayor I have refused to grant requests for pardons from any persons who had been sentenced by recorders or recorders pro tem for any violation of the borough ordinance without first consulting the trial judge.

"The judges are elected by voters of our county and are bound by the evidence. I assume they are fair. In a very few instances, where the families of offenders were in extreme need, I have appealed to the recorders to send me recommendations for a change of sentence, which, on the record, I have done."

"I believe I was in the recorders' office when I have taken the position I should not meddle with sentences imposed by the authorized judges whose duty it is to have evidence and impose sentences of which we are ignorant."

Millican to Confer.

Alderman G. Everett Millican, pro-visional mayor pro tem, declared he would confer with Mr. Mayson to ascertain just what rights council had in the matter.

Previously, Mr. Millican, along with several other members of council, had criticized Couch's action.

At the same time Recorder Murphy M. Holloway, judge of the second division, threw the matter squarely up to council in stating that it is an executive matter and should be handled by the executive department or by council itself.

A check of the list of those passed by the blanket order, which has been termed a "wholesale jail delivery," shows that 175 of those who were turned out were released illegally.

Mayor's Authority.

Under the law the mayor has authority to pardon those whose fines exceed \$50 or who are sentenced for 30 days or more, but he cannot under the law pardon a person whose fine is less than \$50 or whose sentence is less than 30 days without a recommendation of the judge who sentenced the individual.

Acting Mayor Couch did not consult either of the recorders before issuing the order.

It also developed Saturday that liberation of the prisoners will cost Atlanta about \$50,000 before it reaches its climax in a number of events celebrating the Fourth of July holiday. Feasting the festivities were to be arranged to include the greatest possible extremes in velocity—airplanes and terrapins.

The Blue Ribbon Malt award was passed to the men who had performed a rate of a dollar a minute from 6 p.m. July 1 until they landed and was given for their courage not only breaking the record but continuing until they had set up a mark that may stand for years to come.

Vaudeville Claims Endurance Fliers

**ALBANY VETERAN
NEW LEGION HEAD**

**Mrs. E. F. Travis, of Griffi-
fin, Elected President of
Auxiliary.**

GAINESVILLE, Ga., July 5.—(P)

With the fun and business of their

12th annual convention behind them,

the

RADIO PROGRAMS and NEWS

YOUNG SINGERS PLAN FOR ANNUAL TRYOUTS

National Auditions Start in Atlanta in September. Kane 1929 Winner.

Is there a Mary Garden or a John McCormack hidden among the young singers of the fifth district of Georgia? The question to which Mrs. J. M. Leonard, fifth district of Georgia chairman for the fourth national radio audition of the Atwater Kent Foundation, is seeking an answer.

All through the country, in more than a thousand communities, active search is going on for young, non-professional singers, between the ages of 18 and 25 years, who may be worth \$25,000 in value to the foundations in scholarships in recognized conservatories of music of their own selection. There is no special condition attached to the competition save that the young people shall not be professionals in any sense. The purpose is to find young singers.

In the past three years in the national radio auditions of 1927, 1928 and 1929 more than 10,000 young men and women who became national finalists in those years—all of them absolutely unknown before the auditions—are now well on the road to success and prosperity.

Kane Won in 1929.

Last year Atlanta, the fifth district, Georgia and the entire south manifested the keenest interest and in the process of the competition from the city who sang his way into the hearts of the people and of the judges, from the Fulton county preliminary to the national finals, in which he received not only highest praise and adulation but the more substantial and lasting \$5,000 scholarship award, with a one year scholarship to an equivalent. Edward Kane has proven that Atlanta has wonderful material for these auditions, and it is believed that there are other young singers in this district who should be able to repeat Mr. Kane's performance of last year; that their ambitions should be encouraged and that they should be urged to participate in the 1930 auditions.

Mrs. Wilmer L. Moore, state chairman, has divided the state into 12 congressional districts, as was done previously, with a chairman for each district; the district contests will be held prior to September 15, and state finals in October. The national auditions will follow in November and December. Only one young man and one young woman will pass from each audition until the national finals are reached, in which there will be five young men and five young women, each to receive an award as follows:

\$5,000 First Prize.

Winners of first place (one boy and one girl): \$5,000 each and two years' tuition in an American conservatory; winners of second place, \$3,000 each and one year's tuition; winners of third place, \$2,000 each and one year's tuition; winners of fourth place, \$1,500 each and one year's tuition; winners of fifth place, \$1,000 each and one year's tuition.

It is the present plan to hold the district audition by counties, there being five counties in this district: Fulton, DeKalb, Campbell, Douglas and Rockdale. An effort will be made to secure a chairman for each county, and all contestants should enter and compete in the county contests, to if they wish to compete in the district finals; from which a young man and woman will pass to the state finals.

After the state finals all expenses of participants in the contest will be borne by the Atwater Kent Foundation. State winners will be taken to a national district contest and placed in competition with the winners from the other states in the district; from among them two district champions will be chosen, smaller eliminations being held in four other national districts, and the contestants from these national districts will then be taken to Washington, D. C., to New York, where the national finals will be broadcast through a coast-to-coast network for final rating by a board of distinguished musicians; all expense of railroad fares, hotel, entertainment, etc., being paid by the foundation.

All May Enter. Every ambitious singer in this district who has passed his or her eighteenth birthday or will have passed it by November 1, 1930, but who will not have passed his or her twenty-sixth birthday before that date, may send an application blank for participation in the county preliminary contests to the county program director. The county program director will be held at the time of the holding of the preliminary contest, provided the list of contestants is not too large; as it is desired to give the contestants every opportunity to demonstrate the quality and potentiality of their voices.

Mrs. Mabel Daniel, of Decatur, singer of great fame, has again consented to act as DeKalb county chairman and anxious wishing to confer with her may address her at 318 West College avenue or telephone Dearborn 3500.

Receiver Tuning Process Advances

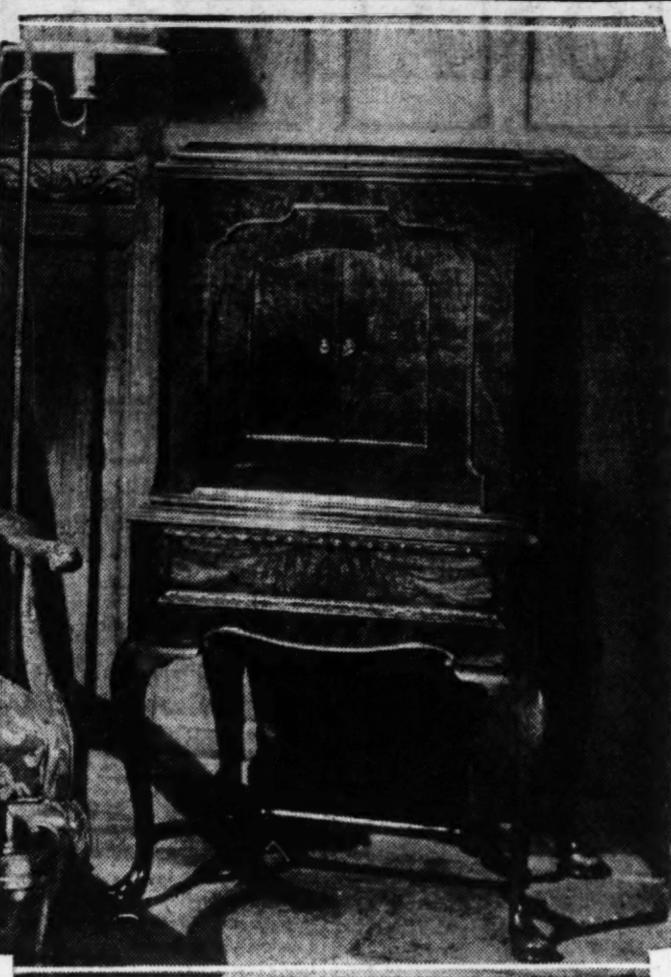
Practically everyone knows what is meant by tuning a receiver. Although the process is sometimes dignified by the name of "station selection," the former is a very appropriate phrase.

When Marconi was first experimenting with wireless early in the present century, his sets emitted waves that were very broad. It was not until Marconi had built a great number of broadcasting stations and to select any desired one under that situation. By adjusting the sending and receiving apparatus to "frequency" Lodge converted the wireless transmitting stations into something like tuning fork that sends out waves of one note only. The receiving stations could be tuned in that "note" and exclude the signals from stations using other "notes."

As time went on and radio broadcasting became popular, refinements were made for improving the tuning process by stabilizing the frequency of the transmitter stations—generally through crystal control—to the assigned frequency.

Up to the present time, however, uniformly sharp tuning over the entire dial has not been afforded by home broadcast receivers. Now engineers of the Stromberg-Carlson

New General Motors Announced



The Queen Anne radio-phonograph in the new General Motors radio line. This is a model of the period noted for the introduction of the cabriolet leg.

General Motors radio, a newcomer in the field, is being introduced to a public which has become discriminating in its receivers not only from a performance standpoint but from the point of view of the housing of this entertainment necessity in every home. And in cabinet design as well as utility as a radio receiver, the new line in period designs is claimed on its way to radio.

"Outstanding value" is the slogan of General Motors. "These new instruments provide everything that modern science has contributed to the perfection of radio performance," the announcements read, "and in addition give their owners positive master of tone through the new 'tone selector.' By the simple turn of a knob the tone selector dictates the amount of bass or treble the listener prefers, the operator of the receiver actually conducting his own concert.

The station selector is completely independent of the tone selector, the power switch, the station selector and the volume control. The interior workings, for the most part never seen by the owner, are of the best in scientific radio design, the manufacturers assert. Eight tubes are used in a tuned radio frequency circuit. Three screen grid tubes are incorporated.

The Radio Sales Company, 577 Peachtree street, is the Atlanta headquarters for the new General Motors radio line.

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336.9 **WGST** 890
Meters Kilocycles
Studios Ansley Hotel

8:30-9 A. M.—Land of Make Believe, Commentator, CBS
9:30-10 A. M.—WGST Review.
9:30-10 A. M.—Organ Melodies.
10:30 A. M.—Wit and Wisdom, Dodge, Central Congregational church.
2:30-4 P. M.—Cathedral hour, CBS.
3:30-4 P. M.—Organ Melodies.
4:40-5 P. M.—Vagabondia.
5:45-6 P. M.—Tobacco, CBS.
6:45-7 P. M.—Chick with Pennzoil program, CBS.
7:45-8 P. M.—"Pig's Whistle.
8:45-9 P. M.—Wiley Jones Furniture Co.
8:45-9 P. M.—Maybey Lake and his band.
8:30-9 P. M.—Old Man Chain, sponsored by Chan Ohl Co.
8:45-9 P. M.—International Bible Students' Association.
9:15-10:30 P. M.—Studio Singers.
9:30-10 P. M.—James de la Fuente, boy violinist.
10:30-11 P. M.—Coral Islanders, CBS.
10:30-11 P. M.—Nectare, CBS.

Westell Gordon, lyric tenor; Hannah Klein, soprano; Mabel Mallon, tenor; Marian Schott and Maria Ravelle, pianists; Wado Mayo, violinist.

The program will be broadcast through WSB and the NBC.

405.2 **WSB** 740
Meters Kilocycles
Studios Biltmore Hotel

7:30 A. M.—The Balladeers, NBC feature.
7:30-8 A. M.—The Socialites, NBC feature.
7:30-8 A. M.—Moral Melodies by the Studio orchestra.
8-9 A. M.—A. M. Aragon Sunday school hour.
9:15-10 A. M.—"The King's Highwayman" in an orchestra arrangement of a group from "The King's Highwayman." An orchestra of 120 players, including 100 strings, will be conducted by George Snackey, with George Vause, piano.

The bass voice of Wilfred Glenn will be heard interpreting Reginald de Koon's world tour WSB and the NBC during the Atwater Kent Concert at 7:15 o'clock tonight. Glenn will sing two solos, the "Turnkey Song," from "Rob Roy," and "Farewell to the King's Highwayman." In an orchestra arrangement of a group from "The King's Highwayman." An orchestra of 120 players, including 100 strings, will be conducted by George Snackey, with George Vause, piano.

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An Imaginary Life Sermon

By Father of Four University Graduates.

(Dedicated to the graduates of 1930. University of Georgia.)

The exercises were about to close. An old grey-beard was seen to mount the rostrum. After a moment's conference with the chancellor he advanced to the front. Without hesitation he addressed himself to the graduates.

"I speak to you this morning by permission of the chancellor, but without introduction, by my request. The identity of the speaker matters not, it is in my message that counts."

"We are now in the world, God, in whom we live and move and have our being," give me grace to speak the words this day which will touch your hearts and linger in your memories as long as breath remains in your bodies."

"What shall I speak to you? Of what should I speak to you but of that which immediately confronts each of you. The journey of life."

"It has its sunshine and its shadows, its smiles and its tears. It is a long journey. We are at one end of the journey and I, with my three-score years and ten, am at the other end. I am calling back to you! Won't you listen?"

"Beware of atheism, which, like some creeping things, has entered this great university. If any of you have been led astray by it, know that you found it for it will hinder, not help you on your journey."

"If you feel that you must progress (?) that you must leave behind, good old-time Religion, good old-time Paul and Silas, good enough for me."

(But not for you) turn to Transcendentalism, Swedenborgianism, theosophy, Christian science or anything else that appeals to the heart as well as to the head. We live in heart throbs, not in mental convulsions."

"Twice, beware of the tidal wave of folly, frivolity and indifference that is sweeping over the country. It's appeal is neither to the head nor to the heart and in the end its supposed delights will be but ashes on the lips. If you are a theist, even atheists are to be preferred to it. Life is rest, life is earnest."

"Put your shoulder to the wheel and help move the load. Faithful effort, honest labor, in whatever field of endeavor your lot may be cast, will not make your journey harder but easier and safer."

"But after all it is the faith as of the little child that can make your journey smoother than might else and enable you to view it close with serenity."

"It is not to the intellectuals of theology or philosophy that you will turn for comfort in your declining years."

To My Friend

By Ernest Neal,
Poet Laureate of Georgia.

My soul today's
Not sailing bays
Beneath Italian skies;
I need not roam,
For nearer home
A happier vision lies.
No Vesuvius bay's
Like Lillie May's
Sweet, entrancing eyes.

Within their gleams
Forgot dreams
Come from the echoless shore.
The smiles and tears—
The vanished years—
In pageant pass once more.
My old heart fills
With youthful thrills,
Tho' days of love are o'er.

In Earth below
No brighter glow
Of heavenly light e'er beams
Than innocent smiles'
Womanly wiles
That thrill with love and dreams.

Womanly woman
Makes man human—
Without her he's a beast;
In home or mart
A woman's heart
Is Heaven's own high priest.
Blest be thy way,
Sweet Lillie May.
With love and joy increased.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit be with me, to comfort and uphold.
Good enough for me.

(But not for you) turn to Transcendentalism, Swedenborgianism, theosophy, Christian science or anything else that appeals to the heart as well as to the head. We live in heart throbs, not in mental convulsions."

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414 American Bldg., Savannah, Ga., June 27.

SUNDAY HEALTH TALKS

By DR. WILLIAM BRADY.

EVERY ONE HIS OWN FOOD

POISON DETECTIVE.

The occurrence of hives, in persons with a peculiar sensitivity to some food such as lobster, strawberries or chocolate, is a familiar sight, because the action of these things is generally an occasional indulgence and consequently the victim of the hives or his friends immediately associate the food with the hives.

There are many other manifestations of such sensitivity or allergy, as doctors call it, which are often though not always more serious than hives, but being due to sensitivity to some foods which most of us eat almost daily these other manifestations are seldom associated with the true cause.

First there is what doctors call—angioneurotic edema and folks know as giant hives. Sudden inexplicable swelling of a hand, the lips, one or both eyes, or some other place, just as putting up, so that the swelling usually subsides in a few hours or a day or so, and thereafter all is serene until the next out-break. Such swelling about the eyes or lips gives one an extreme dissipated appearance or a reputation as a pugnacious person; just as a red nose advertises a kind of thirst whereas one takes it or leaves it alone.

Some physicians insist that there is a rather unusual bladder allergy. Bladder symptoms in a patient with allergic family history, when urinary and bowel elimination is normal, especially in children, who most of us eat almost daily these other manifestations are seldom associated with the true cause.

Many mothers know from experience that the first feeding of egg to a child will precipitate an allergic reaction if the baby happens to be sensitive to egg.

Among the foods which have been found responsible for these various allergic conditions are wheat, eggs, cows' milk, oats, rice, cabbage, celery, oysters, shrimp, chocolate, bananas, tomatoes, grapes, peaches, sausages, fish, oranges, olives, cottonseed, flaxseed, figs, white potato, cucumber, cantaloupe, watermelon, beets, onion, eggplant, turkey, pork and many more.

When a reasonable suspicion of allergy is aroused the only way to settle the question is to give the child a skin test with a long list of the food substances. Often it is necessary to test the patient with 60 to 90 different food extracts adapted for the purpose in order to detect the food responsible. Only a physician who has the special equipment and experience for such work can do this work. There is such a man in nearly every progressive community now, to whom the doctors refer patients for the tests.

There is a method of trial and error which some adults may employ on their own behalf. This involves starting the diet in certain simple things at a time and noting effects. Thus, one starts off on a straight milk diet (assuming one is not sensitive to milk). After five to seven days of exclusive milk diet, add one other item, such as rice or any other cereal. The next night five to seven days of the rice or other cereal and milk. If all goes well then add a third item, such as oranges, or any other fruit. Stick to the item chosen for the five to seven-day period. Keep on in this way until the diet is again safe. There will come some new food which you've found the responsible food.

Still a third test is available, though only to the physician. It is a therapeutic test, the response to a hypodermic dose of adrenalin. If the symptoms are not relieved or moderated is given by the adrenalin the chances are the trouble is not allergic.

My fourth and final suggestion may be used by the layman without benefit of medicine, in any prolonged recurring infestation, to determine whether food allergy or other type, the trouble may be more or less ameliorated by a suitable calcium ration. Say hay fever, hives, asthma or migraine is your favorite form of diversion. Well, drop into the diet calcium lactate, five grains in a tablet. Take two tablets (10 grains) each night and morning, preferably following food, and continue this daily for six or eight weeks, provided only that the calcium lactate does not upset or irritate the stomach. This is no panacea. Some people swear it is no good, others swear it is. You have to be more or less cautious. Others assure me it has brought extraordinary relief to migraine, asthma, hay fever and angioneurotic edema, to say nothing of vulgar hives.

(Copyright, 1930, for The Constitution.)

The Music of the Ocean

By ALFRED HUTCHINS.

There is music in the motion—
In the restless rolling motion,
Of the never-ending ocean

To the ears,
And the heart, and the more,
Of its rhythmic swing grows sweeter.

To my restless soul grows sweeter
Through the years.

While its waves like mountains racing,
Meeting, merging, interlacing.

Send its subjects madly chasing

To the piers.

I can hear its music thrilling,

Sweeter than the song-bird's trilling,

To my stormy soul so stilling
Of its fears.

Life is like the restless ocean,

Full of ceaseless nervous motion,

Like a calm or stormy ocean

It moves on.

Bringing joy or peace or sadness

With its music, pain or madness,

Rolling through the dark of sadness

To the dawn.

1269 W. Peachtree Street, Atlanta.

Editor Constitution: Your Sunday issue is a fine drawing and descriptive sketch of the proposed south-west boulevard.

I want to commend that project, and call attention to the fact that there is a large close-in area west of the two railroad stations that is undeveloped for the want of adequate thoroughfares.

Finally, mysterious spells of fever in young children and sometimes even in adults, are not rarely traced to food allergy.

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Superb Confidence

Heritage of Youth

BALTIMORE, July 5.—(P)—Sixteen-year-old Philip Ditsky has never flown a plane but, he said today, he has read a lot on the subject and will just what to do when he takes off.

He plans to make a test flight next week and took the plane to the field for tuning up today.

The craft, powered by a four-cylinder motorcycle motor, was built in 16 months by Philip and three boy friends. It has a wing spread of 12 feet. He got the idea from a magazine advertisement which informed him lots of parents have not taken a hand yet.

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Capital City's Lake

Closed for Summer

Announcement was made Saturday by the Capital City Country Club that the lake would not be opened for swimming this summer due to the recent heavy rains.

He said that the lake had been polluted by surface streams was declared in error, the explanation being that an unusual amount of grading and improvement work was carried on during a period of heavy rainfall.

The governing committee also announced that the membership limit of 1,000, and that there is a large waiting list.

Missionary Group

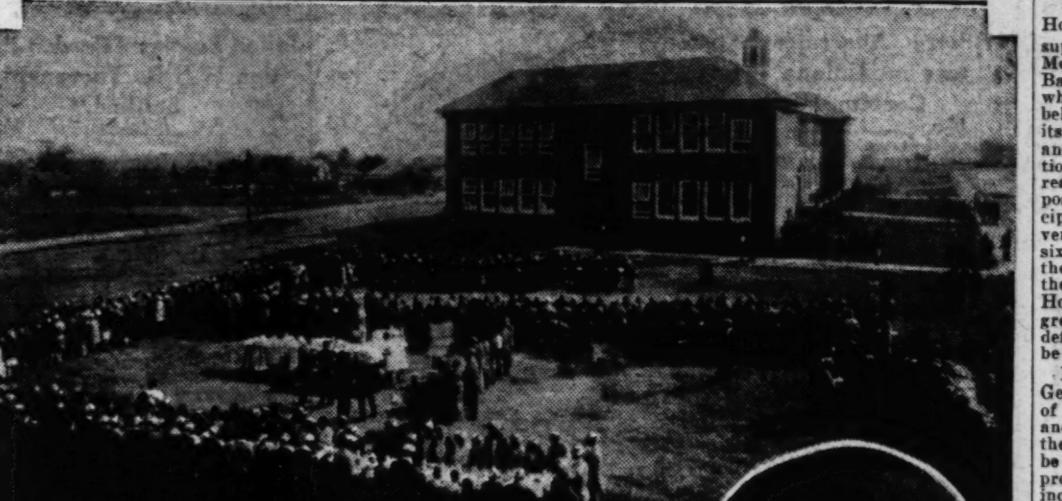
Honor Georgia Woman

BLUE RIDGE, N. C., July 5.—(P)—The Rev. W. Knighton Bloom, D. C. was elected to head the 1931 meeting of the missionary educational conference at Blue Ridge. Mrs. M. E. Tille, children's work superintendent, North Georgia conference, was elected program secretary, and Dr. W. J. Campbell, Vanderbilt school of religion, was elected financial adviser to the conference.

WISCONSIN GROWING

MILWAUKEE, July 5.—(P)—The 1930 population of Wisconsin is 3,000,000, official county census totals tabulated by the Associated Press reported today. This was a gain of 368,540, or 14 per cent, more than the 1920 census population of 2,631,830.

Amazing Achievement of Prof. H. A. Hunt, Winner of Coveted Spingarn Medal, 1930



Above: One of the buildings of the Fort Valley, Ga., High and Industrial school. The photograph was taken during a conference of negro farmers, at which home-cured hams were exhibited. Right: Professor H. A. Hunt, principal of the school, who has just received the Spingarn medal, given annually to an American citizen of African descent for the most distinguished achievement in some honorable field of endeavor.

BY WILLIE SNOW ETHERIDGE.

FORT VALLEY, Ga., July 5.—Professor H. A. Hunt sold pieces of his property in Georgia and North Carolina to tide over hard times, and often he borrowed money on his insurance policies to pay the teachers' salaries. The school, which is the largest negro high school in the South, has been principal for 26 years of the Fort Valley High and Industrial School for Negroes in central Georgia. The school is almost entirely from the negro population of the county.

Indeed, there were many other anxious periods in the early life of the school. On several occasions Professor Hunt sold pieces of his property to tide over hard times, and often he borrowed money on his insurance policies to pay the teachers' salaries. The school is almost entirely from the negro population of the county.

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Hoover's Legislative Feats Credited to House Support

Connecticut's Tilson Says Militant Representatives Have Enabled Program to Succeed.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—(AP)—The operation of the house with the administration was credited today by Representative Tilson, of Connecticut, the republican leader, with enabling the seventy-first congress to enact most of President Hoover's major legislative proposals.

In a statement through the republican national committee, Tilson reviewed 18 enactments sponsored by the chief executive, and said "A militant house of representatives, imbued with the will to co-operate with the administration, has enabled President Hoover to carry out a very comprehensive and far-reaching legislative program."

Overcoming persistent efforts of senate democrats at obstruction of the republican majority in the house, with the aid of the republican leaders in the senate, made possible the translation into law of practically every major proposal put forward by the president," he said.

Tilson said the house had cooperated with the administration in preventing enactment of the export decontrol plan by the senate.

"Only on a few occasions in recent years has it been necessary for the house to become such a bulwark of defense against ill-considered legislative efforts," he said. In addition to said action in preventing a veto of proposed final enactment "of unjust and discriminatory legislation affecting certain classes of World War veterans."

The Connecticut representative cited the accomplishments of congress as far as revision of the federal farm board, the \$180,000,000 tax reduction program; extension of the public buildings program; increasing federal highway aid; enacting a veterans' pension bill; settlement of the French, German and Austrian war debt agreements; transferring prohibitory enforcement to the justice department; protecting the great rivers and harbors omnibus bill.

Among the other achievements noted were the extension of the federal penal system; reorganization of the federal power commission; creation of a permanent federal radio commission; appropriation funds for initial work on Bonneville Dam; reorganization of reappportionment and the 1930 census; establishment of a bureau of narcotics; liberalizing the ocean mail contract laws and placing into effect government regulation of perishable food products.

Price of Commodities Moves Lower in June

NEW YORK, July 5.—The general downward trend of commodity prices which began in June, foreshadowed a further decline according to Bradstreet's. The index number, as of July 1 works out at \$10,561 which shows a decline of 1.9 per cent from June 1, of 15.3 per cent from June 1, a year ago, and as a small fraction from that reported on June 1, 1923. Compared with the high point of all time on February 1, 1920, the decrease is 49.4 per cent, or about one-half. The July 1 index number, in fact, is the lowest recorded in the history of the month since November, 1915. Compared with the pre-war low of August 1, 1914, however, the July 1 number this year shows an advance of 21.2 per cent.

13 groups of commodities making up the index number, nine are lower, two are higher and one is unchanged. Groups of commodities advancing are coal and oils, with only a fractional gain being noted in each case, while hides and leather remained steady, and breadstuffs, live stock, provisions, fruit and vegetables, naval stores, building materials, and miscellaneous products declined.

Compared with June 1 this year, 10 products advanced, 39 declined, and 57 remained unchanged.

The Bradstreet index numbers by groups of commodities at various dates are as follows:

| Feb. 1 | June 1 | July 1 |
|------------------------------|---------|---------|
| 1923 | 1929 | 1930 |
| Basebuds | \$0.25 | \$0.14 |
| Live stock | \$.610 | \$.445 |
| Provisions | 4.400 | 3.050 |
| Fruits | 4.800 | 3.925 |
| Hides and leather | 2.700 | 1.800 |
| Textiles | 7.103 | 2.628 |
| Metals | 1.074 | .6217 |
| Coal and coke | .500 | .400 |
| Oils | 1.075 | .760 |
| Naval stores | .372 | .294 |
| Building materials | 1.855 | .8336 |
| Chemicals & drugs | 1.218 | .470 |
| Totals | 20.8690 | 10.7741 |
| | 10.5611 | |

PAY CITY TAX Second Installment CITY OF ATLANTA

Cash for Getting Married!

Holders of our certificates receive up to \$1,000.00 maximum when they get married . . . it will pay you to get full particulars from us at once!

Ponce de Leon Marriage Endowment Ass'n.
Mezzanine Floor Healey Bldg.
Open Evenings Until 9 O'Clock

Phone JA 4847
JA 4707

We wish to notify our customers and friends that the fire in our warehouse Saturday will not interfere with our flour mill and the new feed mill.

We will continue operations as usual and our service will continue without interruption. Our roofing department was not damaged by the fire.

We thank you for your patronage.

Atlanta Flour & Grain Company, Inc.
Phones: Main 5429—Main 5430
52 Mangum Street, N. W. ATLANTA, GEORGIA

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Flat newsprint paper suitable for small publishers and job printers. The price is right.

P. O. Box 1731, Atlanta, Ga.



Funeral Services For E. M. Yow Today

Funeral services will be held at the old home in Avalon, Ga., this morning for E. M. Yow, retired wholesale grocer formerly with the firm of Yow and

ALL-METAL BUILDING PLANNED IN CHICAGO

17-Story Apartment Structure on Unique Type Contemplated.

NEW YORK, July 5.—(AP)—The first all-metal apartment building in the world, with walls only three and a half inches thick, is to be built on the Chicago lake front next winter, according to an article in the July Architectural Record, out today.

It is to be a 17-story building and its exterior walls will be made of glass and a chromium nickel alloy which is non-corrosive and non-rusting and looks like silver. Bowman Bros. Inc., are the architects, and construction will begin in October.

The 3 1/2-inch walls, only a fourth as thick as the walls of an ordinary brick building, will have heat insulation of glass fiber. Those of the 17-inch brick walls will be double.

It is to be electrically heated and will have a common radio aerial on the roof, the building itself shielding individual sets from outside disturbance.

ALBANY VETERAN NEW LEGION HEAD

Continued from First Page.

The honors in the aerial events, which were continued today in dedication of the Gainesville airport. Davis captured first place in the Atlanta-to-Gainesville race, while Blevins executed a beautiful "dead stick" landing to take first in the race.

In the 100-yard terapin derby, a novelty in this part of the country, that drew the crowds. It was estimated that nearly 5,000 people jammed the city park to witness the smashing victory of No. 497, entered by P. L. Anderson, a local racing enthusiast. The event was worth \$150 to the winner.

The speed king of the north Georgia hills put on a neck-and-neck race with a "dark horse" entry up to within a foot or two of the finish line, when the unknown went into reverse and gave No. 497 a clear track. The winner covered the 30-foot dash in approximately five minutes.

Young was forced to stop his watch in the general excitement. Some of the terapin backers were reported still out at the park Saturday waiting for their entrants to finish.

Miss Redding Named Queen.

Baseball, music, parades and fireworks made up the rest of the day's program, while the Legionnaires' ball at Riverside Military Academy, where Miss Katherine Redwine, of Gainesville, was crowned queen of the convention. Official adjournment came Saturday at the close of the air meet.

MRS. TRAVIS FIRST GEORGIAN TO JOIN AUXILIARY.

GRINNELL, Ga., July 5.—Mrs. Ernest Travis, of Griffin, who was elected president of the American Legion Auxiliary, of the Legion of Georgia, Saturday, is one of Georgia's most distinguished women. She is a member of a distinguished Legionnaire, Ernest (Chick) Travis, popular Griffin citizen, who saw service in France. Before her marriage Mrs. Travis was Miss Mary Sime Eakes, daughter of the late Dr. J. H. Eakes, presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was a member of the Alpha Delta Pi Sorority.

Besides her daughter, with whom she made her home, she is survived by two sons, L. D. Rauschenberg and Fred Barr, both of Atlanta, and the following grandchildren: Harry M. Perkerson, Jr., Mrs. S. C. Dinkins, Perkerson, and L. D. Rauschenberg, Jr.

Mrs. Travis had been in declining health for some time, but was thought to be rallying from a recent attack when she succumbed early Saturday morning. Her death came as a shock to many friends she had made during her long residence here and the Griffin community.

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Mr. Travis has been active in auxiliary work since its organization and holds the distinction of being the first woman in Georgia to be a member of the auxiliary. She is a present product of the auxiliary.

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SPORTS, SECTION

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION



VOL. LXIII., No. 21.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1930.

Interlachen Course Requires Accurate Wood Shots, Danforth Finds

CRACKERS SEEK 'JUGHANDLE' MORRISON



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That spirit is unconquerable; it demands respect; I apologize for the slight.

Seligson, Bowman Enter Final Round

Franklin Nicholas, Old Catcher, Dies

MONTCLAIR, N. J., July 5.—(AP)—Herbert L. Bowman, New York veteran, and Julius Seligson, Lehigh University star, today reached the final round of singles in the New Jersey State Tennis championships. They will meet for the title tomorrow.

YORK, Pa., July 5.—(AP)—Franklin F. Nicholas, who in the '80s and early '90s was a well-known baseball catcher, died suddenly yesterday at his home in this city. Death was caused by paralysis. He was 68.

NATIONAL OPEN LINKS REQUIRE PERFECT DRIVES

Interlachen Course Offers Severe Test for 150 Golfers.

By Ed Danforth.

Constitution Sports Editor.

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Gallant Fox Groomed To Beat Zev's Record of Winnings

BELAIR ENTRY NEEDS 3 STAKES TO SET RECORD

Great Racer Has High Total in Earnings.

By George Daley.

(Copyright, 1930, for The Constitution by the North American Newspaper Alliance.) NEW YORK, July 5.—William Woodward's Gallant Fox, winner of five straight stakes this year, is off on another adventure. He is in quest this time of the classic purse of \$75,000, over one mile and a quarter at Arlington Park, Chicago.

Having arrived safely in that city he will get just enough work in the next few days to keep him on edge for the big test next Saturday, when without a doubt he will meet Audley Farm's Gallant Knight, pride of the midwest, William Ziegler's Spinach and possibly two or three others.

H. P. Whitney's Whichone, of course, will be an absentee because of that hamper and unfortunate quarter. This is cause for regret but without the futurity winner of 1929 interest is running high.

NEEDS THREE MORE.

The Fox of Belair must win three more stakes to surpass the earnings of Harry F. Sinclair's Zev, which now stands at the top of the \$121,000 list. The reason that only an accident can rob him of the chance to be the second horse in the long history of the American turf to find a place in the diamond horseshoe. Not counting the value of the cups and trophies won he has piled up \$100,190 this season, or a grand total for two years of racing of \$210,880.

By winning the classic at Chicago next Saturday, the Travers at Saratoga in August and the Lawrence realization at Belmont Park in September, he could add roughly \$120,000 to his earnings and jump right over Zev for a total of \$330,000. He has other engagements as well so that the goal not only is possible but probable, barring of course, the hazards of racing.

RICHER THIS YEAR.

Blue Larksprin won the classic last season and \$59,900. It will be even richer this year and an extra \$10,000 will go to Gallant Fox if he scores under the conditions. The Fox made himself eligible three times, including himself, in the Preakness, Kentucky Derby and Belmont stakes in addition to the Wood Memorial and the Dwyer stakes.

Beacon Hill earned \$31,825 by scoring in the Travers stakes at Saratoga Springs in August and the Lawrence realization at Belmont Park in September, he could add roughly \$120,000 to his earnings and jump right over Zev for a total of \$330,000. He has other engagements as well so that the goal not only is possible but probable, barring of course, the hazards of racing.

THE DWYER RACE.

Horsemen still are discussing the race of Gallant Fox in the Dwyer stakes, which was not so impressive as expected. Some insisted that he lacked the dash of his earlier victories and expressed this opinion that he has trained off slightly and should signs of being a bit tired. This based upon the fact that Earl Sande hit him with the whip three times in the run through the stretch that the pace at no time was fast and that Xenofol, even with 16 pounds in his favor, had him under pressure a fourth out.

It seemed to me that these critics overlooked the fact that the Fox has shown a disposition in the past to loaf in the stretch and to do only what is required. Right at the end he won easily with ears pricked and pulled up in no way distressed and hardly drawing a long breath. In truth there were no outward indications of straining off except that Sande called him in to draw his whip three times which to me was more for insurance than from necessity. The boy simply did not want him to take things too easily with Xenofol so close.

Sande still was limping from the injured ankle suffered when Distraction unseated him on the way to the post for the Brooklyn handicap and it is quite possible that it is not as easiness, which quickly is transmitted by hand, which led to the performance being less impressive than so many expected. Anyway none of the Fox's races have been marked by extreme speed. He is not that type. He will run fast only when needs must.

GALLANT KNIGHT.

Gallant Knight can beat Gallant Fox in the Kentucky Derby but was soundly beaten. He will have a pull of three pounds in the classic and ice hockey have been successful business ventures, stadium officials said no events of money-making possibilities were in sight for at least two months and while it was decided to give the sports palace and its large retinue of helpers a vacation.

"We will win the classic with Gallant Knight. I feel it in my bones. The black colt has improved wonderfully in the past few days and I do not fear Gallant Fox or any three-year-old living at any distance from five furlongs to the finish of the race."

GRANDE NINA.

After running second in the Kentucky Derby, Gallant Knight was unplaced in the Clevelander Derby behind Dixie Lad, Maya and Dark Sea, but was interfered with and jumped on which were excuses enough. Spence insists that because of the interference in his training he could not quite enough with him going up to the American Derby with the colt, after getting to the front at the head of the stretch, tired in the last furlong and finished second to Reveille Boy on which he easily turned the tables in the Latonia Derby.

These lines on different tracks are not dependable but Gallant Knight suffered in comparison with Gallant Fox on this score. He ran the mile and a half of the Latonia Derby over a fast track in 2:35, the first six furlongs in 1:16 1-5 and the mile in 41 3-5. The Fox's mile and a half on the same day was in 2:32 2-5, the first six furlongs in 1:14 2-5 and the mile in 40 1-5, a pace of the former.

SPINACH GOOD.

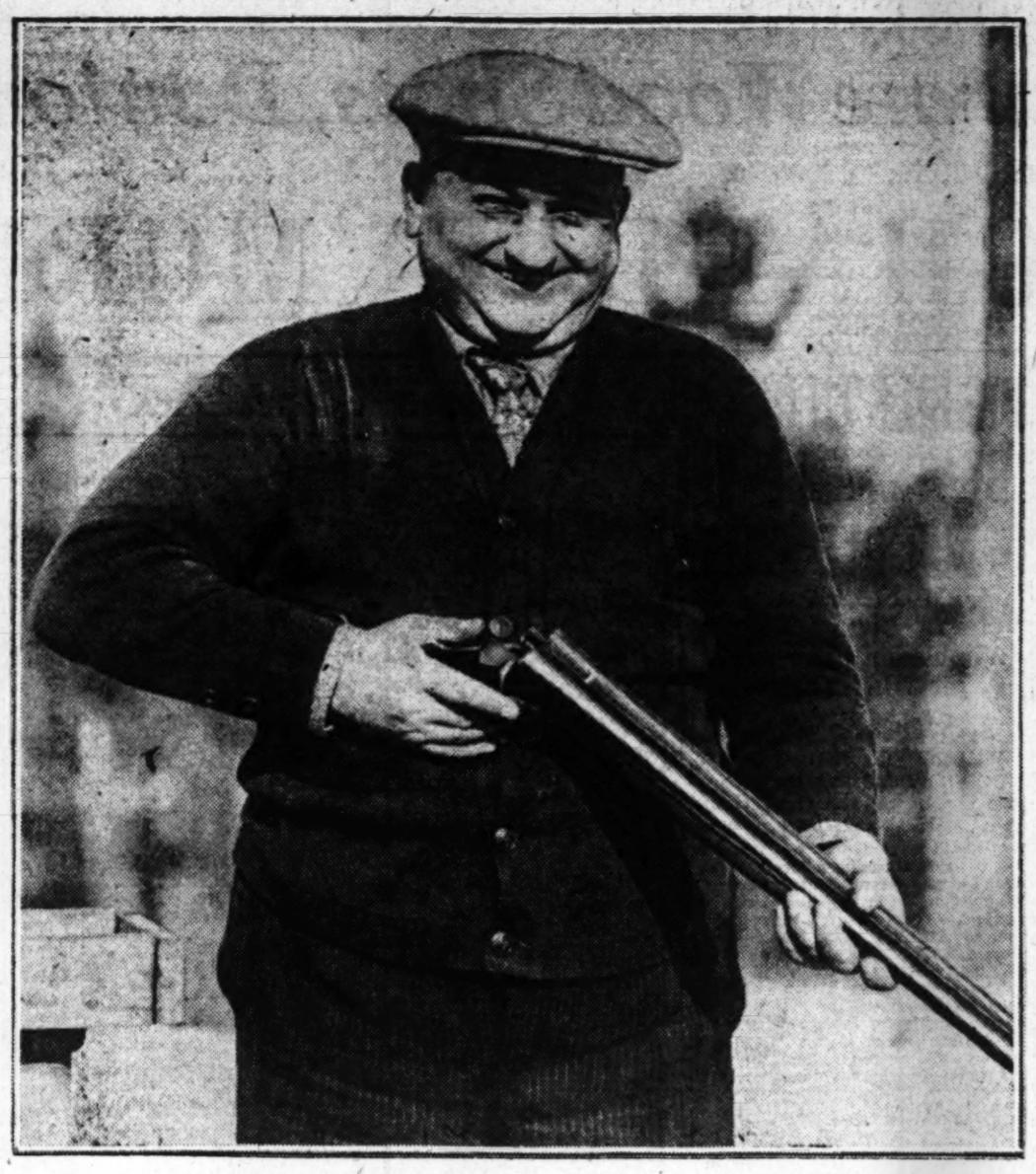
Bill Spiers, trainer of William Ziegler's Spinach, is just as keen as Kay Spence for a shot at Gallant Fox. He has unbounded faith in the son of Sir Martin, calling him the best horse in the country.

In the Wool Cup, the son of Sir Galahad III, Spinach was caught in a jam and almost fell at the first turn straining his back, which kept him out of the Preakness and the Kentucky Derby. He has come back a good colt and strikes me as a more dangerous threat than Gallant Knight, but not dangerous enough to beat Mr. Woodward's triple crown winner.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

George D. Wiener's Jamestown and Morton L. Schwartz's Black Forest are two-year-olds for the book only in the first three stars. It will be surprising if they do not turn out to be worthy rivals of H. P. Whitney's Equipoise or any other juveniles still under cover, for the rich stakes at Saratoga Springs. Both made a deep

Expected for Shoot Here



Mark Arie, sensational trapshooter, is expected here this week for the Southeastern Divisional shoot at the Atlanta Gun Club.

Arie, Arthur Cusaden and other stars will compete as will Mrs. Ad Topperwine, the greatest woman trapshooter in the world.

BOWDOIN TAKES PRACTICE SHOOT

Professional Breaks 97 Targets at Atlanta Gun Club.

L. W. Bowdoin, professional for the Peters Cartridge Company, was high gun Saturday afternoon at the Atlanta Gun Club in a practice shoot of 100 targets, which he broke in 97. C. H. Foster and Homer Freeman, two former state champions, held for second place with 96 each. L. E. Grant was third with 94.

Another practice shoot will be held at 2:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, preparatory to the southern divisional handicap shoot, which will start Saturday.

The scores at 100 single targets: L. E. Bowdoin, professional, 97; H. J. Foster, 96; C. H. Foster, 96; L. E. Grant, 96; Tom Carrol, 93; C. H. Tway, 92; R. W. McCullough, 91; Dr. H. N. Alford, 90; J. H. Fuller, 87; R. W. Norris, professional, 87; Dr. J. Q. Brantley, 86; Jack Tway, 85; D. O. Martin, Jr., 83; L. H. Durham, 80; W. B. Parrish, 79.

Chicago Stadium Shut for Summer

CHICAGO, July 5.—(AP)—A "closed for the summer" sign hung outside the door of the \$7,000,000 Chicago stadium today.

Lack of business was advanced as the reason for closing. While football and ice hockey have been successful business ventures, stadium officials said no events of money-making possibilities were in sight for at least two months and while it was decided to give the sports palace and its large retinue of helpers a vacation.

He is quoted as saying: "We will win the classic with Gallant Knight. I feel it in my bones. The black colt has improved wonderfully in the past few days and I do not fear Gallant Fox or any three-year-old living at any distance from five furlongs to the finish of the race."

The next card is planned for September with Young Strirling as the headliner.

Impression in winning their first starts at Aqueduct in the past few days. If there is anything in looks, breeding and manner of running, they are colts of high quality.

Jamestown is a handsome, well-made colt by St. James, the future of which were excuses enough. Spence insists that because of the interference in his training he could not quite enough with him going up to the American Derby with the colt, after getting to the front at the head of the stretch, tired in the last furlong and finished second to Reveille Boy on which he easily turned the tables in the Latonia Derby.

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Georgia Amateurs Qualify Here Tuesday for Annual Tournament

STRONG FIELD WILL COMPETE AT EAST LAKE

Young Oliver Will Have Tough Time Retaining Title.

By Roy White.

Georgia's army of golfers will qualify Tuesday and state match play Wednesday on the old East Lake course in quest of the 1930 state amateur title. Oliver, of Valdosta, Ga., a former captain of the University of Georgia golfers, the tournament is sponsored by the Georgia State Golf Association.

Silver prizes, to be displayed at East Lake Monday, will be given to the members of each member of the winning team and winners and runners-up in each flight.

Atlanta's threat to return the championship to the city will be made by the strongest field ever to enter. More than 100 of the city's best young golfers are entered and have given particular attention during the past week to their shots.

Qualifying rounds will be played Tuesday and every amateur golfer in the state who is a member of some club is eligible to enter. A special provision has been made this year for amateur golfers, assuring a record-breaking entry.

Entries are requested to be made as early as possible, although Frank Bell, East Lake professional, will receive late entry fees up until the starting time Tuesday morning.

East Lake will be the scene of the opening Monday for practice rounds to every entry. Only those who expect to play in the qualifying rounds Tuesday will be permitted to practice Monday. Bell will be in charge of the players.

Lowry Arnold, Fielding Wallace, of Atlanta, and Lester Keith, Keith Conwa, and R. H. Martin are in charge of the tournament.

Following the qualifying rounds Tuesday the 128 low scorers will be divided into four divisions of 32 each, the first of which will be known as the championship division.

Flight matches will be played Wednesday and the defeated 16 players in each division will be formed into flights of 16 each. The victor in the championship division will form the championship flight.

Second round matches will be played Thursday and two rounds of 18 holes each will be played Friday. The flights will be determined by the flight except the first playing only 18 holes in the final. Championship flightists will travel the 36-hole route for the state crown.

Every entry in the tournament will have the privilege of playing in one medal and two match play rounds, provided they are among the 128 low scorers.

Lowry Arnold, president of the association, stated Saturday that the committee is expecting a record-breaking entry and that the competition will be much keener than ever before. There is an abundance of young golfers in the state and the Georgia crown this year and Atlanta will be well represented with youngsters.

South Georgia is sending one of its strongest representations. The famous golfing quintet from Valdosta, with John Oliver, the champion, entered will be here. The other four, Maxwell, Mills, and Robert are other members of the Oliver family. George Converse, another sterling Valdosta golfer, will accompany the Olivers.

Dick Cherry, the medalist last year at Radium Springs, and Sid Goss will be Albany's representatives. Scottie Beverly will represent the Glen Arden team. Friday is to leave the Thomasville contingent. Kayton Smith, of Savannah, runner-up last year, and Spencer Bennett, of Quitman, are two other formidable south Georgia stars.

With more than 100 entered Atlanta's main threats will be hard to select but "past play this year indicates that Berrien Moore, Jr., who was chosen in the qualifying round of the southern amateurs recently in Nashville; Gene Cook, twice former state champion; Pete Barnes, who won the spring Junior Chamber of Commerce championship; Julius Hughes, present city champion, and Lee Fowler, one of East Lake's best golfers, stand out as present.

In addition to the family of Olives, there were two others who will be well represented next week. From Druid Hills, Vandy Rainwater, Sid Brown, Crawford and Veazy, Jr., are entered; and Morgan, Eugene, Mills and Frank McNeel are all entered from the Macon Country Club.

Some of the most prominent entries at present include:

Charlie Black, Jr., Dave Black, Hugh Nunnally, John Grant, Jr., Fred Minnick, Bill Minnick, Charles Daniels, Tommy Shropshire, Jr., Charlie Shropshire, Ed "Pip" Henry, Gray, Jr., Gene Black, Jr., R. H. Martin, Jr., Dick Garlington, Sammie Garlington, Charlie Nunnally, Dick Hardwick, Bob Alair, Carroll Latimer, Jr., Brooks Mell, Fitzhugh Knox, Jr., and Roy Robinson from Capital City.

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Gene Cook, J. L. Cook, Jr., Larry Caudill, Mitchell Benton, Pete Barnes, Marion Hawkins, Bruce Morgan, Doc Tolleson, Jimmy Adamson, Ed Murphy and Tom Blankenship from West End.

Frank Dudley and R. M. Soule from Athens, Ga.

Travis Johnson, John Reubert, T. J. Stewart, W. B. Griffin, Perry Griffin, Bill Arwood, R. McGregor, George Rudolph from Forrest Hills.

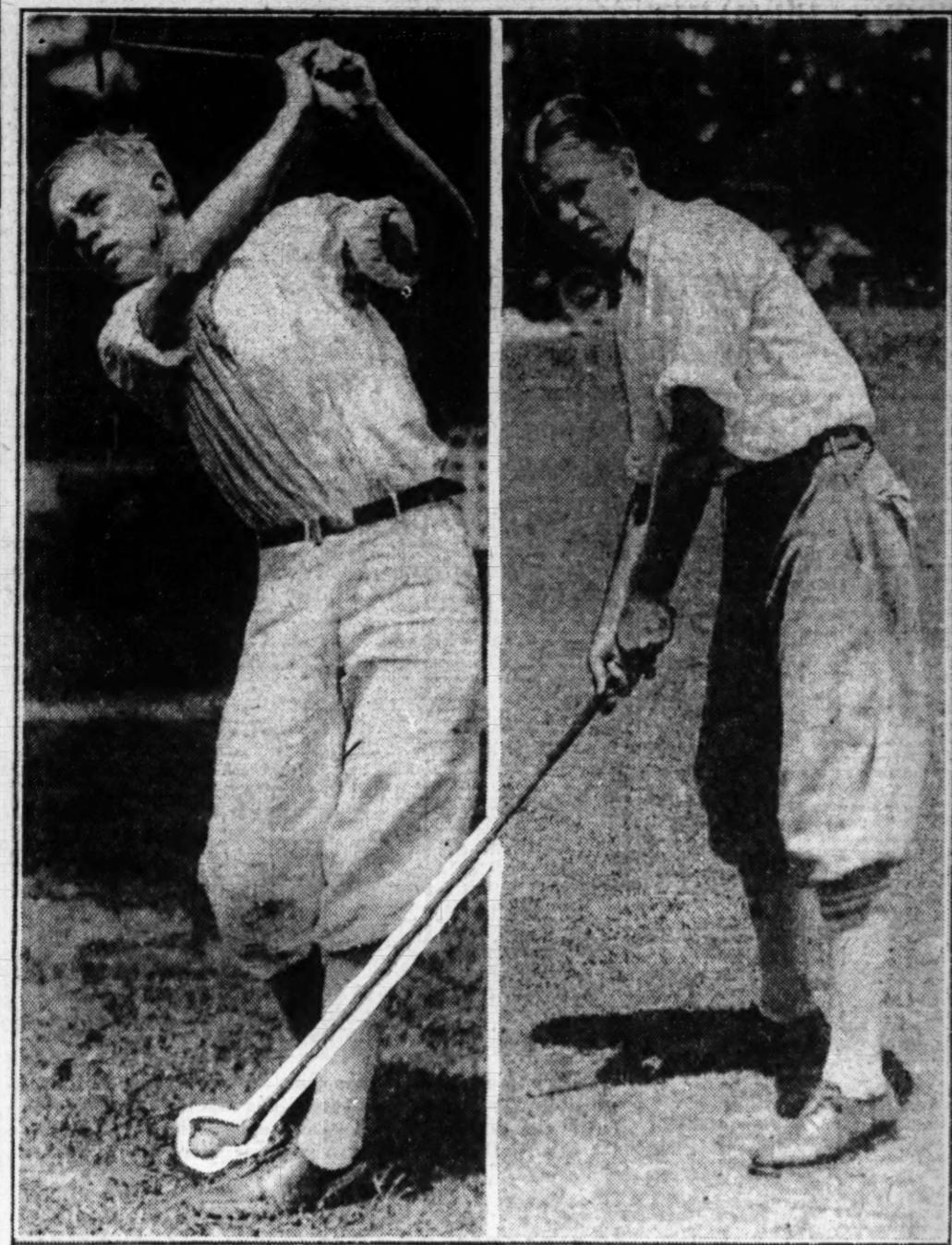
Frank McNeil, Morgan McNeil, Eugene McNeil, Mills McNeil, George Thomas, Bill Dupree, Mongin Brumley, George Davis from Marietta.

Dr. Dan Y. Sage, Sr., Dan Y. Sage, Jr., Muggsy Smith, Johnny Greene, R. L. Nichols, C. R. Perry, Charles Strong, Wellborn Cody, J. R. Smith, H. P. Green and J. J. Jones, Jr., from Atlanta Park.

Elmer Haas, Frank Ferst, M. A. Ferst, Bill Kingdon, Robert Schwab, Jr., and Herman Haas from Ingleside.

Billy McWilliams, Charles Warner, Pup Gordon, Bubbles Covington, Fred Malone, M. Gammon, Carl Betts, John Cockran, Oscar McWilliams, Sulzbacher and Cone from Rome, Ga.

Threats in State Golf Tourney



Above are two of Atlanta's hopes in the state golf tourney, which gets started Tuesday at the East Lake Country Club. At the left is Berrien Moore, Jr., of East Lake, who

has been going at a hot pace all summer. At the right is Gene Cook, West End, who has won the state title twice in past years. He is also a real threat. The tournament is attracting the largest entry list in history.

OAKS RACE WON BY ALCIBIADES

Kentucky Filly Shows Heels to Classy Field at Arlington.

Peterson, Trainor Win at Lakewood

CHICAGO, July 5.—(AP)—Alcibiades, the pride of Kentucky, spotted through the mud to win the first running of the Arlington Oaks at Arlington Park today before a crowd of 10,000. She galloped to victory over a muddy track by seven lengths, with Harry Payne Whitney's Dustybell second and Valenciennes, another sterling Valdosta golfer, third.

Dick Cherry, the medalist last year at Radium Springs, and Sid Goss will be Albany's representatives. Scottie Beverly will represent the Glen Arden team. Friday is to leave the Thomasville contingent. Kayton Smith, of Savannah, runner-up last year, and Spencer Bennett, of Quitman, are two other formidable south Georgia stars.

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HAWKINS WINS WEST END CLUB FLAG TOURNEY

Two Holes-in-One Recorded as Golfers Put in Busy Saturday.

Marion Hawkins with a 70 was medalist Saturday afternoon at West End in a flag tournament, postponed from Friday. Hawkins was second in Class A when his last attempt was 25 yards short of the 18th green. His father, "Dad" Hawkins, won Class A prize when he wanted his flag a few inches short of the 10th green.

In Class B Forrest Wall was farther advanced than any others. His last attempt was on the 20th green and J. A. Henderson and W. W. Whittington were in the 19th cup for a tie for second place.

C. E. Broach won Class C when his added handicap strokes placed his ball in the 20th cup. E. M. Brown was a few inches from the same cup for second prize.

McConnell Scores Hole-in-One.

J. E. McConnell scored his first hole-in-one Saturday afternoon on number 8 hole on the West End course while playing in a foursome with Alva (Goat) Cochran, Mitchell Benton and Marion Hawkins. They were all playing in a flag tournament in which Hawkins won second place in Class A.

Winchell Enters State Amateur.

Dick Winchell, twice winner of the newspaper golf championship and a popular Druid Hills player, Saturday filed his name for the state amateur meet next week at East Lake. Winchell and Jimmy Wilson, also of Druid Hills, entered together.

Cook, Hughes, Moore Prepare for Meet.

Gene Cook, former state champion; Julius Hughes, present city champion; Berrien Moore, Jr., and Bobby Chambers played an interesting match at East Lake Saturday in preparation for the state tournament.

Vandy Rainwater and Brown Rainwater played a threemore Saturday at East Lake in practice for the state tournament next week. Vandy was low with an 85, Crawford had an 86 and Brown, the "baby" of the Rainwater family, was high with a 94.

Pat Murphy shot a hole-in-one Saturday afternoon on No. 4 at James L. Key course while playing in a foursome with Andy McPhee, Harry Gerlach and Gus Edwards. No. 4 is a par three 225-yard hole. His medal round was a 75.

Murphy, Gerlach and Tommy Barnes will enter the Georgia state amateur next week from the James L. Key course.

Johnny Oliver Preps for Meet.

THOMASVILLE, Ga., July 5.—Johnny Oliver, of Valdosta, present state amateur golf champion of Georgia, spent the entire four days of the Glen Arden Country Club Fourth of July golf tournament in Thomasville.

Johnny stated that it is his intention to be in Atlanta next week to enter the state amateur tournament and defend his title. He was entered in the Glen Arden pine woods championship meet, duly qualified in the first flight, won his first match, but was put out in the second round by his brother, Maxwell Oliver, who was 1929 pine woods champion and was here defending his title.

Maxwell, in the semi-finals, went down in defeat at the hands of Scottie Beverly, of Thomasville, who won the tournament to become the 1930 pine woods champion.

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Murphy, Gerlach and Tommy Barnes will enter the Georgia state amateur next week from the James L. Key course.

It was there that the Cyclone established a modern ring record of three knockouts in one day.

"It wuz taissaw," said the Cyclone

as he came into the office Saturday afternoon. "I giv' down to Greensboro and I kewl-ka-ka me a man out at 2:30 in the afternoon.

A BIG ONE.

"Dot night at 8:30 I git in the ring with a big fellow. I outweigh him six to one but he's not worried. He kept yankin' my arm. At 8:30 all swol' up, but I git out."

Johnny said that from now on when Cyclone knocks out a man the manager had best like it or not come crawling through the ropes to argue with the Cyclone.

"I could have gone on a fightin' career but I t'aint none. But there is all I can get on the bag."

Johnny said that from now on when Cyclone knocks out a man the manager had best like it or not come crawling through the ropes to argue with the Cyclone.

"Chief" Aiken, as he is frequently called, is considered one of the ablest colored mentors in the south. He has been coaching various teams through the years. In 1928 he was coach of the Negro team in the Negro National League.

"I wuz a Atlanta boy," he said, "but I t'aint none. But I is with the navy in the wab. I fights first at Pittsburgh. All I needs is no' fights."

The Cyclone is an ebony black boy with a chest that shows the muscles rippling through his p'os shirt that fitted him well.

REAL WINNER.

"Lot of trouble kettin' fights in Atlanta," he said. "I had a great trip up in the Calibans. I beat all dem boys up in dem states. I fight boys what weigh much more than me."

The Cyclone had a mark on him from the fights. Nothing he did was right. One judge said, "All smilin' when he was twisting it."

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The Cyclone won the New York title.

He was 9 years old when he won the championship.

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Coach Aiken served under Coach Johnson at Fisk, as line coach and developed the greatest team in the history of the university.

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During his long career in southern

athletics he has developed more

stars than any other living colored

mentor. Such stars as Jeff Lamar,

P. Carter, Ralph Robinson, Riley, Col-

lum, Dr. "Red" Lanz, "Empty" Wright, Ray Sheppard, McPherson,

Six Southern Clubs Reach .300 Mark in Team Batting Race

CHATTANOOGA BEST; POOLE'S MARK SLUMPS

Jim Falls to .399, Sharing Lead With Tommy Taylor.

Evidence that the old ball isn't as dead as it used to be can be found in the Southern Association statistics this week. Six of the clubs are batting .300 or better. They are Chattanooga, Nashville, Little Rock, New Orleans, Atlanta and Memphis. Birmingham is on the border line with a mark of .299, while Mobile is last with a .284.

Chattanooga continues to lead in hitting, holding a percentage of .313 this week, with Nashville second, .308.

Memphis and Nashville are deadlocked for the lead in fielding, too. All Little Rock and New Orleans are tied for second place in fielding at .964 all. The Lookouts, despite many changes in their field, are far out in front in flipping double plays, .92.

The Southern is without a .400 hitting streak. Jim Poole dropped back to a .399 last week which forced him to divide the lead with Tommy Taylor, of New Orleans. Barronoff, of Birmingham, in 39 games, is hitting .393, while Hutchison, of Memphis, is next with .389.

Poole's slump in hitting failed to affect his status in runs batted in and home runs. The Vol firstbaseman tops the team in both of those departments. He has slumped to 21 home runs and 26 RBIs.

Flashkampen, of Memphis, holds the stolen base lead with a total of 29.

White Glazier chalked up his 13th victory last week, giving him a mound record of 13 victories and 3 defeats, the best performance in the circuit.

Senator Bat Mark Boosted by Trades

The Washington Senators may not finish first in games won and lost, but they should have the championship in the trading league. In the deals with the White Sox and Browns, three hitters with batting averages from .200 to .294 were traded for three who hit from .312 to .357. If they're averaged the Senators trade three .266 hitters for three .340 hitters.

Last year Barnes hit .200 for Washington, Goalin hit .288 and Tate .294.

Dave Harris hit .366 with Portland and .345 with Providence. Heinie Mann hit .355 for the Browns and Art Shirey hit .312 for the White Sox.

They're all hitting about the same this year.

There isn't much difference in the pitching records. Crowder won 17 and lost 15 at St. Louis; Braxton 12 and 10 at Washington.

Sally League

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 5.—Asheville captured an easy victory over Columbia in the first game of their tripleheader, and the second game was postponed on account of rain.

Nash, a homer with two men on base to star at bat. Stone, Hall, Averett and Tarr also started with the stick.

Young, Montgomery, and Boles, all with a point apiece. Abercrombie, First-Baseman Radcliffe, of Selma, holds two honors this week, the home run lead and the runs batted in lead.

Radcliffe has clouted 13 for the circuit, and has driven in a total of 36 runs. Dunham, of Tampa, is the leading base thief again this week, having pilfered 12.

The Augustans collected 16 hits in the first game, mixing these with bases on balls.

Al Youngers tossed a neat game for the Wolves in the abbreviated contest. He was removed in the seventh, to permit Lefty Surstett to make a left-handed batter. Red Harrel made a single hit.

Lefty Surstett made a single hit.

Cliff Koon, with 10 hits, batted .345.

Richie, of the outfield, Odie Strain and the afternoon, Brian got five, and Koon, five.

FIRST GAME.—Selma 10, Asheville 2.

Wolves 10, Columbia 2.

Young, of the mound, and Koon.

SECOND GAME.—Selma 10, Asheville 2.

Wolves 10, Columbia 2.

Young, of the mound, and Koon.

THIRD GAME.—Selma 10, Asheville 2.

Wolves 10, Columbia 2.

Young, of the mound, and Koon.

PEACHES SWEEP SERIES.

COLUMBIA, Ga., July 5.—Macon swept the two-game series with the Hornets and the second game was postponed on account of rain.

Nash, a home run with two men on base to star at bat. Stone, Hall, Averett and Tarr also started with the stick.

Young, Montgomery, and Boles, all with a point apiece. Abercrombie, First-Baseman Radcliffe, of Selma, holds two honors this week, the home run lead and the runs batted in lead.

Radcliffe has clouted 13 for the circuit, and has driven in a total of 36 runs. Dunham, of Tampa, is the leading base thief again this week, having pilfered 12.

The Augustans collected 16 hits in the first game, mixing these with bases on balls.

Al Youngers tossed a neat game for the Wolves in the abbreviated contest. He was removed in the seventh, to permit Lefty Surstett to make a left-handed batter. Red Harrel made a single hit.

Lefty Surstett made a single hit.

Cliff Koon, with 10 hits, batted .345.

Richie, of the outfield, Odie Strain and the afternoon, Brian got five, and Koon, five.

FIRST GAME.—Selma 10, Asheville 2.

Wolves 10, Columbia 2.

Young, of the mound, and Koon.

SECOND GAME.—Selma 10, Asheville 2.

Wolves 10, Columbia 2.

Young, of the mound, and Koon.

THIRD GAME.—Selma 10, Asheville 2.

Wolves 10, Columbia 2.

Young, of the mound, and Koon.

FOURTH GAME.—Selma 10, Asheville 2.

Wolves 10, Columbia 2.

Young, of the mound, and Koon.

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VETS' CONVENTION WILL OPEN TODAY

Band Concert, Memorial Services To Mark First Day's Program.

MACON, Ga., July 5.—(AP)—An extensive program of entertainment, interspersed with business sessions, faces Georgia veterans of the Spanish-American War during the next three days in their annual state convention here.

The convention will open Sunday afternoon with a band concert under the auspices of the Joe Wheeler Camp, Legion auxiliary, and other veterans. This will be followed by a memorial service Sunday evening at Mulberry Street Methodist church.

The feature event Monday will be a parade in the morning with national guard units, the American Legion auxiliary, department of Georgia, and the entire convention delegation participating. A banquet and a street dance are on the program for Monday night.

Among prominent guests invited to attend the sessions are Senators Walter F. George and William J. Harlan, Congressmen John R. Rutherford and General William L. Grayson, commander of the Spanish-American War veterans; Judge Roscoe Luke, and others. The convention will adjourn on Tuesday.

'Unfair to Hang Me Without Sanity Trial, Says Slayer of Sister

MACON, Ga., July 5.—(AP)—Horatio Brantley, 45, confessed slayer of his 56-year-old sister, said today he would demand a sanity hearing before he goes on trial in Sparta in September on a murder charge.

"I do not think it would be fair to try me without first giving me a chance to examine the facts in my case," he said today. "I believe I am insane."

Brantley killed his sister, Miss Vesta Brantley, at her Hancock county home several weeks ago. He said he killed her for her money, and got a handful of change from her pocketbook.

Europe is Calling you

Mrs. Horace M. Holden, of Athens, past national committeewoman. Mrs. Holden is also past president of the American Legion auxiliary; chairman Athens committee; Colonial Division; member of executive board, U. D. C., Georgia division; member D. A. R., and vice president of Woman's Club of Athens.

A. S. ANDERSON GETS U. S. APPOINTMENT

SAVANNAH, Ga., July 5.—(AP)—A. S. Anderson, Milner, Ga., attorney in the prohibition headquarters here, has been notified of his temporary appointment as assistant supervisor of permits of industrial alcohol with offices in Savannah.

Under this appointment Anderson will direct and control perspective alcohol consumption in Georgia and Florida, these two states comprising the old fifth prohibition district.

It is expected here that ultimately his appointment will be made permanent for the eastern part of the new ninth district, which includes all states in the Gulf Atlantic and west to the Rio Grande.

Anderson has been attorney for the prohibition bureau office here since March, 1927, and is prominent in republican party circles.

Cargill Has Nullified Twain's Weather Maxim

COLUMBUS, Ga., July 5.—J. Frank Cargill, a famous weatherman to the effect that everybody talks of the weather and no one does anything about it, Mr. Cargill, who is secretary of the Columbus (Ga.) Chamber of Commerce, finding "official" weather unsatisfactory, is trying to get a higher thermometer and a lower summer temperature in southwest Georgia.

He has already obtained from Senator George a promise that the federal meteorological department will institute an investigation of Columbus weather. So, Mark Twain to the contrary, someone is attempting to do something about the weather.

For rates, sailing lists and full information write or see your Local Agent, or

CUNARD AND ANCHOR LINES 44 Walton St. Atlanta, Ga.

MEDITERRANEAN
5th CRUISE Jan. 25. \$600-\$12500
By special new S.S. "LAURENTIC"
19,000 tons; Madeira, Canary Islands, Spain (Granada), Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Istanbul, 12 days in Egypt and Palestine; Italy, Riviera, Cierbourg, Liverpool, New York.
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Norfolk and the Sea
By train to Norfolk and then by luxurious "George Washington," "Robert E. Lee" or other liner of the Old Dominion fleet.

FARE FROM ATLANTA

\$31¹¹ one way

\$53¹³ round trip

Above rates include train and steamer fare and stateroom berth and meals on steamers. Fare, via rail and steamer to New York, all rail returning, \$57.55.

STEAMERS leave Norfolk daily except Sunday, 7:30 P.M. Eastern Time. Trains due to connect with steamer leave Atlanta daily except Saturday—

VIA SEABOARD AIR LINE VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY VIA ATLANTIC COAST LINE
(Georgia Railroad from Atlanta)

connecting with steamer evening of next day

From New York—Eastern Steamship Lines sail for Boston, Maine and Nova Scotia. Write for illustrated booklet "All Expense Sea and Land Vacations" describing fascinating all-expense tours by one or more of the company's eleven coastwise services extending from Virginia to Canada's Maritime Provinces.

For reservations or further information apply to Tourist Agents; Seaboard Air Line Railway, 93 Forsyth St., N. W.; Southern Railway, 57 Luckie St., N. W., or Georgia Railroad, 67 Luckie St., Atlanta, Ga. For further information only, communicate with E. L. Coons, Commercial Agent, Eastern Steamship Lines, Dept. A, 1702 Citizens and Southern Bank Building (Phone WAlnut 2755), Atlanta, Ga.

OLD DOMINION LINE
OF THE EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

Auxiliaries



TOBACCO MARKETS GET EXPERT GRADERS

Government Offers Services to Georgia Growers for First Time.

ATHENS, Ga., July 5.—Georgia tobacco growers, for the first time, will be furnished expert grading service for their product when it goes on sale this season. Plans for this service are now being worked out by the Georgia State College of Agriculture and the United States department of agriculture, co-operating.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the new service contemplates the inspection and grading of tobacco previous to its sale at auction warehouse floors. Under existing conditions, the farmer's tobacco is placed on the warehouse floor and sold at auction to the highest bidder, each buyer forming his own opinion of the grade and the purchaser marking the sales ticket with his company's private grade marks.

No change in this procedure is involved in the sale of inspected tobacco, so far as it goes, except that before the sale takes place a competent tobacco grower, employed or licensed by the United States department of agriculture, will, upon request, make a careful inspection of the tobacco and mark the ticket with the appropriate United States standard grade.

When a basket of inspected tobacco is offered for sale the United States grade is announced and the sale proceeds.

The selling of a farm product at the farmers' markets on standard grade means that the farmer will individuals get closer to the true market value for his product and in turn will be encouraged to produce what the market needs.

This project, undertaken by the federal government, is in reality the outgrowth of a request made by the Lycoming (Pa.) Committee of County Farmers' Markets in 1928-29 that some one from the department of agriculture study the quality of tobacco then being sold on their market in relation to the prices being paid. In response to this the federal authorities went to work to inaugurate a service of this kind to the grower.

The department of agriculture considers that this service has already passed the experimental stage, and the plan has been endorsed by practically all connected with the industry, from the farmer to the dealers.

From the standpoint of the federal commission, the completion of the county-owned project, only one of its kind in the United States, and if plans of those behind the development do not go away, Crisp county citizens will be tax free in a few years.

It is now expected that the lake will be ready in time for the formal opening of the plant on August 1, when Governor L. H. Hardman will come to Cordele to push a button sending the first electricity over the new lines.

The advantages of the new inspection and grading plan are: (1) Official standard grades represent the farmer a measuring rod sponsored by the United States government; (2) an official grading system gives the growers a common language for discussing their tobacco; (3) as a result of grading the variations in price of tobacco in the same general grade are smaller and the grower is less likely to be dissatisfied; and (4) another advantage to the grower whose tobacco has been graded is that he has an intelligent basis for deciding whether he has received a fair price.

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ATLANTAN TO CONDUCT SUNDAY SCHOOL DRIVE

THOMASVILLE, Ga., July 5.—Frank J. Watson, of Atlanta, state Sunday school worker for the Baptists of Georgia, is in Thomas county, and will direct a campaign for a Sunday school drive in the county. A simultaneous campaign will be on by Baptist churches of Thomasville, Boston, Antioch, Big Creek, Big Ochlocknee, Coolidge, Eton, Evergreen, Fredonia, Friendship, Little Ochlocknee, Meigs, Midway, New Shiloh, Ochlocknee, Pavo, Pine Park, Soddy.

Watson, a former teacher, is found among supporters of tobacco grading service because, naturally, anything that enhances the price paid for tobacco helps their commission. All dealers are strong endorsers of the service.

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ATLANTAN TO CONDUCT SUNDAY SCHOOL DRIVE

DAILY MOVEMENT OF MELONS REACHES TOTAL OF 1,500 CARS

GEORGIA PEACHES MEETING DEMAND

TRADING ON BIG BOARD LARGELY PROFESSIONAL DURING QUIET WEEK

SOVIET GOVERNMENT

BUYING IN AMERICA

Weekly Stock Range Furnished By FENNER AND BEANE Healey Building.

Sales. Stocks. High. Low. Close. Change.

26 Abilene Pow. ... 26 25 25+ -1

161 Adams Express. 25 24 24+ -1

121 Adams Mill. ... 28 27 27+ -1

412 Air Mail. ... 120 118 118+ -2

14 Airway El Appliance. 12 11 11+ -1

10 Allegro Corp. ... 21 19 19+ -2

107 Allied Chem. & D. 271 262 262+ -1

108 Allis Chalmers. 53 50 50+ -4

109 Allis Chalmers. 53 50 50+ -4

111 Ameri-Air Corp. ... 5 5+ -1

1100 Ameri-Film Co. 71 69 71+ -3

112 Ameri-Film Co. 321 301 321+ -1

84 Ameri-Film Co. ... 11 11+ -1

1640 Ameri-Film Co. ... 121 113 114+ -1

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270 Ameri-Film Co. ... 53 51 51+ -2

271 Ameri-Film Co. ... 53 51 51+ -2

272 Ameri-Film Co. ... 53 51 51+ -2

273 Ameri-Film Co. ... 53 51 51+ -2

274 Ameri-Film Co. ... 53 51 51+ -2

275 Ameri-Film Co. ... 53 51 51+ -2

276 Ameri-Film Co. ... 53 51 51+ -2

277 Ameri-Film Co. ... 53 51 51+ -2

278 Ameri-Film Co. ... 53 51 51+ -2

279 Ameri-Film Co. ... 53 51 51+ -2

280 Ameri-Film Co. ... 53 51 51+ -2

281 Ameri-Film Co. ... 53 51 51+ -2

MERCHANDISE

Miscellaneous for Sale 51

Piano Grand mahogany, standard make, a wonderful bargain for some one who has \$355 cash. Candler Piano Co., 27 Pryor St., N. E.

PIRELL RADIO—One Koden automatic radio plant, 110 watts, \$100 with radio, good condition; cheap. J. M. Hiatt, 1005 Spring St.

BARGAINS IN TENTS AND TARPAULINS

THE TENT CO. SALES CO., 45-47 Decatur St., W.A. 2876.

DIAMONDS—Desirable sizes, less than wholesale cost; cash or terms arranged. WAL 2467. Mr. Brandon, 403 Peters Blvd.

Piano Steinway Grand, \$350, for sale. Candler Piano Co., 27 Pryor St., N. E.

USED desks, chairs, safes, tables, steel shelving, etc. House Desk & Fixture Co., 85 Pryor, N. E. W.A. 2876.

Piano Steinway Grand, a \$1,750 model for \$700. Candler Piano Co., 27 Pryor St., N. E.

ROLL TOP DESK, \$7.50; pedestal desk, table, \$7.50; bed, \$2.50; spring, \$2.50.

STOVES, furniture, rug and solid. Repair all kinds stoves, ranges. T. C. Blackshear, 350 Peters St., Main 4208.

LARGE refrigerator, cost \$100; first \$15, get it. \$35. St. Charles avenue, N. E. JA. 1225-W.

TRIPOD PAINT CO., 61 PYROR ST., N. E., W.A. 0143.

SMALL safe for sale. Howe Scale Co., corner Stewart Ave. and Whitehall.

QUICK SERVICE TYPEWRITER CO., 16 PEACHTREE ARCADE, W.A. 1618.

Household Goods 59

PORCH, sun parlor and dining room furniture, double bed, mirrors, glass, etc. 1200-1210 Peachtree St., W.A. 2876. Monday and Tuesday afternoons.

WHITE porcelain refrigerator, 100-pound capacity; practically new; also new W. M. F. electric model, sewing machine, DE 1336-W.

GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR—Porcelain inside and out, practically new. \$100. Cost \$400. Easy terms. A bargain. HE 4972.

LET US spray your porch furniture at home. Antiques for sale. Pay cash for furniture, all stored. Ice cream. Reliance Furn. Co., 334 Peachtree St., N. E. 4430.

COMPLETE furnishings 7-room home, player piano, sewing machine, will sacrifice house for rent. 387 Ashby St., S. W.

FOR SALE—Complete furnishings 6-room house, 2nd floor, piano, radio, TV, 744 Bonaventure Ave., 3518-W.

FRIGIDAIRE electric refrigerator, first-class condition, \$100. 161 Merritts Ave., W.A. 4605.

TRADE-Old furniture, cost \$100. 1025 Peachtree St., N. W. WA 8514.

GOOD used furniture, cheap, at 414 Edgewood. Vittor Trans. & Storage Co.

FURN. for rooming house, cheap or exchange for piano, radio. WAL 4487.

Musical Merchandise 62

PHONOGRAPH & RADIO REPAIRING

Prompt and efficient service. W.A. 8081.

Phillips & Crcw 238 Peachtree

VICTROLAS—Excellent condition; slightly used. Terms. Name's Inc., W.A. 5776.

Wanted to Buy 66

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR

HOUSEHOLD GOODS. A. AUERBACH, W.A. 0448.

WE PAY HIGHEST PRICES FOR MEN'S AND LADIES OLD CLOTHES. MAIN 9696.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS bought by Central Auction Co., 147 Mitchell St., S. W. WA. 0739.

ROOMS AND BOARD 67

Rooms With Board

20 PEACHTREE PL. N. W.—Private home, ideal location, corner room, twin beds, connecting or adjacent bath; reasonable. Bath, excellent meals, reasonable. HE 3801-R.

221 PEACHTREE CIRCLE—Desirable room, twin beds, adjoining bath, reasonable. HE 3801-R.

234 PEACHTREE CIRCLE—Desirable room, twin beds, adjoining bath, reasonable. HE 3801-R.

COOLIDGE HOTEL 31 HOUSTRON ST., book from Candler Bldg. 1000-1010 Peachtree St., N. E. 4430 up. Light housekeeping \$7 up. JA. 5164.

North Side Private home, no other boarders; rooms: 4 rooms, 2 beds, 1 bath, 1st floor, 2nd floor, bath; garage. HE 3808-R.

2-ROOM cottage, nicely furnished for 4 young men. Connecting shower bath, phone and radio connection. Meals optional. HE 4251.

\$7.50 Wk. 100 Ponce de Leon. Also \$8.75 wk. Desirable room, separate beds; splendid meals. All convs.

108 WASHINGTON—New management, nice, 1st floor room, pr. bath; garage. JACKSON 8882.

684 N. HIGHLAND—\$7.50 WEEKLY.

ATTRACTIVE rooms, twin beds; continuous hot water; good meals. HE 1587-J.

YOU WANT HOME COOK AND BOARD 971 PONCE DE LEON, HE 9035.

NORTH SIDE, corner room, twin beds, real home cooking; garage; pleasant surroundings; exc. car service. HE 2831-R.

BEAUTIFUL DEDD HILLS HOME, OPEN FOR BOARDERS, COOK AND QUIET 253 PONCE DE LEON. CALL DE 9127.

1580 ROGERS AVE.—Girl roommate, also gentlewoman. Nicely furnished home-like house, 2nd floor, 2 beds, 1 bath, garage. HE 4579-R.

NORTH SIDE room, connecting bath; continuous hot water; also roommate, young man; reasonable. HE 9937.

LARGE front room with private bath; family room, cook. Excellent. All rooming houses. 166 Ponce de Leon.

MARRIED COUPLE OR TWO BUSINESS WOMEN, FRONT ROOM, MODERN APT., NEAR PIEDMONT PARK, HE 9707-J.

COOL ROOM, excellent meal; also rooming house, young man. 50 Peachtree Pl. N. W. HE 6100-M.

BUSINESS people or couple, desiring a home as well as a boarding place, with nice people, should ring HE 7878 for details.

NEWLY decorated rooms, excellent meals. HE 3700-W.

104 W. Peachtree, 2nd floor, 2 beds, 1 bath, 1st floor, 2nd floor, bath; garage. HE 1792.

CORNER room, private bath; excellent meals, business couple, two men. 688 Peachtree St., N. W. HE 0473.

121 PEACHTREE FINEST, 3 and 4 R. Fur. or Unfur.

4 ROOM APT., UNUSUALLY COOL, ATTRACTIVELY FURNISHED, ALL MODERN CONVS., 301 PONCE DE LEON AVE.

533 N. BOULEVARD—Front and back porches, 2 and 3 rooms, nicely furnished. Apartment, 2nd floor, 2 beds, 1 bath, electric refrigerator. HE 4274.

THE CHATHAM COURT 690 PIEDMONT AVE.—In first block north of Ponce de Leon R. H. Jones, HE 2420.

ALHAMBRA ATLANTA'S FINEST 3 and 4 R. Fur. or Unfur.

255 Peachtree Rd. CHER 1344-W.

514 FIFTH ST. N. E.—Cool downstairs room, 2nd floor, 2 beds, 1 bath, breakfast room, kitchen and bath, electric refrigerator. Just a step from car door. 1st floor, 2 beds, 1 bath, breakfast room, kitchen and bath, electric refrigerator. HE 3724.

351 SINCLAIR, N. E.—Living and bed room combined; bath: b/fst.

2nd floor, 2 beds, 1 bath; garage. HE 5907.

348 PARKWAY DR. N. E.—Beautiful new 3 rooms, bath, latest Fridgidaire. Murphy bed; all convs.; 4 mo. \$50; WA. 4829.

MODERN furn. apt., best building, best location, 2nd floor, 2 beds, 1 bath, garage. HE 3808-W.

27 W. PEACHTREE ST.—Small apartments with or without kitchenette; private or connecting baths; walking dist. JA. 6297.

BEAUTIFUL first floor five-room apartment in West End. Steam heat, hot water and garage furnished. Immediate possession. Apartment 2, 1445 Lucile St. S. W. Adair Realty & Co., WA. 0000.

340 PEACHTREE RD.—Look at it. 4 rooms, 2 beds, 1 bath, steam heat, electric range. CH. 1238-W.

BRICK DUPLEX—Look at it. 4 rooms, 2 beds, 1 bath, steam heat, electric range. CH. 1238-W.

5-ROOM brick duplex, garage. 1377 Morningside Drive, N. E.

Double room, porches, steam heat; best location, 2nd floor. HE 3808-W.

NEWLY decorated 5-room duplex, garage. 1781 New York Ave., HE 6656-J.

LARGE room suitable for young man; excellent meals, res. WA. 1618.

59 PEACHTREE—Large room, conn. por., bath, suitable S. single. HE 7263.

111 PEACHTREE, nice room, private bath, 2nd floor, 2 beds, lovely meals. HE 4675-R.

NICE front room, private bath, good meals. HE 2913-W.

2-ROOM side board and board in refined private home. HE 6525-J.

LARGE cool, downstairs room, lavatory; 2 meals. HE 1710.

Rooms Furnished 68

NORTHWOOD APTS. Cooled by big ventillating system. Standard equipment between the apartments. ATTRACTIVELY furnished, private bath, summer doors, circulating ice water, and maid service. Radio and piano in lounge. Rooming house, \$50 to \$45 per month. HEMLOCK 1286; WA. 0000.

EDISON HOTEL 450 W. PEACHTREE ST.

COOL, clean, desirable rms., furn. apart. \$100 weekly, rate, daily \$11 and up. Running water, private bath. 128 Ellis St., N. E. Phone JA. 5576.

64 N. HIGHLAND, N. E.—Hotel service, dining room, bowling alley, swimming pool in bldg. Room, bath, 225 to \$25 per month. H. K. W. 5000.

12 X MORNINGSIDE with private family of adults, large comfortable room and bath, breakfast, garage if desired, gentleman only. Reference. HE 3584-J.

102 HIGHLAND VIEW—Just what you are looking for. 3 rooms. HE 3565-J.

102 HIGHLAND VIEW—Between Juniper and Piedmont, two-room apt., nicely furnished; also single room, private bath.

ROOMS AND BOARD

Rooms Furnished 68

ANSLEY PARK—Nice room, adjoining bath, in private family, convenient to bus and car lines. Lady only. 62 Avery drive. Phone HE 0064-W.

DE 2586—EXTRA section, nice rooms, modern furnishings; all conveniences, reasonable. DE 2586.

NORTH SIDE—Two nicely furnished rooms, private home, convenient to bus and private bath. Sun room, radio. HEMLOCK 287-W.

45-47 DECATUR ST., W.A. 2876.

DIAMONDS—Desirable sizes, less than wholesale cost; cash or terms arranged. WAL 2467. Mr. Brandon, 403 Peters Blvd.

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USED desks, chairs, safes, tables, steel shelving, etc. House Desk & Fixture Co., 85 Pryor, N. E. W.A. 2876.

85 PEACHTREE—Nice room, a \$1,750 model for \$700. Candler Piano Co., 27 Pryor St., N. E.

ROLL TOP DESK, \$7.50; pedestal desk, table, \$7.50; bed, \$2.50; spring, \$2.50.

STOVES, furniture, rug and solid. Repair all kinds stoves, ranges. T. C. Blackshear, 350 Peters St., Main 4208.

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TRIPOD PAINT CO., 61 PYROR ST., N. E., W.A. 0143.

SMALL safe for sale. Howe Scale Co., corner Stewart Ave. and Whitehall.

QUICK SERVICE TYPEWRITER CO., 16 PEACHTREE ARCADE, W.A. 1618.

NEAR Fox theater, nice corner room, adj. bath; gentlemen preferred. HE 2757.

NORTH SIDE room, private bath and shower. HEMLOCK 287-W.

102 HIGHLAND—One room, 2 beds, 1 bath, 1st floor. Adjacent to bus and private bath. Sun room, radio. HEMLOCK 287-W.

102 HIGHLAND—One room, 2 beds, 1 bath, 1st floor. Adjacent to bus and private bath. Sun room, radio. HEMLOCK 287-W.

102 HIGHLAND—One room, 2 beds, 1 bath, 1st floor. Adjacent to bus and private bath. Sun room, radio. HEMLOCK 287-W.

102 HIGHLAND—One room, 2 beds, 1 bath, 1st floor. Adjacent to bus and private bath. Sun room, radio. HEMLOCK 287-W.

102 HIGHLAND—One room, 2 beds, 1 bath, 1st floor. Adjacent to bus and private bath. Sun room, radio. HEMLOCK 287-W.

102 HIGHLAND—One room, 2 beds, 1 bath, 1st floor. Adjacent to bus and private bath. Sun room, radio. HEMLOCK 287-W.

102 HIGHLAND—One room, 2 beds, 1 bath, 1st floor. Adjacent to bus and private bath. Sun room, radio. HEMLOCK 287-W.

102 HIGHLAND—One room, 2 beds, 1 bath, 1st floor. Adjacent to bus and private bath. Sun room, radio. HEMLOCK 287-W.

102 HIGHLAND—One room, 2 beds, 1 bath, 1st floor. Adjacent to bus and private bath. Sun room, radio. HEMLOCK 287-W.

102 HIGHLAND—One room, 2 beds, 1 bath, 1st floor. Adjacent to bus and private bath. Sun room, radio. HEMLOCK 287-W.

102 HIGHLAND

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY

Real Estate

OPEN FOR INSPECTION
1184 STEWART AVE.
New six-room brick.
Low Price-Easy Terms.
Drive out today and look it over.
John J. Thompson Co.
415 Candler Bldg. Realtors, WA. 2085

Open for Inspection
PRETTE red brick bungalow, on lot 2 miles from center of town, only 2 miles from center of city, living room, dining room, breakfast room, 2 bedrooms; nice, spacious, 1200 Peachtree St., first paved street on left of Moreland, end of Kell Ave., or phone C. T. Dunham, HE. 0892-W.

E. SHADOLAWN
A BEAUTIFUL six-room brick close to Peachtree road, for only \$6,900. This house is worth the money and is good to live in. Call Mr. Pitts, HE. 5700, or Monday.

John J. Thompson Co.
415 Candler Bldg. Realtors, WA. 2085

Buy a Home, Have the
TITLE Guaranteed and
Protected by Atlanta Title & Trust Co.
Pryor St. at Auburn Ave.

\$4,500—Ponce de Leon
SIX-ROOM frame in heat condition.
Hardwood floors, furnace heat;
good lot, small cash payment and
balance less than rent. No loan.
DE. 0178-W.

AN OPPORTUNITY
OWNER moved away and is
going to sell quality brick
bungalow on Oxford Road; has
100-foot lot; 2 bedrooms, sun
parlor, breakfast room, large
attic, fine basement and steam
heat. Price \$11,500. Leased until
September \$100 per month. Exclusive sale. For
details and appointment call
Mr. Matthews, WA. 0636.

Rankin-Whitten Realty Co.

LEAVING CITY
AND am going to sell a beautiful
new home in the Atlanta area, for only \$6,500.
House is in good condition. If you
are paying \$65 per month, don't miss
this opportunity. Call Mr. Pitts, HE. 5700, or Monday
with John J. Thompson Co.

415 Candler Bldg. Realtors, WA. 2085

Rentals

Special Announcement
WE have completed our list of apartments for rent Sept. 1, consisting of 2, 3 and 4 rooms with open porches, all modern conveniences, with or without electric refrigeration, rates from \$40.00 to \$60.00 per month. One room, \$15.00 per month. Ponce de Leon Avenue new. Dixie Hill. All rooms are modern, convenient to three car lines, churches, schools and stores. For the convenience of our tenants, we have connection modern swimming pool, bowling alleys and golf course, also a library, and ample nurse in charge. Will rent by month or year. Agents on property.

WYNNE REALTY CO.
640 N. Highland Ave. HE. 4040-3304

Money to Loan

LOANS
On Household Goods
\$50 to \$300
Home Service by Home Folks
Seaboard Security Co., Inc.
250 Arcade Bldg. WA. 5771

THE MORRIS PLAN
66 Pryor St., N. E.
Walnut 5283
RATE—8% PER YEAR
Payments—Monthly—Semi-Monthly—
Weekly—As Convenient During One
Year or Less.

Collateral or Endorsements
BUSINESS LOANS SOLICITED

LOANS
THE MORRIS PLAN
66 Pryor St., N. E.
Walnut 5283
RATE—8% PER YEAR
Payments—Monthly—Semi-Monthly—
Weekly—As Convenient During One
Year or Less.

Adams-Cates Company
REALTORS

OPEN TODAY
1080 Rock Springs Road
1118 Rock Springs Road
Drive by and see these lovely homes
today.

John J. Thompson Co.
415 Candler Bldg. Realtors, WA. 2085

PEACHTREE HEIGHTS PARK
NEAR Peachtree and Rivers School;
a beautiful new brick bungalow, 3 bedrooms, two baths, 60-foot lot.
See this today and call Copeland.

Burdett Realty Co.

585 Martina Drive
For \$8,750
JUXT off Piedmont and short distance
from Peachtree, car lines and school. Brand-new brick bungalow, 3 bedrooms, two baths, 60-foot lot. See this today and call Copeland.

Burdett Realty Co.

CLUB DRIVE
NEAR Peachtree and Club. Attractive
home, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, beautiful lot with over 2 acres. Out-of-town owner wants an offer. \$3,500.
Call WA. 3477.

Adams-Cates Company
REALTORS

SAVE
1/2
OF YOUR interest charges by paying
your loan in 10 months instead of
24 months. 75% of our customers
take this advantage for the
less for two reasons: first it costs
one-half as much, and second; it
saves up their credit. We are the
only ones in the city that can say
we have been serving Atlanta
families satisfactorily for 15 years.

SEE US FIRST
FOR FACTS and figures, without
obligation. You owe it to your
self to investigate our plan.

The Master Loan Service

INCORPORATED
111-12-18 Healey Bldg.
Walnut 2377-3-3

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY

Real Estate

\$4,500.00
SIX-ROOM red brick, tile bath,
hardwood floors, furnace heat,
tiffany finish walls, shrubbery.
built right in good neighborhood.
Liberal terms—a foreclosure.
DE. 4134 evenings.

Open for Inspection
PRETTE red brick bungalow, on
lot 2 miles from center of town,
only 2 miles from center of city, liv-
ing room, dining room, breakfast room,
2 bedrooms; nice, spacious, 1200 Peachtree
St., first paved street on left of
Moreland, end of Kell Ave., or
phone C. T. Dunham, HE. 0892-W.

E. SHADOLAWN
A BEAUTIFUL six-room brick close
to Peachtree road, for only \$6,900.
This house is worth the money and
is good to live in. Call Mr. Pitts,
HE. 5700, or Monday.

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Buy a Home, Have the
TITLE Guaranteed and
Protected by Atlanta Title & Trust Co.
Pryor St. at Auburn Ave.

\$4,500—Ponce de Leon
SIX-ROOM frame in heat condition.
Hardwood floors, furnace heat;
good lot, small cash payment and
balance less than rent. No loan.
DE. 0178-W.

AN OPPORTUNITY
OWNER moved away and is
going to sell quality brick
bungalow on Oxford Road; has
100-foot lot; 2 bedrooms, sun
parlor, breakfast room, large
attic, fine basement and steam
heat. Price \$11,500. Leased until
September \$100 per month. Exclusive sale. For
details and appointment call
Mr. Matthews, WA. 0636.

Rankin-Whitten Realty Co.

START AN INCOME
CHOICE clear income properties
priced on today's market
from \$1,000 to \$25,000. \$300 in cash will
start an estate making you independent in old age. Call or
see Mr. Matthews, 61 Forsyth
St., N. W.

Rankin-Whitten Realty Co.

Open for Inspection
THREE distinctive new Dixie Hills
houses which are available at moderate
prices and on easy payment terms.

615 Upland Road
2292-94 Parkwood Lane
QUITE frankly, the houses have
been made to give the purchaser
a home of outstanding quality and
atmosphere at a minimum cost. The
new listing includes houses that have
been incorporated in these homes so as
to assist in making housekeeping a
pleasure. Come and enjoy the cool,
fresh air of Parkwood today.

Directions
DRIVE out Ponce de Leon Avenue
as though to Decatur; these
blocks beyond the intersection of
East Lake drive, look for our signs
on the right and follow the arrows.

D. C. BLACK
USED CAR DEPT.
330 Peachtree St., N. E.
Phone JA. 1860
We Pay Cash for Used Cars

MORRIS
76 Pryor St., N. E. WA. 6438

FOR QUICK RESULTS
VISIT US!

In Our Beautiful New Home
For Quick Results
SALES EXCHANGE FURNITURE
1094 PIEDMONT AVE.
Opposite Piedmont Park, at 12th St.
Phone HE. 4700 and 4701.

Salmon Realty Co., Inc.

OPEN TODAY
1080 Rock Springs Road
1118 Rock Springs Road
Drive by and see these lovely homes
today.

John J. Thompson Co.
415 Candler Bldg. Realtors, WA. 2085

PEACHTREE HEIGHTS PARK
NEAR Peachtree and Rivers School;
a beautiful new brick bungalow, 3 bedrooms, two baths, 60-foot lot.
See this today and call Copeland.

Burdett Realty Co.

585 Martina Drive
For \$8,750
JUXT off Piedmont and short distance
from Peachtree, car lines and school. Brand-new brick bungalow, 3 bedrooms, two baths, 60-foot lot. See this today and call Copeland.

Burdett Realty Co.

CLUB DRIVE
NEAR Peachtree and Club. Attractive
home, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, beautiful lot with over 2 acres. Out-of-town owner wants an offer. \$3,500.
Call WA. 3477.

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SAVE
1/2
OF YOUR interest charges by paying
your loan in 10 months instead of
24 months. 75% of our customers
take this advantage for the
less for two reasons: first it costs
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John J. Thompson Co.
415 Candler Bldg. Realtors, WA. 2085

NEWS of STAGE and SCREEN

EDITED by RALPH T. JONES



Have a big Fourth!

Yeah, I pose so. Anyway, the old house is a logy and the old street are so tired this is going to be a mighty short dissertation today, brethren and sistren.

Glancing over coming programs, first place must go to the new Paramount. Just because it is new, if for no other reason. When you walk in the good old show shop at 'Tree and Pry', you'll hardly know it, it's that new. And curiosity to scan those new stage shows with those allegedly perfect "Paramount Rocket" girls, is going to draw many of us inside this week, anyway. Yes, sir. Many of us.

Sunkist beauties at the Fox are demonstrating versatility this week by playing the piano. Everyone of them. After looking them over the city Thursday and it is understood, will jump back to New York Monday. As everyone knows, the colonel is another of Atlanta's home town boys who made good in the bigger city.

Gamblers and gamblers hold sway on the Capitol screen this

"Not Damaged" Is New Picture Offered at Fox

Lois Moran, Walter Byron and Robert Ames Take Leads in Feature.

week in "The Czar of Broadway." A good story cleverly filmed, with codicils of punch. Hero is a newspaper reporter and there's only one thing he does that isn't true to newspaper reporting life. If you notice it and let us know. Thanks.

For just good entertainment and clever plot development, you can't do worse by visiting the Metropolitan this week. "Hello Sister," is a mighty good picture. Personally, however, I wish the gal hadn't got the million at the end, anyway. More romantic without it, you know.

Still waiting for report from Lew Haas's progress in arranging the fall season for the Erlanger Theater Players. Does that man intend to stay in New York all summer?

Colonel Ed Schiller, executive vice president of Loew's, Inc., came back home to Atlanta to spend the holidays. Colonel Schiller reached the city Thursday and it is understood, will jump back to New York Monday. As everyone knows, the colonel is another of Atlanta's home town boys who made good in the bigger city.

Whisper You Love Me," a very pretty song number, is sung by Byron.

A Micky Mouse cartoon, "Choo Choo," is also on the screen bill, with the latest Fox Movietone News.

tions. Other characters in the story are played by Inez Courtney, George Corcoran, Rhoda Cross and Ernest Wood.

"Whisper You Love Me," a very pretty song number, is sung by Byron.

A Micky Mouse cartoon, "Choo Choo," is also on the screen bill, with the latest Fox Movietone News.

And, Ladies and Gentlemen, the Screen Brings You---



The Fox theater feature picture this week, which opened yesterday, is "Not Damaged," a story of a shop girl in a large department store who is faced with life in its modern sense and damage near to being singed. "Not Damaged" has as its feature players Lois Moran, Walter Byron and Robert Ames, and the story up to a point is the usual story of the young working girl who is the "passing show" of the day or less disguised at her lack of excitement and the apparent ease of life of many of her customers.

The carefree young rich man, played by Walter Byron, is not at all carefree in his consideration for the young working girl, and the working man, played by Robert Ames, is not at all the dandier of the young heroine. The shopgirl, portrayed by Lois Moran, is not at all overwhelmed by her anxiety to get into the midst of the gay life.

Light comedy is plentifully be sprinkled through the tense situations.

LOEW'S GRAND
MON.-TUES.-WED.
THURS.-FRI.-SAT.
FIRST TIME IN ATLANTA
JOHN GILBERT
in "REDEMPTION"



Only thing that isn't real about her is her name. Was christened Jane Peters.

Adopted "Carol" from a numerologist and "Lombard" from the charming lady she hoped to be like when she grew up. Was not an optimist in vain.

Increased the population of Fort Wayne, Ind., on October 6—twenty-odd years ago.

Moved to California when she was seven years old. Had the foresight to live next door to a motion picture director. Which explains why at the age of 10 she was cast as Monte Blue's little sister. Has never played "sister" to a man since.

Accident a Handicap.

Five years later was well launched on a promising career when she was badly hurt in an automobile smash-up. Had 25 stitches taken in her head.

Straightforward.

Hates small talk, meaningless chit-chats, windstorms, false modesty and having people plan things for her when she has her own plans.

Is a terrific bargain hunter. Has one little extravagance to own a priceless emerald ring some day.

Will never give vent to any volcanic outbursts. Was in the Santa Barbara earthquake.

Drives a Buick and a La Salle. Has also been known to drive men "ga ga."

Is a fanatic on the subject of astrology and numerology. Would not even name her Alaskan wolfhound without consulting a numerologist. The poor dog will never know why he is called "Bingo."

Behind the Make-Up'

Billed at Alamo No. 2

Love and fascination conflict in strange combination in Paramount's superb, dramatic, all-color picture, "Behind the Make-Up," appearing at Alamo No. 2 Monday only. Hal Skelly, Fay Wray and William Powell contribute three wonderful portrayals, while supporting cast of popular players offer many interesting sidelights.

"Behind the Make-Up" tells the story of two men and a girl. Hal Skelly is the easy-going young comedian, hampered by a stultifying inferiority complex. William Powell has the part of a fascinating Latin artist whose dominating personality soon envelopes Skelly and captures the heart of Fay Wray, whom Skelly loves. Skelly and Powell form a vaudeville team and success brings them to New York. Skelly is overshadowed by Powell. When fate removes Powell, Skelly is lost for a while, but finally discovers his own latent talents and Fay Wray discovers that Powell's fascination was not really love.

The greatest labor-saving device yet invented is the fishpole.—The Pathfinder.

Alamo Theatre No. 2
MON.—BEHIND THE MAKE-UP
With Fay Wray and Wm. Powell
TUES.—ALICE WHITE in
THE GIRL FROM WOOLWORTH'S
WED.—CHARLES FARRELL
and MARY ASTOR in
THE RIVER
THUR.—THE LAUGHING LADY
With Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook
FRI.—LORETTA YOUNG, DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR., in
ASLEEP
SAT.—Charles (Bugs) Rogers
and Jess Arthur in
YOUNG EAGLES
Phone WAT. 5827 For Schedule

Starts Tomorrow

The Two Biggest Entertainment Features of the Season Combined in One Program

What entertainers KENDALL CAPPS dancing sensation

STELLA POWERS Prima donna from John Murray Anderson's "Almanac"

BOBBIE PINCUS direct from the "Follies"

The Thrill of a Lifetime—

WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE A Paramount Picture

Now Playing Thru Friday

Paramount

THEATRE

163 Peachtree St.—Tel. WA. 8253

Horn of Paramount Pictures

Bargain Matinee Tomorrow

11 A. M.-1 P. M.—25c

An amazing change has been wrought in the physical appearance and appointments of the Paramount—yesterday's audience voted it

CHARMINGLY INTIMATE!

Living Masters Special Orchestral Production with LOU FORBES conducting
Added Features: Billy Symphony "Summer" Gladys Lyle at the organ
What entertainers KENDALL CAPPS dancing sensation
STELLA POWERS Prima donna from John Murray Anderson's "Almanac"
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Horn of Paramount Pictures

Bargain Matinee Tomorrow

11 A. M.-1 P. M.—25c

CAMEO

Rockets Feature Paramount Show

Twelve Girly are Topliners in New Paramount Offering.

Presenting a dozen gorgeously beautiful dancing girls, "The Paramount Rockets," and with a trio of featured performers ranking far above the average for their type, the new Paramount theater this week introduces to Atlanta a new program policy, combining stage and feature screen attractions.

Staged performers in "Valentines on Parade," the title of the stage production, are Stella Powers, unusually gifted coloratura soprano; Kendall Capps, eccentric dancer par excellence and Bobby Pinsky, an original sort of comedian from wide lips a constant attraction.

The stage production, notable for the artistry and color of costumes and scenery, while the entire production moves with a snap and rhythm.

Lou Powers and his grand orchestra offer for their first appearance in the pit of a theater, "The Cockeyed World," directed by Walter Lang and starring Gladys Lyle, at the console of the big pipe organ, gives a short and clever concert program, while a comedy feature and Paramount Sound News adds to the variety of the screen offerings.

The feature picture is the thrilling "Tip the Congo," a dramatic exploration, made with Paramount cameramen attached to the expedition, "With Byrd at the South Pole."

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Horn of Paramount Pictures

Bargain Matinee Tomorrow

11 A. M.-1 P. M.—25c

CAMEO

Hello Sister, Film Sensation At Metropolitan

Startling Story of Modern Youth Here—Congo Picture Held Over.

"Hello Sister," one of the most startling stories of modern wild youth yet produced on the talking screen, has been secured by the Metropolitan company this week as the feature attraction this week at the Metropolitan theater.

This story, directed by Walter Lang under the supervision of James Cruze, reveals more vividly than any other picture the excesses and extremes to which some types of modern youth go in their search for new thrills in a world that has become, to them, blasé.

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163 Peachtree St.—Tel. WA. 8253

Horn of Paramount Pictures

Bargain Matinee Tomorrow

11 A. M.-1 P. M.—25c

CAMEO

Keith's Presents Good Vodvil Bill

Program Is One of Variety With Four Acts Scheduled.

The vodvil show at Keith's Georgia theater, beginning tomorrow, is indeed one of variety, for it has four acts which do not resemble each other in any way.

Paxton, the lightning calculator, known as the boy with the camera mind, will present a very novel act, it is said that he knows the population of every city in the world.



NEWS of STAGE and SCREEN

EDITED by RALPH T. JONES



Capitol Presents
Racketeer Story,
'Czar of Broadway'

Feature of Screen Similar in
Plot to Rothstein Mur-
der Mystery.

"The Czar of Broadway," one of the most thrilling stories of the underworld ever told by the audible screen, is the feature at Loew's Capitol this week. This, another of the super-productions made this year by Universal, is acclaimed everywhere as one of the greatest films of gamblers and gunmen ever made.

It tells the story of one Bradley, nonchalant gambler and king of the racketeers of New York. Ostensibly a successful real estate and insurance broker, he is actually the biggest gambler of the city and a man who never hesitates to employ a gunman to remove those he considers have not played square with him.

This role, one that will live in the memory of everyone who sees it, is played by John Wray, who won cinema fame as the hard-boiled drill sergeant in "Quiet on the Western Front." Other leading parts are splendidly portrayed by Betty Compson and John Harron.

There are features of the story that indicate it was at least inspired by the life and death of Arnold Rothstein, the Broadway gambler whose murder has been the subject of much mystery in New York for four years. The character Bradley is sufficiently like Rothstein to carry through the resemblance and the plot, together with the denouement, while differing in detail, follows the Arnold story in broad outline.

Another splendid program of Loew's vaudeville will complete the bill, together with sound news reels and short subjects.

**Madison Feature
Is "Devil May Care"**

Ramon Novarro in "Devil May Care" is the feature offered Monday at the Madison theater in East Atlanta. Wednesday, Ken Maynard in "Sonor Americans," Thursday and Friday, "Rox Rita," with John Boles and Bebe Daniels, will be the feature picture. Plenty of action will be seen Saturday in "Side Action."

Aunt Minnie was taking her first trip on a train. When the conductor came through the car and called for tickets Auntie readily gave up hers. A few minutes later the train boy coming through called, "Chewing gum!"

"Never!" cried Aunt Minnie, bravely. "You can take my ticket, but not my gum!"—The Pathfinder.

**Chattanooga Girl
Dancing Teacher
Now an Atlantan**

Miss Dorothy McCormick, charming young terpsichorean expert, has moved to Atlanta from Chattanooga.

Shadow of Law,
With Bill Powers
Offered at Keith's

**Stuart and Lash in "Oh
Doctor" Heads R. K. O.
Vaudeville Bill.**

The talking picture has made a star of William Powell. Of course, there are many who will say that Powell has always been a fine actor. And this is true. However, it was not until Paramount's first talking picture "The Sheik" that Powell found himself. Dialogue gave him his opportunity, just as dialogue wrote finis on the careers of any number of former movie favorites.

Still more recently Powell created what is considered to be the outstanding role of his career. And that is the "Nature" of "Street of Chance." Acclaimed one of the best pictures of the year, its great success was in no small measure due to Powell's brilliant performance in the dominant role.

And now comes word of his second starring picture, "Shadow of the Law," which opens a week's run at Keith's Georgia theater Monday.

In "Shadow of the Law" the opening scene shows Powell escorting a beautiful woman he has known only a few hours to the door of her apartment suite. As the woman opens the door, a man who has been waiting for her jumps out and demands to know where she has been. Powell is embarrassed and leaves immediately. This is the beginning of the tense plot, structure of William Powell's new Paramount release, "Shadow of the Law." In support of Powell are Marion Shilling, a new leading lady; Natalie Moorhead, Regis Toomey and Paul Draper.

On the stage will be seen Stuart and Lash in one of William K. Well's latest skits, "Oh Doctor." Paxton, the mental marvel, is also on the bill.

The Mascagni Four, a quintet of young dancers, are very good.

Stuart and Lash and the Cavalcade with Jerry Withers present highly diverting and humorous jollification in a musical setting.

She is well known as a dancer throughout the south and has taken some of the most successful performances.

She is a graduate of the University of Chattanooga and a member of the national woman's sorority, Chi Omega.

A customer sat down to table in a smart restaurant and tied his serviette round his neck. The manager, scandalized, called a boy and said to him:

"Try to make him understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done."

Boy (seriously, to customer): A shave or hair-cut, sir?

MISS DOROTHY MCCORMICK.

her former home, and plans to open a dancing school here in the near future.

Miss McCormick, shortly after her arrival here, was engaged by the Capitol theater to assist Miss Ruth Alpert, producer of the recent kiddie revue, "Toytown," which was given with 100 Atlanta children in the cast, as a benefit for the Scottish Rite.

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She is a graduate of the University of Chattanooga and a member of the national woman's sorority, Chi Omega.

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"Never!" cried Aunt Minnie, bravely. "You can take my ticket, but not my gum!"—The Pathfinder.

Here To Entertain You



These people are featured performers of the stage aggregations that have come to the city for your entertainment this week. At upper left is Helen Carlson, lovely and graceful gymnast of the trapeze, who is on the Loew "Ace" vaudeville program at the Capitol. And the nonchalant young person in the wicker chair at upper right is one of Fanchon and Marco's Sunkist Beauties resting back stage at the Fox between shows of "Ivory," the elaborate stage "idea" of the week. Lower left is Kendall Capps, one of the best among comedians, who is a featured player in "Valentines on Parade," which furnishes the chief stage entertainment for the reopening program of the vastly improved Paramount. And, at lower right is "Paxton," man of the marvelous memory, who can do mental tricks you'd never believe, who is a headliner at Keith's Georgia.

**"Vagabond King"
Heads Program
For Buckhead**

Heading the program at the new Buckhead theater is Paramount's outstanding picture of the current year, "The Vagabond King." This all technicolor production is rated as one of the outstanding pictures produced since the advent of sound. Dennis King, the most romantic actor singer in New York and Jeannette McDonald are the heads of the Broadway prima donna, head the cast.

"Street Girl," featuring Betty Compson and Jack Oakie, is the offering for Wednesday and Thursday.

For Friday and Saturday the feature offering is Universal's action drama, "The Night Ride," featuring Joseph Schenkraut. In addition, the latest Paramount cartoons, "A Yankee Doodie Boy," and the sixth episode of the serial, "Tarzan, the Tiger," will be shown.

Beginning on Saturday night at 8 o'clock and continuing every Saturday night thereafter, the Buckhead theater will put on a big amateur contest.

Census statistics indicate there are 13,000,000 bachelors in the United States. Cheer up, girls, only one more year until leap year. . . . The home of movie stars—Beverly Hills—leads with a population gain of 2,486.6 per cent. Maybe this is due to the fact that Lon Chaney can always be counted on for a variety of faces . . . We suppose the census

blanks used therabouts were made up principally of space for listing former husbands and wives . . . A census taker found only one man in 202 square miles of mountain country, and he was not a resident. Just the Fuller brush salesman for that locality, we presume . . . The cities that are disappointed with their census showing can console themselves with the thought that size isn't everything.—The Pathfinder.

STARTS
MONDAY

Real Timely.
It Could
Happen to
You . . .

WILLIAM POWELL
Star of "Street of Chance"
in
The SHADOW of the LAW
A Paramount Drama

with
Natalie Moorhead
Marion Shilling

TWO GORGEOUS WOMEN . . . one wants him for his money, the other for his love . . . and the law wants him for a lifetime in jail.

WHO WINS?

And a Great Bill of.

R. K. O. VAUDEVILLE

with
STUART & LASH

in
"OH DOCTOR"

A Hilarious Skit By W. K. Wells

PAXTON

"HE" OF THE CAMERA MIND

STUART & LASH

And Their CAVALIERS

With Jerry Withers

Jollification in a Musical Setting

MASCAGNO FOUR

"Dancers Extraordinary"

Always a Good Show at

KEITH'S GEORGIA

PEACHTREE 204 PEACHTREE J.A. 2061 VAUDEVILLE ATLANTA'S SUMMER RESORT

More pleasure!

Lloyd Hamilton in Grass Skirts

For Laughing Purposes Only

Lee Morse Singing Her Latest Hit

"A MILLION ME'S"

Keith's Georgia

PEACHTREE 204 PEACHTREE J.A. 2061 VAUDEVILLE ATLANTA'S SUMMER RESORT

Now after two years you can really see it!

The only sight and sound record of the world's most amazing exploit!

**WITH
BYRD
AT THE
SOUTH POLE**

PARAMOUNT's feature—
adventure—romance

Here it is! The greatest story of adventure ever filmed! A true record of terrifying exploits and unflagging courage in uncharted lands! The amazing feats of a valiant band of men led by the nation's hero, Admiral Byrd, young, handsome and fearless.

Stark drama from the bottom of the world. Rare humor that only high daring could evoke!

For breathless suspense, startling drama, sheer entertainment—there has never been anything like it. You simply can't miss it!

HOME OF PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Paramount
THEATRE
189 PEACHTREE
WA. 8253

On the Stage
VALENTINES ON
PARADE
PARAMOUNT ORCHESTRA
DIRECTION LOU FORBES

**Fox Stage Offers
New Idea in "Ivory"**

Enrico Leide and Dwight Brown To Present Special Musical Program.

The Fanchon and Marco idea, "Ivory," opening yesterday at the Fox theater, is a stage presentation in keeping with the high class of these entertainments.

"Ivory" has one distinct surprise in the Sunkist beauties, in that they are not only excellent dancers, but each is a splendid musician. Another feature of the act is a mistress of ceremony, Betty Webb, who is very attractive and looks very distinguished thus garbed.

Mel Ruick, the Fox theater master of ceremonies, is directing his musicians, and announcements are made by Miss Webb. Lovers of tap dancing are in for a real treat when the Four High Hatters present their act, and the Cameo Midgets, together with By Myers, comedy pianist, and Peggy Corse, a New Orleans girl, and Goetz and Duffy, quick-change artists, present a decidedly interesting dancing, singing and comedy act.

Enrico Leide, conducting the Fox grand orchestra, is playing as the orchestra this week a special edition of the entire "Student Prince," including "The Serenade," "Deep In My Heart" and "The Drinking Song." Dwight Brown, the "organ ace," has another treat in store with his popular number program arranged for this week.

**Cameo Has Hit
In Paramount's
Parade Picture**

"Paramount on Parade," the widely heralded "party of the stars," will be the feature attraction at the Cameo the first part of this week. All of the stars and most of the featured players under contract to Paramount appear in "Paramount on Parade," in a series of diversified and highly diversified acts.

At the top of the bill are the Fanchon and Marco Sunkist Beauties resting back stage at the Fox between shows of "Ivory," the elaborate stage "idea" of the week.

Lower left is Kendall Capps, one of the best among comedians, who is a featured player in "Valentines on Parade," which furnishes the chief stage entertainment for the reopening program of the vastly improved Paramount.

And, at lower right is "Paxton," man of the marvelous memory, who can do mental tricks you'd never believe, who is a headliner at Keith's Georgia.

**Glenn Tryon
in "Dames Ahoy"
Billed at Rialto**

**Otis Harlan, Eddie Gribbon
and Helen Wright Also
Starred.**

With Glenn Tryon at the helm and supported by a riotous cargo of stars, "Dames Ahoy" sails into the Rialto Monday as the week's entertainment.

Tryon, in the role of a wise gob, plays his funniest part in this rollicking tale of a sailor ashore. Assisting him are Otis Harlan, screening fat and funny, and Eddie Gribbon, first and last a comedian. All three claim the title of "queen of hats" from the drop of the anchor.

Helen Wright, new find for filmdom, makes her screen debut, while Gertrude Astor, a long favorite, is seen in an important role.

The greater part of the action of the plot is on the beach resort. Among the many highlights are the adventures of a blonde with a strawberry birthmark on her leg, which are panics of laughter. Too, Tryon unwittingly wins a dancing contest, carrying the prize of \$600, a bungalow and a bride is another sequence for plenty of humor.

"Dames Ahoy" is built for fun and a splash of fun it is. Tryon fans will see him at his best.

One of the most entertaining features of the picture is the rendition of a famous song, "The Littlest House in the Woods," including "The Serenade," "Deep In My Heart" and "The Drinking Song."

Also on the program this week will be seen a comedy de luxe to round out an ideal summertime program of laughter and fun.

**"Redemption"
Heads Program
At Loew's Grand**

The first Atlanta showing of John Gilbert and Rene Adoree in "Redemption," will be held at Loew's Grand theater Thursday, Friday and Saturday this week.

Also in the program is "The Texas Moon," the first 100 per cent talkie-singing-natural-color-outdoor film, will grace the screen the first three days.

"Redemption" is an adaptation of the story, "The Living Corpse," by Tolstoi, which was produced at the Plymouth theater, New York, with John Barrymore in the leading role.

"Texas Moon" is a great success of the screen been filmed. Such splendid actors and actresses as Frank Fay, Raquel Torres, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy and Tully Marshall have the leading roles.

Good Reason.

"Elsie is a girl who could have married anybody she pleased."

"Then why is she still single?"

"Because she's never pleased anybody."

PEACHTREE 189 FONCE DE LEON

35¢ TILL 5:30

NOT AFTER HIT

ALWAYS COOL AND COMFORTABLE

She yearned for the things that money could buy—but when he offered them she misunderstood, thinking the price too great.

WILLIAM POWELL

Star of "Street of Chance"

The SHADOW of the LAW

A Paramount Drama

with

Natalie Moorhead

Marion Shilling

TWO GORGEOUS WOMEN . . . one wants him for his money, the other for his love . . . and the law wants him for a lifetime in jail.

WHO WINS?

And a Great Bill of.

R. K. O. VAUDEVILLE

with

<

Theater News

Neighborhood Theaters

Good Bill Offered At Empire Theater

Back to Atlanta within a few weeks after its first appearance here at top prices, the Empire theater, corner of Georgia avenue and Crew street, brings "The Vagabond King," with the world's finest romantic male singing star, Dennis King, Monday and Tuesday. Don't fail to see this glorious romance with its lilting love lyrics, its thrilling martial music, and its singing stars.

Wednesday's attraction will be the "Untamed" star, Joan Crawford, in "Montana Moon." This talkie has everything a fascinating star, daring love scenes, and plot to thrill.

Fashion and femininity's the keynote of "The Big Party," a screen celebration which will bring plenty of entertainment to local "guests" at the Empire on Thursday. Dixie Lee, Sue Carol and Walter Catlett enact the feature roles in this tuneful talkie. The all-talking thriller, "The Ship From Shangha," will be shown Saturday, while Saturday will find the feature attraction a drama of the Congo, "Vengeance," with Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier.

Tenth Street Offers Four Good Features

"Dangerous Paradise," starring Nancy Carroll, is the main attraction at the Tenth Street theater Monday and Tuesday. Miss Nancy Carroll is supported by Richard Arlen and Warner Oland.

Hugh Trevor in "The Night Parade" is the feature picture booked for Wednesday. Thursday and Friday

PONCE DE LEON

Ponce de Leon Ave. and Boulevard

MONDAY-TUESDAY

VILMA BANKY

And JAMES HALL in "THIS IS HEAVEN"

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

NORMA TALMADGE

And Gilbert Roland in "New York Nights"

FRIDAY

LOIS MORAN

And Tom Patriotis in "WORDS & MUSIC"

Friday Night-Amateur Contest

SATURDAY

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

in "THE IRON MASK"

THEATRE

CAFE ATLANTA

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

RAMON NOVARO in

"Devil May Care"

WEDNESDAY

KEN MAYNARD in

"Senior American"

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY

Bebe Daniels and John Boles in "RIO RITA"

SATURDAY

THREE MOORE BROTHERS in "Side Street"

THEATRE

CAFE ATLANTA

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

RUTH CHATTERTON in

"SARAH AND SON"

WEDNESDAY

SUE CAROL in

"THE BIG PARTY"

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY

JOAN CRAWFORD in

"MONTANA MOON"

SATURDAY

HOOT GIBSON in

"The Mounted Stranger"

WEST END

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

RUTH CHATTERTON in

"SARAH AND SON"

WEDNESDAY

"THE NIGHT PARADE"

Million Volt Love-Action Drama

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY

"HELL HARBOR"

With

LUPE VELEZ

Jean Hersholt

SATURDAY

RIN TIN TIN

And

DAVY LEE

in

"FROZEN RIVER"

PALACE

THEATRE

JOYFULLY COOL

Euclid and Moreland Aves.

MONDAY-TUESDAY

MARYLIN MILLER in

"SALLY"

Wednesday

LOIS MORAN in

"A SONG OF KENTUCKY"

Thursday-Friday

"HELL HARBOR"

With

LUPE VELEZ

SATURDAY

RIN TIN TIN

And

DAVY LEE

in

"FROZEN RIVER"

The Cool and Comfy

THEM-PIRE

64 Ave. at Crew St.

MONDAY-TUESDAY

The Hit of the Year! The Musical Romance Supreme! Filmed Entirely in Technicolor!

THE VAGABOND KING

With DENNIS KING

JOAN CRAWFORD

In the Singing Western Hit

"MONTANA MOON"

THURSDAY

Get Rep! Come on Step!

"THE BIG PARTY"

A Parade of Fashion and Passion!

FRI. — "The Ship From Shanghai"

SATURDAY

JACK HOLT-DOROTHY REVIER

in "VENGEANCE"

THE CONSTITUTION'S REAL ESTATE REVIEW

Conducted in the Interest of Development of Atlanta and the South

INDUSTRIAL STUDIES OUTLINED BY EXPERT

Survey of Natural Conditions Is Recommended.

Three excellent features make up the program at the Lakewood theater this week. Monday and Tuesday, Richard Dix, in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," will be shown. Edmund Lowe, in "The Cock-Eyed World," will be the feature for Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. "The Fighting Legion" will be shown Saturday.

Lakewood Will Show Three Excellent Films

Wednesday's attraction will be the "Untamed" star, Joan Crawford, in "Montana Moon." This talkie has everything a fascinating star, daring love scenes, and plot to thrill.

Fashion and femininity's the keynote of "The Big Party," a screen celebration which will bring plenty of entertainment to local "guests" at the Empire on Thursday. Dixie Lee, Sue Carol and Walter Catlett enact the feature roles in this tuneful talkie. The all-talking thriller, "The Ship From Shangha," will be shown Saturday, while Saturday will find the feature attraction a drama of the Congo, "Vengeance," with Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier.

Tenth Street Offers Four Good Features

"Dangerous Paradise," starring Nancy Carroll, is the main attraction at the Tenth Street theater Monday and Tuesday. Miss Nancy Carroll is supported by Richard Arlen and Warner Oland.

Hugh Trevor in "The Night Parade" is the feature picture booked for Wednesday. Thursday and Friday

"Sarah and Son" Tops Program at West End

Three excellent features make up the program at the Lakewood theater this week. Monday and Tuesday, Richard Dix, in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," will be shown. Edmund Lowe, in "The Cock-Eyed World," will be the feature for Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. "The Fighting Legion" will be shown Saturday.

Poncy Offers Banky in "This Is Heaven"

Two of the screen's most beautiful and talented stars are at the Lakewood this week. Monday and Tuesday, Vilma Banky will be shown. "This Is Heaven," with sound and talking.

Wednesday and Thursday, Norma Talmadge will be seen in "New York Nights," with Gilbert Roland. The seventh chapter of the Jade Box will also be on the program.

Friday, William Fox presents "Words and Music." Lois Moran and Tom Patricola are the stars. A big amateur contest will be held Friday night. Saturday, Douglas Fairbanks will be seen in "The Iron Mask."

Sarah and Son Tops Program at West End

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Excellent Pictures Offered at DeKalb

"Sarah and Son," one of the screen's greatest dramas, will open the DeKalb Monday. Ruth Chatterton, acclaimed by the movie critics as the industries best talker, is the featured star in this great story of a down-trodden mother and her trials and tribulations.

Wednesday Sue Carol will be featured in "The Big Party." A big show will go on. White may lit up and full of action. Thursday and Friday brings to the screen "Hell Harbor," with Lupe Velez and Jean Hersholt. A story of the days when pirates really had cutlasses and black eyes. Saturday, Rin Tin Tin in "Frozen River," with Davey Lee.

POSTPONEMENT SEEN IN EMBRACERY TRIALS

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Palace Has "Sally" For First 2 Days

"Sally," colorful musical romance from the famous Ziegfeld hit, with Marilyn Miller in the title role, is the Monday and Tuesday offering at the Palace theater. On Wednesday Lupe Moran will be seen in "A Song of Kentucky."

One of the finest and most sensational talking pictures ever made, "Hell Harbor," with the exotic Lupe Velez in the principal role, is the attraction for Thursday and Friday.

KENTVILLE, Nova Scotia— Present indications point to another good apple crop in the Annapolis valley this year. The bloom is very favorable in the majority of varieties and the trees generally present a healthy appearance.

WEST END

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

RUTH CHATTERTON in

"SARAH AND SON"

WEDNESDAY

"THE NIGHT PARADE"

Million Volt Love-Action Drama

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY

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THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

VOL. LXIII., No. 21.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1930.

See
Page 3-K
for
Other
Great
Values

GREATER ATLANTA DAY at HIGH'S



Sale of New Bags

Two Groups---Two Low Prices

Regular \$1.00
Values

77c

Regular \$1.95
Values

\$1.29

Piques!
Shantung!
Tapestries!
White Kid!
Raffia Straws!

A Greater Bargain than ever before in new, seasonable and desirable merchandise! A Real Value that deserves close attention from thrifty shoppers . . . an amazing value that will get the attention it deserves! All colors and designs.

HAND BAGS—HIGH'S STREET FLOOR



Silks-Big Savings!

79c 12 Momme Pongee

Imported quality of natural 12-momme pongee. A Greater Value at a low price. 10 yards to a customer . . .

\$1.49 Joria Pongee \$1.19

All colors and white in a truly wonderful quality of Joria pongee. For summer smartness!

\$2.95 White Canton Crepe \$1.98

The ideal and lovely material for smart sports and dress wear. A stunning value at . . .

Silks and Silks and Rayons

Regularly \$1 to \$1.19

Mill Lengths—1 to 5 Yards

Flat crepes, chiffons, georgettes, slip satins, and wash silks! All colors and patterns in convenient lengths. Special! . . .

59c

Sheer Fabrics---Savings!

29c 40-inch printed voiles and batistes for cool summer wear! All colors! Reduced to . . .

49c quality sheer printed voiles, batistes and dimities in clever, cool patterns. Special!

79c mill lengths of lovely printed rayon voiles in clear, cool colors and patterns. Special!

18c

26c

39c

SILKS—HIGH'S STREET FLOOR

Costume Necklaces



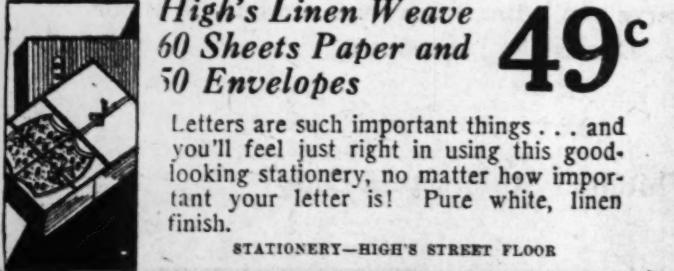
1,000 Pieces
\$1 to \$1.95
Values

49c

You still buy costume jewelry because its smart! You'll buy these because they combine smartness with savings! Pearls, sapphire, topaz, emerald, amethyst, crystals! Braided pearls and carved antique designs!

JEWELRY—HIGH'S STREET FLOOR

Stationery Special!



High's Linen Weave
60 Sheets Paper and
50 Envelopes 49c

Letters are such important things . . . and you'll feel just right in using this good-looking stationery, no matter how important your letter is! Pure white, linen finish.

STATIONERY—HIGH'S STREET FLOOR

"Business IS GOOD . . . If You Deserve It!"

If you go after it! To honestly and conscientiously deserve success in the ever-changing conditions of the present time, a store MUST BE ALERT . . . plan, scheme, work . . . be on its tip-toes to give the public WHAT IT WANTS at the lowest possible prices. It must keep in step with economic conditions . . . take advantage of every favorable market trend, be prepared to serve its customers BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE. It must find out what they want before they know they want it. It must give them more than they expect.

High's expects the greatest "Atlanta Day" in its history! We are AFTER BUSINESS, and we know we are going to get it. Buyers have been on the alert for weeks securing values that would be impossible but for their keen judgment and quick action . . . and we might add, ready cash!

If you want to make your budget stretch farther . . . if you want to get things for yourself, your family, your home, tomorrow's the time to get them!

A Sale That Deserves To Go Over Big!

Brand New
Midsummer
Dresses

\$6.95
Prints, Pastels
Plenty of
Navies

Chiffons, Georgettes
and Flat Crepes



A Big Value that will go over big with the thrifty-wise Atlanta women who know and appreciate worth when they see it! Delightful styles for every figure . . . to wear now . . . and to start the fall. Mostly sizes 14 to 20; few large sizes.

Cotton Mesh Dresses with berets to match, just received. Pastel shades. Wonder values! \$3.95

Djer Kiss Perfume
\$1 Sizes
Imported from France
Limit of 3 to a customer!
No phone or mail orders! Special!

25c

J & J Baby Talc
25c Size
The very finest powder to keep baby's tender skin soothed and comfortable. Special!

45c

\$2.50 Vanity
With Powder and Rouge
A clever Terri Book Vanity with fragrant powder and becoming rouge. Greater Atlanta Day for \$1.00

50c Kleenex

Cold Cream Remover
The perfect tissue for removing cold cream effectively and healthfully. White, white and pastel shades.

32c

50c Prophylactic
Tooth Brushes
In your choice of styles, hard, medium or soft. A Real Value for Greater Atlanta Day.

29c

Kotex Napkins
45c Value
A sanitary napkin that is chosen by the best! Thoroughly absorbent and convenient. 12 in a box. Special! Boxes 88c

Dorothy Dodd Shoes

\$6.50 to \$10 Models
Reduced to Clear for

All Sizes



\$3.90
2 Pairs \$2
Full Fashioned
All Sizes

White Kid
Suntan Kid
Creme Beige
Genuine Snake
Vamps
Blue and Green

Patent sandals and straps, too! In clever styles for this season . . . and part of next.

SHOE DEPT.—
HIGH'S STREET FLOOR

We Are
Not Permitted
To Mention
The Brand

But you'll recognize it the minute you see them . . . and buy them by the two, three and half-dozen pairs! They're full-fashioned, too, for satisfactory service and snug fit! Don't miss them . . . you must wear stockings and here's a saving!

Colors:
Nude
Fairskin
Sunskin
Dune
Bamboo
Sudan
Chair
Neptune
Clearskin
Nutone

Infants' and Girls' Wear

Cool Sheer Dresses

7 to 14 years and 2 to 6 years
Crisp little frocks in dainty patterns that will finish out the summer with smart comfort. Dimples, lawns, batistes, organdies and prints.

88c

Garden Sets
Cool little voiles in gay prints. Frocks and sunbonnets to match! Sizes 2 to 6 years.

69c

Hand-Made Dresses

\$1.25 Values
Dresses, slips and gowns that are hand-made and embroidered in dainty colors. Sizes 0, 1 and 2.

88c

Bassinette
\$3.25 Value
Made of ivory wood in a soft tone to blend with every dainty nursery! Special!

2.89

\$1 Will Buy—
—2 Baby Blankets
—3 Crib Sheets
—2 Tots' Frocks
—2 Brother Suits
—2 Pair Rompers

Underthings at Savings!

\$1.25 Costume Slips 88c

Made of lovely crepe rayon, celanese and baronet satin. A large assortment in soft pastel shades. Sizes 34 to 44. Special!

\$1 Rayon Chemise

An excellent quality rayon in smart style with clever flared skirt effect. Sizes 34 to 44 in flesh color only. A Greater Atlanta Day value!

84c

Rayon Pajamas

\$1.98 to \$2.98 Values
Vacation specials for the woman who likes nice things! For bed or beach . . . in soft pastels, with V-neck.

1.39

Broadcloth pajamas, too, in vagabond styles, in gay prints and joyous polka dots. All sizes.

UNDERWEAR—
HIGH'S THIRD FLOOR

Redfern Voile Corsets

Regular
Price \$5

\$3.79

Made of cool French voile . . . yet giving the firm support and moulded contour that a far heavier corset strives to achieve!



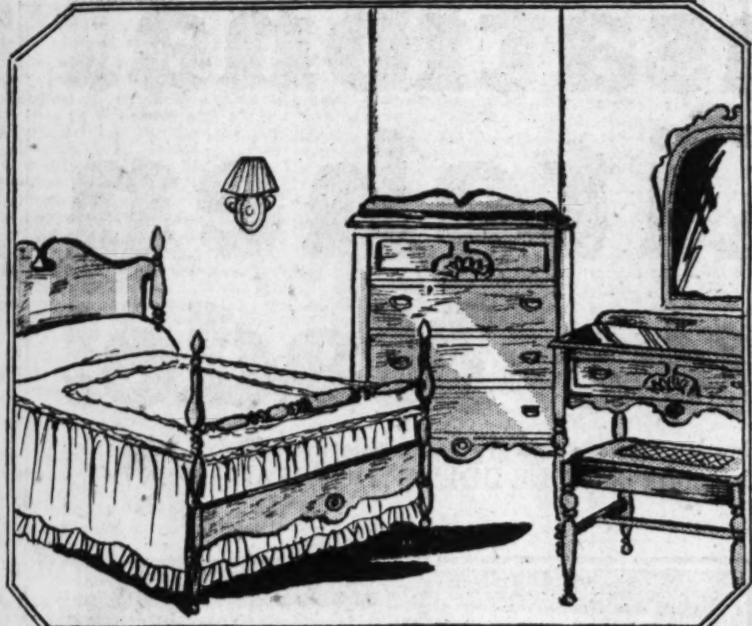
\$1.25 Girdles and Corselettes—89c

Girdles of silk brocade. Corselettes of voile and corselettes with strong inner belt for the larger figure. All sizes.

J.M.HIGH CO.
47 Years a "Modern" Store

GREATER ATLANTA DAY at HIGH'S

Furniture, Rugs and Draperies Deserving Values for Greater Atlanta Day



4-Piece Bedroom Suite

Attractive suites for smart homes. Four styles to choose from, finished in maple, walnut or enamel. As pictured. \$1.50 weekly!



Wing Chair

\$49.50 Value

\$29.50

In your choice of lovely covers! A Great Buy for Greater Atlanta Day! \$1 Weekly.

Coffee Table

Matched walnut in a lovely matched pattern. Exactly as pictured. \$1 Weekly.

Duncan Phyfe and Queen Anne

\$95 to \$98 Fine Sofas



\$49.50

Your choice of three lovely styles in a lovely matched pattern. As Pictured. \$1 Weekly.

18 Months To Pay

We will gladly arrange easy payments on any purchase you make in our furniture, rug or drapery department, so that it will be no hardship. Take 18 months to pay.



Refrigerators

\$29.50 \$19.50 Value

A summer necessity at a greater saving. Hard ash wood with nice oak finish. \$1 Weekly. HIGH'S STREET FLOOR

Deserving Values Here—Every One

9x12 Axminster Rugs

In beautiful patterns and colors. A real value for lovely homes at a Greater Atlanta Day low price! 9x12 feet. Special!

6x9 Japanese Grass Rugs - - - - \$2.49

For your porch or sun parlor! Delightful patterns in good colors. Cool, smart, new! Special!

\$5.98 Cotton Chenille Rugs - - \$3.65

Cotton chenille and braided rugs, size 30x60-in. Sun-fast and smart for every room. All colors.

\$17.50 Axminster 6x9 Rugs - \$13.95

Seamless rugs in attractive patterns and soft, cool colors. Special for Greater Atlanta Day!

\$1 Weekly



RUGS—HIGH'S STREET FLOOR

Buy and Save!

Mohawk Sheets

81x90 Size
\$1.59 Value

Limit of 4 sheets to a customer! Pillow cases to match at 3 for \$1. BEDDING—STREET FLOOR

Men! Your Summer Suit

May Be Smart, Well Tailored, Good Looking

for Only \$15.85



Tropicals
Kant Krush
Nurotex

2 Pairs Pants

Summer is with us . . . and will stay for some time! Why not be sensible and cool? Why not save actual money in your pocket on these summer suits? All sizes for all types. Well made and perfectly tailored.

Two Extraordinary Values

Men's Separate Trousers

Linen Knickers

In plaid and checks. Fast colors. For cool, smart comfort on vacation and at home. All sizes. Spe- cial!

6c

HANDKERCHIEFS—STREET FLOOR

Nurotex, Sedgefields

Separate pants in Nurotex and Sedgefields in neat pin stripes of all colors; all sizes. A Bargain at

\$2.45

Boys' Shorts and Longs

Shorts of good quality lin- en in plaid, fancy weaves, stripes and solids. All sizes.

50c

White Ducks that Mr. 6 to 18 wears with sportive smartness on summer occasions.

\$1.00

Men's Broadcloth Robes

Gay plaid, checks and stripes for lazy lounging, beach promenades and convalescing days! All colors and all sizes. Special Monday at

\$2.45

LUGGAGE—STREET FLOOR

Slipon Gloves

\$1.25 Value
Chamoisuede

Slipon styles in soft light shades for summer and early fall! Washable. Come in all sizes. Special!

89c

GLOVES—STREET FLOOR

5.95

Overnight cases, suit cases, auto- mobile suit cases, hat boxes . . . all are ready for vacation savings!

LUGGAGE—STREET FLOOR

5.95

Monday at

THIS PAGE HAS BEEN FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE GEORGIA FEDERATION

GEORGIA STATE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

ORGANIZED IN 1896—MEMBERSHIP 30,000—JOINED GENERAL FEDERATION IN 1896—MOTTO: "WISDOM, JUSTICE, MODERATION"—CLUB FLOWER: CHEROKEE ROSE

PRESIDENT—Mrs. S. V. Sanford, of Athens; vice president-at-large, Mrs. M. E. Judd, of Dalton; second vice president, Mrs. W. B. Smith, of Tennesse; recording secretary, Mrs. E. L. Coleman, of Barnesville; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Lamar Rucker, of Athens; treasurer, Mrs. G. V. Cate, of Brunswick; parliamentarian, Miss Ross Woodberry, of Atlanta; editor, Mrs. Bessie Shaw Stafford; General Federation director in Georgia, Mrs. R. K. Rambo, of Atlanta; Georgia Federation headquarters, 606 Chamber of Commerce building, Atlanta, telephone IVY 0674; national headquarters, 1734 N street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

DISTRICT PRESIDENTS—First, Mrs. G. M. Barnes, of Midville, president; second, Mrs. John Monaghan, of Pelham; third, Mrs. Thurman Whately, of Reynolds; fourth, Mrs. Ray Cole, of Newnan; fifth, Mrs. L. O. Freeman, of College Park; sixth, Mrs. Hartford Green, of Zebulon; seventh, Mrs. E. M. Bailey, of Acworth; eighth, Mrs. H. B. Ritchie, of Athens; ninth, Mrs. A. D. McCurry, of Winder; tenth, Mrs. Glenn Stovall, of Thomson; eleventh, Mrs. Edwin Jarman, of Baxley; twelfth, Mrs. Howard Mullis, of Cochran. Miss Julia McIntosh Sparks, state publicity chairman, 600 Chamber of Commerce building.

FEDERATION'S CLUB INSTITUTE TO CONVENE IN ATHENS

Club Institute Program Given Today for Coming Event

Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs sponsors the eighth annual club institute at the University of Georgia, Athens, July 10 and 11, with Mrs. Charles M. Snelling, state chairman of club institutes, giving the address of welcome, and the maker of the splendid program. Women's place in the new order is described in the following quotation: "All the utilizations of the past have failed. Will the fact that woman is now an equal builder with man, make the coming civilization permanent?"

Mrs. William N. Harder, of Marion, Ohio, will direct the institute, and this fact also assures Georgia club women that there will be a wealth of knowledge to be gained by attending the sessions, which are replete with many interesting phases. The sessions will be held in Memorial Hall on the University of Georgia campus, the morning session commencing at 9:30 o'clock Wednesday, July 9.

Wednesday's Program.

The program outlined for the above day includes:

Opening exercises; responsive reading, "Club Litany"; leader, Mrs. Charles M. Snelling; "The War of the Planets"; Miss Moena Michael; song, "Georgia Land," by Hugh Hodges; address of welcome, Chancellor Charles M. Snelling; Dr. J. S. Stewart and Mrs. Charles M. Snelling; response, Mrs. Charles M. Snelling; presentation of state president, Mrs. Charles M. Snelling; presentation of director-in-charge, Mrs. S. V. Sanford; presentation of gavel, Mrs. H. B. Ritchie; address, "Is There a New Order?" Mrs. William N. Harder; address, "Women's Sphere Today"; Mr. W. Stark, Commerce; general assembly, "The German Youth Movement and Its Relation to Economics and Politics," Dr. Robert Ulrich.

Class exercises (10 minutes each), music, including singing by various branches, including "Morals," Mrs. A. Morris Bryan, Jefferson; "Church," Mrs. E. D. Dorniney, Fitzgerald.

An open forum follows the program and at 1 o'clock luncheon will be served at Georgia State Teachers' College.

The afternoon session beginning at 3 o'clock features "The Woman's Club Today," and the program includes, "Has Woman's Club a Place in Modern World?" Mr. Phil Davis, Royce, "Mission of Women's Club Today"; Mrs. John Monaghan, Pelham; "Clubs as Builders of Citizenship"; Mrs. A. C. Skelton, Hartwell; "America's Greatest Need," Mrs. William N. Harder.

Discussion follows and at 8:15 p.m. Wednesday evening the address, entitled, "The Origins of the Fascist Dictatorship in Italy, 1919-1922" will be given by Professor Gaetano Salvemini.

Thursday's Session.

"Importance of Sound Public Opinion," Mrs. Charles M. Snelling. Thursday morning's session the program featuring 10-minute talks on "The Menace of Propaganda," "Movies," Mrs. Glenn Stovall, Thomson; "Radio," Miss Epiphany Campbell, Athens; "Modern Times," Mrs. W. S. Stewart, Hapeville; "Woman's Club and Instruments in Molding Public Opinion," Mrs. Z. J. Fitzpatrick, Madison; "Public Opinion and Propaganda,"

Miss Alice Baxter, state chairman of forestry, is in New York city, and submits to the club page an article relative to the George Washington Tree Memorial in which she says:

"I am sitting at Riverside thinking of Georgia and forestry. On my right, the great river flows on, broad, easy, even, unimaginable. On my left, the rushing stream of human life speeds along the drive under the avenue of the trees."

"Children play around me. On my right, toddling baby, holding to the rail, makes as to fall, but holds on, comes to me, then to me, to my extended hand, in the other, she smiles, confidently giving her little hand to me. I 'choose' to interpret her as meaning, 'Lady, save the trees for me, my trees; save them from scorching fires, please, lady, plant new trees, where great trees have been culled off their roots when I am gone.' When grown children come after me, America will have increased in some small measure the forest cover."

"This babbling brings me to the crux of a suggestion, which comes to me as state chairman of forestry and natural scenery, not to the public, but to the Georgia Federation. We are familiar with the American Tree Association and the various forestry organizations. The association's president, Charles Lathrop, in co-operation with the George Washington Tree Memorial, has sent the following letter to the tree-planting army. Your chairman stresses upon us that we must plant trees in Washington. Your chairman suggests planting a variety of trees as well as a great number of trees. Washington not forgetting the cherry tree!"

"We understand that the Japanese cherry tree is in Washington city, and a specimen of the tree, with an exquisite memorial or honor plaque, is on display in the Georgia Forestry and Natural Scenery exhibit at the Atlanta Fair. The tree is a specimen of the tree, with an exquisite memorial or honor plaque, is on display in the Georgia Forestry and Natural Scenery exhibit at the Atlanta Fair. The tree is a specimen of the tree, with an exquisite

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GEORGIA DIVISION, Daughters of the Confederacy

Mrs. J. J. Harris, of Sandersville, president; Mrs. I. Bashinsky, of Dublin, first vice president; Mrs. C. H. Least, of Brunswick, second vice president; Mrs. L. W. Green, of Sycamore, third vice president and director of Children of Confederacy; Mrs. A. Craft, of Atlanta, recording secretary; Mrs. L. D. T. Quinby, of Atlanta, treasurer; Mrs. Frank Dennis, of Eatonton, auditor; Mrs. Ed A. Caldwell, of Milledgeville, recording secretary; Mrs. Kirby-Smith Anderson, Milledgeville historian; Mrs. L. C. Nichols, of Atlanta, recorder of crosses of service; Mrs. Ada Ramp Walden, of Augusta, state editor; Mrs. Louis Kendall Rogers, of Tennessee, poet laureate.

Honorary president: Mrs. W. S. Coleman, Atlanta; Miss Anna Caroline Benning, Columbus; Mrs. John P. Pease, Atlanta; Miss Lillie Martin, of Hawkinsville; Mrs. C. V. Yerkes, of Moultrie.

President-General's Message Tells of Outstanding Feature

By Ada Ramp Walden, Editor

Georgia Division, U. D. C.

In the recent message issued by Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, president-general, U. D. C., a number of outstanding features are told in the first part of the message, particularly the eight crosses of military service on army nurses, following amendment of rules governing award of this military decoration, at Biloxi convention, and by which the women of this branch of service will profit.

The first to secure the crosses were Miss Lillian Alexander, Atlanta, and Miss Belle Farr, Clinton, S. C., and were awarded by the Atlanta chapter. The next four were received by Miss Margaret Hartley, Miss Rosalie Howell, Atlanta; Miss Mary Celia Johnson, Hendersonville, N. C., and Miss Jessie Cagan, Pinetta, Fla., and were awarded by the Fulton county chapter, Atlanta; the next was given to Miss Pearl Tyler Ellis, of New York. Sullivan van Stippen, New York, and the eighth fell to Mrs. Dorothy Haydon Conyers, Greensboro, N. C.

Mention is made of the unusually impressive service held recently in the nation's capital, "The Order of the Service for the Massing of the Colors." The president-general was represented by Miss Jessie S. Silliman, of North Carolina, who stepped up the first Confederate flag that ever fluttered in the breezes. The Colonial Dames, the D. A. R. and U. D. C. were in line of march, presenting a most spectacular procession.

The death of Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, of Richmond, was mentioned by Mrs. Bashinsky in her message. For a number of years this patriotic woman had directed the affairs of the Maury Association, bringing about the materialization of her dream and witnessing the unveiling of the monument to Matthew Fontaine Murphy in Richmond, the nation's capital. For many years she had directed other important movements in the work to which she was consecrated, but that this crowning achievement materialized after she had passed her 90th birthday is indeed a memorial to her untiring and unquenchable enthusiasm which was manifested until she "folded her hands in the rest eternal."

July 1! The first vacation month of the United Daughters of the Confederacy! Practically all chapters cease their activities in that they hold no meetings during the summer months, although the various committees keep the work of the respective work well in hand. One of the phases of the work emphasized for this month is the observance of the birthday of Miss Mildred Rutherford, July 16. Mrs. H. M. Franklin, program chairman, has suggested as a subject "The Villa, the Home of Miss Rutherford; Life of Miss Rutherford, and Memorial to Miss Rutherford, as Planned by the U. D. C."

Mrs. C. H. Myers was named president of the Quinby chapter at its last meeting, other officers being Mrs. Denmark Groover, first vice; Mrs. C. T. Tillman, registrar; Mrs. A. L. Tidwell, recording secretary; Mrs. J. B. Tidwell, corresponding secretary; Mrs. S. Rountree, historian. Mrs. Myers succeeded Mrs. B. L. Weston, who had faithfully served as president for the past two years. Report was made of the awarding of essay prizes to Marceline Garrett, high school; Carolyn Whipple, junior high. One of the out-

standing phases of work of this chapter in its scholarship fund by which local boys and girls continue their education after leaving high school. At present the fund is \$30,934.74. To date \$1,000 has been given by the new chapter to eight crosses of military service on army nurses, following amendment of rules governing award of this military decoration, at Biloxi convention, and by which the women of this branch of service will profit.

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Mrs. Ashby To Give
Psychology Lecture

A lecture of special interest in applied psychology will be given by Mrs. Rose Mae Ashby at 3:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon at the Assembly hotel, the subject to be "Self Control and Overcoming Habit." The lecture is free.

Tebbetts Is Made Chief of Staff For Fourth Corps

Saturday, July 5, marked the first change in almost four years in the position of chief of staff, fourth corps area, when Colonel K. Major,

Book Reviews in Tabloid

NEW FICTION.

"Of King David an' the Philistine Boys" By Roak Brodford. A Sequel to "Of Man Adams and His Chilum." The book is dramatized by Marc Connelly as "The Green Pastures," the play having been a great success on the New York stage.

In "Of King David" a most interest-

ing story is told about the "children

of Canaan" who were running

around so wild that the Lord had to

take steps about it. The Biblical char-

acters are interpreted in the dialect

of a negro preacher, and the author

will be surprised to find that the infor-

mation found no trouble in describing

how they worked in the fields, employ-

ed the lunch hour, the church festi-

vities, picnics and life on the river

at the levee camps.

The lovers of American folklore will find a most interesting story. The old southern dialect is fast dis-

appearing away but he will ever be remem-

bered as tried and true. (Harper and

Brothers, New York.)

The Datchley Inheritance. By Stephen McKenna. Author of "Sonata." The author tells a story of adventure. It is full of wit, humor and originality. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Jenny. The Romance of a Nurse. By Norma Patterson. An entertain-

ing story in which a most lovable

young girl in her white uniform is the

central figure. The author says,

"Jenny, you're a brat." "Jenn-

you're the one original sweetheart,"

and "I'll take Jenny for mine." The

world what the boys at Veterans' Hos-

pital No. 80 thought of Jenny. (Farrar & Rinehart, New York.)

Scandal Sheets. A novel based on

the life of Pietro Aretino, the first

yellow journalist. By E. R. Conde.

It is a fictionized history of the first

yellow journalist. (G. Howard Watt, New York.)

The Immediate Family. A Novel

of the Modern Woman. By Nalbo

Bartley. The setting of this story is

in a little American town where they

have plenty of water power and fac-

tories, not much else but restlessness

and nerves. (Harper & Rinehart, New York.)

Captured. By Ferdinand Huesti

Hurst. The author is a Hungarian

officer, who tells a thrilling story of

his experiences during the World War. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

What'll It Ever. An Entertainment

by E. V. Lucas. There are many enter-

taaining books on the market at the

present time, but this sparkling story

by Mr. Lucas is interesting from the

first to the last chapter. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

Author Unknown. By Clemence

Dane and Lorraine Dane. The for-

mer is the author of "Enter St. John,

the readers of which will soon

forget Miss Dane's clever style." In

this story the cast of which is inter-

esting and can easily be seen by visit-

ing that charming place which is

not unknown to the Americans who visit

the Metropolitan Book Corporation, New York.

The Six Proud Walkers. By Francis

Bedding. Author of "The Seven

Sleepers." If the reader is familiar

with the books written by the author

he will thoroughly enjoy the man

he encountered six on the Italian

highway. From this you will note

that the story is Italy for its setting. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Payment in Full. A glowing romance

of supply, as he demonstrated marked

and special expertise in the

management of troops evacuation from

France and especially subsequent to

the armistice in the repatriation of

the American expeditionary forces,

when several hundred thousand men

were returned to the United States

each month. He has rendered serv-

ices of great value. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

The U. D. C. Chatter Box

Did you know that the Ohio division, U. D. C., has the privilege of caring for its "adopted mother," Mrs. Mary McNeill, who is in her 9th year? The division pays the sum of \$33 for her maintenance, the sum being secured by a per capita assessment of 20 cents a month from each member?

And that Georgia, says the Courier, a northern publication, has the two most attractive monuments to be seen in the south? The writer referred to the two monuments in Atlanta, which number of years ago, the editor of Mumsey's, said was one of the most beautiful in the Union. The other mentioned by the Courier, is the monument in Thomson erected by the Ida Evans Eve chapter, U. D. C., as a memorial to the Women of the Confederacy, with its setting created by quantities of serpent canons. The Augusta monument, however, was the work of the Ladies' Memorial Association which erected monuments, gilded before the War. This is a woman's work. It is a story told by a woman who served as a nurse and in a woman's world.

And that the Missouri division has given the sum of \$1,000 to the Robert E. Lee Memorial Association for the preservation of Stratford? And that when the Missouri Daughters undertook to "say it with flowers" by beautifying Confederate Memorial Park, they did it in style, may we say, the government located a million and a half dollar transcontinental airport just opposite the Park! So now, the citizens of the world may read as they fly of the Confederate heroes of Missouri!

And that in classical Boston, of the state of Massachusetts, there are 32 boys and girls enrolled as members of the Children's chapter, C. of C. And that one of the Boston chapter's beautiful ceremonies was held the past year at the home of Mrs. Sayre, daughter of the late Woodrow Wilson, when she was given a cross of military service in memory of her illustrious father.

And that the legislature of Colorado enacted a law whereby a person who had resided in the state for 35 years was entitled to a pension of \$25 a month, if indigent or infirm; and that the Robert E. Lee chapter, U. D. C., has never failed to do its best in its efforts to this end. The pension was granted a Confederate veteran residing in that city?

And, lastly, that it was the William Alexander, Jr., chapter, of Greenwich, Conn., that has called its name in history by boldly asking the preservation of Stratford—a call that has re-echoed through the land until it has been answered by 30 states?

Fund To Entertain Vets UNKNOWN FRIEND SENDS \$5 TO CONSTITUTION

Of Camp Gordon Launched

In order to "start the ball rolling," an unknown friend of the famous \$2nd division has forwarded to The Constitution a \$5 bill as the first contribution to a fund for the entertainment of members of the unit which was trained at Camp Gordon in 1917-18 and is now in Atlanta in September for a reunion.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1930.

VOL. LXIII, No. 21.

Miss Broyles
And Mr. Pund
To Wed Oct. 1

An engagement centering the interest of hosts of friends throughout the south and in Ohio is made today by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Broyles, of Atlanta, of the engagement of their daughter, Susan Calhoun, to Henry R. Pund, of Akron, Ohio, formerly of Augusta, Ga., the wedding to be a brilliant social event taking place in Atlanta October 1. Miss Broyles, who is a beautiful blonde, is one of the most popular members of the younger social set of Atlanta society, and although she has never made a formal debut, she has enjoyed unusual popularity. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Broyles, her sisters being Mrs. Thomas Barrett, Jr., of Augusta, formerly Miss Louise Phinizy Broyles, and Mrs. Julian Barrett, of Augusta, formerly Miss Frances Elizabeth Broyles. Her brothers are Dr. E. N. Broyles, of Baltimore, Md., and Norris Broyles, of Atlanta.

Miss Broyles attended school at the North Avenue Presbyterian school in Atlanta and later she was graduated from St. Timothy's at Catonsville, Md. She is a member of the Atlanta Junior League, the Phi Pi Club and the Pirates Club. Mrs. Broyles, mother of the lovely bride-elect, was before her marriage Miss Frances Divine, daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. K. C. Divine, of Canton, Miss. Dr. Divine was a prominent surgeon in the Confederate army during the War Between the States. Mrs. Divine was before her marriage Miss Martha Frances Calhoun, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Calhoun, of Newnan, Ga., pioneer and aristocratic citizens of Georgia.

Mr. Broyles is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Broyles, of Atlanta, Mr. Broyles having served as clerk of the Fulton court for 28 years. Mr. Broyles' mother was Miss Elizabeth Arnold, daughter of General Thomas D. Lee Arnold and Mrs. Arnold. General Arnold was United States congressman from Tennessee.

Mr. Pund, known to his intimates and in the realms of sports as Peter Pund, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Pund, of Augusta, Ga., and he is a brother of Mrs. R. P. Pund, of Atlanta; Mrs. E. N. McCauley, of Canton, Ga.; Mrs. W. W. Allen, of Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Florence Pund, Theodore Pund, Ernest E. Pund and Frank B. Pund, all of Augusta.

He is one of the best known athletes in the United States, having been captain of the Georgia Tech football team of 1928 when Georgia Tech won the national championship at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, Cal. He was an All-Southern player for two years and during his senior year, 1928, he was unanimously chosen for All-American center on all of the leading All-American selections.

He stood high in his scholastic work at Georgia Tech and was vice president of the senior class in 1929, and gave the salutary for the graduating class. He was a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon social fraternity and the Tau Beta Phi, Phi Kappa Phi and Phi Psi honorary fraternities. He was a member of the Cotillion Club, Bull Dogs and was a member of the student council. Mr. Pund now holds a responsible position with the Goodyear Rubber Company in Akron, Ohio, where the young couple will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ottley
Will Visit England.

Mr. and Mrs. John K. Ottley leave today for Savannah, sailing from there Monday, July 7, for New York city, whence they sail for England on the steamer De Grasse Saturday, July 12. Mr. and Mrs. Ottley will remain in England during their entire stay abroad, concluding their visit with the Dublin horse show in August. Their return passage to America will be made on the steamer Volendam, sailing from an English port August 15.

Mr. and Mrs. John K. Ottley, Jr., who spent the past week at the Hotel Cloister on Sea Island Beach, Ga., will return to Atlanta Tuesday, stopping overnight at the Hotel De Soto in Savannah for a bon voyage greeting to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ottley, Sr., who sail for New York tomorrow on the first lap of their European sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Skinner
Arrive in Atlanta.

Reluctantly bidding farewell to Mrs. Felix DeGolian and her interesting family for the remainder of the summer, Atlantans at the same time welcome Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Skinner, recent arrivals from New York city, who leased for the next 12 months the DeGolian home on Howell Mill road. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Skinner there are a handsome son, Jack, about six, and a cunning four-year-old daughter, Jean Skinner, who are accomplished equestrians.

Mrs. DeGolian, her daughters, Misses Natalie, Martha and An- gelique DeGolian, and a son, Richard DeGolian, are passing the warm months in Virginia, while

:-: Lovely Bride-Elect, Visitor, Bride and Charming Sub-Debs :-:



The above photographs present a lovely bride-elect, visitor, recent bride and sub-debs. Reluctantly bidding farewell to Mrs. Felix DeGolian and her interesting family for the remainder of the summer, Atlantans at the same time welcome Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Skinner, recent arrivals from New York city, who leased for the next 12 months the DeGolian home on Howell Mill road. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Skinner there are a handsome son, Jack, about six, and a cunning four-year-old daughter, Jean Skinner, who are accomplished equestrians.

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spaces to the woman of society is responsible, no doubt, for the number of effective cotton frocks being worn this summer. On one of the hottest days of last week Mrs. Henry Hirsch motored down from Lakemont to Atlanta, clad in the smartest blue and white cotton frock imaginable. A pleat-

ed ruffle of white batiste outlined the round neck and it was hemmed with blue thread, the exact shade of the blue flowers ornamenting the white background. A becoming, rather broad brimmed white hat of baku straw and white canvas shoes completed the effective outfit. Mrs. Hirsch

gleefully boasted that the dress cost \$4.95 and was bought at a local shop. It seems that cottons have it this year. Mrs. William T. Healey has included in her summer wardrobe several of the smartest white pique sports models, fashioned sleeveless. She dons jackets made of colored pique

when she elects to motor into town from her Andrews residence to do a bit of shopping or have luncheon in some club cafe. Mrs. Healey was the cynosure of all eyes whenever she appeared arrayed thusly on the Tom Thumb golf course at the Lookout Mountain Club, the ren-

devous for prominent southerners this summer.

Mrs. Delaney Sledge was dashingly clad in blue and rose print, scattered on a white background, belted at the waistline, and worn with a white straw hat and white shoes, the costume having an appropriate place in the seasonal wardrobe. She made a foursome at bridge with Mrs. Howard Candler, Jr., Mrs. Joseph S. Raine, Jr., and Mrs. Greene Warren, who play contract every once a week

Continued on Page 4, Column 1

**Many Weddings
Take Place
In Griffin, Ga.**

GRiffin, Ga., July 5.—The wedding of Miss Aleene Ogleby, of Griffin, and Ernest Thomas, of Carrollton, formerly of Griffin, occurred here Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Clifford Ford. The Rev. John F. Norton, pastor of the Detroit Baptist church, officiated. Misses Clara Russell and Realtia Mangham were bridesmaids. The bride was lovely in her wedding dress of white chiffon crepe, worn with white sash and hose. She was carrying a bouquet of roses, gladioli and fern.

An informal reception was held and Mrs. Ford was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. N. C. Russell and Miss Realtia Mangham.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas left on their wedding trip, following which they will make their home in Carrollton, where the groom is engaged in business.

Miss Nellie Mae Watts and Joseph Lovin, both of Griffin, were married Saturday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards Watts, here Sunday, and the Rev. B. L. Woodruff officiated. The lovely bride was becomingly gowned in a white georgette ensemble worn with a picture hat and other accessories to match. The groom was in a suit of Mr. and Mrs. Lovin will reside here. Miss Lovin is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Watts, of Griffin, and possesses many friends. Mr. Lovin is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lovin, of Griffin.

Miss Mary Dunn and Clifford Murphy, both of Griffin, were married Saturday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rawls near here. The Rev. Rawls performed the ceremony and the bride was lovely in her afternoon frock of white satin back crepe worn with a picture hat of white horsehair.

Miss Grace Nunnally Robbins, of Griffin, and George E. Wild, of New York city, were married in the presence of close friends and relatives at St. George's Episcopal church here Friday. The Rev. L. W. Blackwelder, rector of the church, officiated, using the impressive ring ceremony. The lovely bride was becomingly gowned in a rose georgette ensemble, worn with a hat and other accessories to match. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dobbins. Mr. Wild is the only son of G. E. Wild and the late Mrs. Wild, of New York. He holds a very responsible position, being associated with a New York export organization in charge of their affairs throughout the Mississippi valley and the south.

Miss Elizabeth Evans, of Jackson, and Albert Clark, of Millen, were married Sunday at the home of the Rev. L. M. Latimer, pastor of the First Baptist church of Griffin, in the presence of friends and relatives. The bride's blonde beauty was enhanced by her ensemble of navy blue Crepe, worn with a sand-colored blouse and a French felt hat. After their wedding trip, the young couple will reside temporarily at Macon, where Mr. Clark is attending Mercer University school. Mrs. Clark is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Evans, of Jackson, and is popular with many friends. Mr. Clark is the son of W. C. Clark and the late Mrs. Clark, prominent residents of Millen.

**Miss Cox And
Mr. Smith To Wed
In Rome, Ga.**

ROME, Ga., July 5.—The engagement of Miss Katherine Cox, daughter of Dr. R. P. Cox, of Rome, to Richard Wellington Smith, of Atlanta, was announced here. The bride-elect is a daughter of Dr. R. P. Cox, for many years a physician at Rome, Ga., and of Anne Graves Cox, who was so well known for her social charm and civic service. Her great-great-grandfather, James Cox, and a maternal ancestor, Colonel John Williams, were soldiers of the Revolution.

Her grandfather, Colonel C. I. Graves, was a naval officer from Commodore Tattnall at the opening of the ports of China, and later served with distinction in the navy of the Confederacy. Miss Cox is a graduate of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts and of Peabody College. She will receive her master's degree at the University of Chicago.

Mr. Smith is the son of Henry Hill and Florence Morse Smith, of Gardner, Mass., and is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and received his master's degree from Cornell University. For the past four years Mr. Smith has been assistant state geologist of Georgia, with headquarters in Atlanta, and has been engaged in a survey of the clay resources of the state. His grandmother, Mary Snell, was first cousin to William Cullen Bryant. A great-great-grandfather, Samuel Wellington, was a soldier of the Revolution and was wounded in the battle of Bunker Hill.

**Miss Fields Weds
Fred LeGuinn.**

MCDONOUGH, Ga., July 5.—The marriage of Miss Mary Grace Fields, of Hampton, and Fred LeGuinn, of Locust Grove, was solemnized Thursday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at the home of the bride by Rev. E. O. Goddard.

Mrs. Ed West, of Hampton, rendered a musical program and the bridesmaids were Miss Maggie LeGuinn, sister of the groom, and Miss Mary Minter. Miss LeGuinn's costume was pink chiffon, and she carried pink roses. Miss Minter wore blue chiffon and carried pink roses. Miss Kildare, of Atlanta, maid of honor, was gowned in blue chiffon and carried pink flowers. The flower girls were little Miss Thomasine Shaw and Miss Janie Fears. They wore dainty dresses of pink and carried baskets of pink roses.

The bride wore a gown of ivory satin. Her veil was caught with orange blossoms to form a wreath about her face. She was with the maid of honor and was met by the groom and his best man, Jim Newton, of Jackson, in front of an altar formed of ferns interspersed with baskets of pink gladioli and white lilies. An informal reception followed the ceremony.

**Confederate Veterans
To Be Honored.**

Fulton County Chapter, U. D. C., will give a well-attended meeting at the Confederate Soldiers' home Wednesday, July 9, at 3 o'clock. All Confederate veterans are invited to attend. Mrs. J. W. Kendley is chairman, and Mrs. G. J. McCurry is co-chairman with Mrs. Frank Golden.

**Miss Cecil Mauldin
Weds Mr. Blashfield.**

DOERUN, Ga., July 5.—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mauldin, of Doerun, Ga., announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Cecile John, to Floyd A. Blashfield, of Madison, Wisc., Monday. At the bride's home, Rev. Jayne F. Sylvester, Ga., performed the simple ceremony in the presence of members of the family and close relatives.

The bride was attractive in a gown

of suntan chiffon, made princess effect, with hat and other accessories to match. She wore a corsage of bride's roses and lilies of the valley.

The bride was a member of the class of 1926 Grady Hospital Training school, afterwards taking a course in anesthesia and public health work. Mr. Blashfield is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, and holds a responsible position with the Scanlin-Morgan Hospital Furniture Company of Madison. The bride and groom left for a motor trip through the Cumberland

mountains and are at home on South Randall avenue, in Madison.

**Miss Greene Weds
Kenneth MacDonald.**

The marriage of Miss Katherine Greene, of Everett, Wash., daughter of Mrs. I. N. Greene and the late Mr. Greene of that city, to Kenneth George MacDonald took place Thursday afternoon at St. Philip's Cathedral, with Dean Raimundo de Ovies officiating.

before an assemblage of relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald left Friday morning for a motor trip to the north and east. Before returning to Atlanta, where they make their home, the young couple will visit the bridegroom's parents in French Creek, West Virginia.

**Mrs. Ira Jones
To Visit Atlanta.**

Mrs. Ira Jones, of Los Angeles, Cal.,

formerly Miss Irene West of Atlanta, will arrive this evening by train, a visit with her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. West, at their home on Peachtree road. While here she will be entertained at a series of social courtesies. Mrs. Jones was re-elected vice president of the National Education Association at the Thirteenth annual session of the convention held at Columbus, Ohio. Mrs. Jones is head of a large kindergarten in Los Angeles, and is the only woman member of the executive board of the Cali-

fornia Teachers' Association. She has been a delegate to the N. E. A. convention a number of times.

**Mrs. Ashby Lectures
On World Tour.**

Mrs. Rose Mae Ashby, past worthy grand marshal of the general chapter Order of the Eastern Star, will be the honor guest of John H. Wilkinson chapter tomorrow evening at the Masonic temple, Bankhead ave-

ning and Ashby street, at which time she will lecture on her recent trip around the world. A musical program has been arranged and all members of O. E. S. are invited.

**Miss Gilbert Weds
Willis Dougherty.**

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. L. Gilbert announce the marriage of their daughter, Carolyn, to Willis Aaron Dougherty, of Decatur, Ill., Thursday.

ALLEN'S STORE-WIDE CLEARANCE!

Shoe Salon Street Floor

**All Spring
and
Summer
SHOES
REDUCED!**

| | |
|---|----------------|
| Including shoes | \$7.85 |
| Formerly to \$16.75 | |
| Including shoes | \$9.85 |
| Formerly to \$16.75 | |
| Including shoes | \$11.85 |
| Formerly to \$18.50 | |
| ALL DELMAN SPRING AND SUMMER SHOES FORMERLY TO \$30, NOW \$14.75 | |

**Miscellaneous
Clearance on
the Street
Floor---**

BAGS \$1

Odds and ends selected from Allen's stock of silk, leather and straw bags. Some are slightly soiled. None of them sold, originally, for less than \$2.95.

MEN'S TIES . . . 95c

Imported silk brocade ties, Roman striped ties, French faille and satin ties! Formerly priced \$1.50 and \$1.75.

TOWELS 95c

Hand-embroidered towels, of white and natural linen with colored designs. Formerly priced \$1.50 and \$1.75.

**BRIDGE
SETS 1/2 Price**

Fine, sheer linen sets, applied in colors. Five-piece sets, formerly priced \$5.95 to \$8.95.

**SILK
BLOUSES 1/2 Price**

and less than half! Tuck-ins and overblouses. Broken size assortment. Formerly priced \$5.95 to \$13.95, now \$2.98 to \$6.98.

SWEATERS \$2.49

Broken lots, light colored slip-ons, with V and club necks. Formerly more than twice their present sales price!

in the Sports Shop

A bit belated, yet for that, all the more hearty celebration of the Glorious Fourth! A July 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Clearance! Offering splendid values throughout the store!

**Entire Stock of
SPRING COATS
Reduced 1/2 and Less!**

All fur-trimmed coats less than half price . . . all self-trimmed dress coats and sports coats, half and less than half! In three bargain groups!

\$12.50 --- \$17.50 --- \$23.75

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| Coats formerly priced \$25 and \$29.75 | Coats formerly priced \$35 and \$45 | Coats formerly priced \$49.50 and \$59.50 |
|---|--|--|

Ninety-Six Summer Dresses

REDUCED TO LESS THAN HALF PRICE!

\$7.00 --- \$10.00 --- \$17.00

**32 Dresses that
were up to \$19.75**

**26 Dresses that
were \$25 and \$35**

**48 Dresses that
were \$35 and \$45**

Early Spring styles . . . crepes, prints and chiffons . . . in broken sizes from 14 to 44. Other dresses that are included in this sale show savings of \$5 to \$10 on each dress!

Thirty-Two French Room Dresses

REDUCED TO LESS THAN HALF PRICE!

\$19.00 --- \$24.00 --- \$34.00

**Dresses originally
\$49.50 to \$89.50**

**Dresses originally
\$59.50 and \$69.50**

**Dresses originally
\$89.50 to \$98.75**

FOUR FRENCH ROOM DRESSES—Formerly \$49.50 . . . \$15

Twenty-Four French Room Dresses

REDUCED TO HALF PRICE—Formerly priced from \$49.50 to \$129.50 . . . NOW \$24.75 to \$64.75

16 Evening Gowns . . . Less Than Half!

All Suits and Ensembles

REDUCED TO LESS THAN HALF PRICE!

Entire stock of ensembles and suits, formerly from \$29.75 to \$59.50, now priced \$10 to \$25. (12 ensembles formerly \$69.50 to \$245, now \$29 to \$97.50.)

J. P. ALLEN & CO.
"The Store All Women Know"
Peachtree at Cain.

Millinery Salon Third Floor

200

**Summer
Felts**

\$3

Specially Bought!

Attractive vagabonds, brims and berets, in white and all pastel shades.

**50 Straw Hats \$1.00
to Clear at . . .**

**Clearance in
Allen's Junior
Shop---**
(Third Floor)

**JR. EVENING
DRESSES \$12.95**

These are values up to \$39.75, reduced to clear! Taffeta and chiffon frocks, in sizes 11, 13 and 15.

JR. SUITS . . . \$8.75

Valued originally up to \$25. Of jersey and tweed. Three pieces, some with silk, some with jersey blouses. Sizes 13 and 15.

**CHILDREN'S
COATS . . . \$8.75**

Values up to \$29.75. Sizes 6 to 14. A limited number to clear at this remarkably low price.

**CHILDREN'S
HATS . . . \$1.00**

Valued up to \$10, originally! Leghorns, trimmed and tailored . . . milans and novelty straws . . . for girls from 6 to 14.

BOYS' SUITS

\$1.00

Valued up to \$2.98. Broken sizes, from 2 to 6 years. Some sleeveless, others with sleeves . . . splendid for vacation wear now, and school, later on.

COAT SETS . . .

1/2 Price

Children's sets, consisting of hat and coat in sizes 1 to 6 years. Made of French flannel, basket weave, tweed . . . in yellow, rose, green, orchid, tan and mixtures. Values from \$15 to \$39.75.

**CHILDREN'S
DRESSES . . . 1/2 Price**

Crepe de chine, broadcloth, linen, voile, georgette, dimity, both tailored and dressy styles. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Formerly \$4.95 to \$25.

Spanish War Vets'
Auxiliaries To Meet
In Macon, July 6-8

MACON, Ga., July 5.—The seventh annual convention of the Spanish War Veterans' auxiliaries department of Georgia will be held in Macon July 6-8. Mrs. Maggie Waltrip, president of the department, presiding at the sessions. The other state officers are: Mrs. Mary Burson of Athens, senior vice president; Mrs. Mary B. Benson, Thunderbolt, Ga., junior vice president; Mrs. Jimmie A. Austin, vice chaplain; Mrs. Ida Scoville, judge advocate; Mrs. James Stanley Moore, patriotic instructor; Mrs. Lillian Heywood, historian; Mrs. Marie Steckel, conductor; Mrs. Abbie Dobson, Rome, assistant conductor; Mrs. Maud Gilbert, Albany, guard; Mrs. Myrtle Cobb, Rome, assistant guard; Mrs. Marie Schmidt, Augusta, inspector; Mrs. Irene Tanner, Atlanta, secretary; Mrs. Stella Gilham, Atlanta, treasurer; Mrs. Daisy B. Irwin, Atlanta, chief of staff; Mrs. Margaret Gallagher, Columbus, reporter; Mrs. Alice W. Jones, Macon, musician. Mrs. Mamie B. Schell, Augusta, national patriotic instructor, and Mrs. William L. Grayson, Savannah, Ga., past department president, will be honor guests.

Reports will be made on the work done the past year in regard to caring for the sick and disabled, and a report will be given by Mrs. Charles A. Wright, Atlanta, hospital chairman of the work done in hospitals in Linwood, Atlanta, and in Lake City, Fla., where the veterans were sent during the remodeling of Hospital No. 48, Atlanta. Senators Walter F. George, William J. Harris and Congressman Sam Rutherford will be honored guests of the convention.

MISS BROYLES AND
MR. PUND TO WED

Continued from First Page.

in Mrs. Candler's Peachtree road apartment.

A charming Gainesville visitor, Miss Katherine Redwine, recent guest of Mrs. William Warren, Jr., cut and made the most alluring pink gingham frock with belted waistline, taut hip, flaring skirt, short sleeves, cape collar and several other feminine details. Miss Redwine, it will be recalled, was "Miss Gainesville" in the American Legion Auxiliary convention.

Another bridge devotee of the cotton dress fad is Mrs. Evelyn Harris, who played in a bridge game one day recently at the Piedmont Driving Club, wearing a practical and becoming frock of dark blue swiss, dotted in white. She alternates this costume with another of white swiss dotted in rose color, which answers for morning bridge games and informal spend-the-day parties.

Stunning, indeed, was Mrs. Phinney Calhoun, costumed in white plique, a green felt hat, green suede belt and green shoes, adding the dashing and contrasting accompaniment to her toilette. Mrs. Calhoun was noted in the shopping district arrayed in this becoming outfit.

Swimming Pool
Gossip From the Fort.

The swimming pool at Fort McPherson has taken on all the color of a summer resort with slim, graceful mermaids and chubby water babies arrayed in brilliant hued swimming suits, diving and splashing in the clear water or obtaining a becoming sun tan on the banks. The group of sub-dubs of the military set are to be seen there daily taking a swim, and members of garrison pause in their rides through the tempting bridle paths of the reservation to watch some especially well executed swan dive or Jack knife flip. Marjorie Ripley, with her curls confined in a crimson cap, has a graceful stroke, and diminutive Doris Macklin, in a black sun suit and a silver cap, is an excellent swimmer. Little Billy Holliday, who was the inspiration for a birthday party given yesterday by his particular friend, Mrs. Frank Ross McCoy, is one of the youngest delighting in the cooling waters. Recently, one of the attractive officers, with the rank of major, a popular member of the military contingent, was poised on the spring board for a perfect dive when a pretty sub-dub dashed from the bath house and fixing him with commanding eye, called:

"Major, you go home right this minute. Do you hear me?" The spectators wondered. His

Attractive Recent Brides Married in June



wife pondered the meaning of this totally unexpected incident, when a huge collie dog, basking in the sunshine beyond the diving board, got up, yawned and slowly wandered homeward. His name was "Major," and he was the property and particular pet of the pretty sub-dub.

Mrs. Palmer Crowned Queen At Convention.

To think of an Atlantan as queen of the Mardi Gras ball would be unheard of. But to hear of an Atlantan who was queen of a similar function which featured the annual convention of the National Association of Building Owners and Managers at Biloxi, Miss., June 9-14, seems quite natural and fitting. Mrs. Charles F. Palmer, of Woodcrest avenue, was the central figure at this interesting affair, having been selected by the New Orleans association, which sponsored the ball. Mr. Palmer was elected president of the national association at the meeting.

Mrs. Palmer joined the king of the ball, Paul Robertson, at the throne in the ballroom of a local hotel where the affair was held, gowned in a mantle that was magnificently indeed. The gorgeous green and white satin mantle, edged with a band of sequins, formed a 12-foot court train falling from the shoulders of the white chiffon gown which she wore. At the back of the neck the mantle formed a tall ruff of silver lace. In the center of the train was an embossed basket of cloth of silver, from which fell an artistic arrangement of artificial flowers. Around her neck Mrs. Palmer wore a diamond necklace offset with a crown of sapphires and pearls.

In the gala procession which featured the ball the dukes, arrayed in white, proceeded first. They were followed by the maids and then the queen, who joined the king at the improvised throne. Mrs. Palmer has attended several conventions of the organization, having been present in Montreal, Canada, and Del Monte, Calif., where the last two meetings were held.

Mrs. Ingersoll Arrives Today.

A former Atlantan, Mrs. Royal E. Ingersoll, with her daughter, Miss Alice Ingersoll, arrives today to spend a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Van Hartings. Charming Mrs. Ingersoll, who will be remembered by friends and music lovers as possessor of a beautiful voice, is also an artist.

Since her marriage she has traveled a great deal, spending three years in the Orient, when her husband was aide to the ad-

Municipal Concert
At Piedmont Today

A choice selection of popular and colorful melodies will be offered by the Atlanta Municipal Band Sunday, July 6, in Piedmont Park, under the direction of John A. Scharf, its conductor. The concert will begin at 3:30 and last till 5:30. The program:

- 1-March, "Gladiators"..... Fuck
- 2-Overture, "Poet and Peasant"..... Von Suppe
- 3-Fox Trot..... Von Suppe
- (a) "Little Bit of Happiness", Davis
- (b) "What Are You Waiting For", Bach
- 4-Selection..... "The Time, Place and Girl"..... Howard
- 5-Dance Parisienne..... Moulin Rouge..... Beethoven
- 6-Travesty, "Misery Rag"..... Colby
- INTERMISSION
- 7-Dance, "Dance of the Scherwanks"..... Hall
- 8-Waltz, "Wedding of the Winds"..... Hall
- 9-Chilam, "Manana"..... Mischa
- 10-Selena..... "The Secret"..... Gauthier
- 11-Selena..... "Romance"..... Gauthier
- 12-Stephan Foster..... Tobani
- 13-Galop, "Internal"..... Kella-Bella
- 14-Finale, "Star Spangled Banner"..... Fine

pieces of Rookwood. The honor guest was presented with a combination cigarette lighter and snuffer as a memento of the occasion.

Miss of the Asiatic fleet, spending her summers in Japan and the winters in Shanghai and Manila. On return of Captain Ingersoll, U. S. N., September 1, they will open their new home in Washington, D. C., and make it their permanent home. Captain Ingersoll will be aide to Admiral W. V. Pratt, chief of naval operations.

Mrs. Henry B. Scott Fetes Mrs. Sztoleman.

Mrs. Henry Bernard Scott was hostess to four tables of bridge yesterday afternoon at the Piedmont Driving Club in compliment to her guest, Mrs. Ludwik Sztoleman, of Warsaw, Poland. Garden flowers were used in decorating and the tables were arranged on the terrace. Mrs. Scott was assisted in entertaining by her daughter, Miss Virginia Crew, and in the afternoon ten guests called during the tea hour. At the conclusion of the card game prizes were awarded the holders of high scores in auction and contract and were attractive

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Mrs. Henry B. Scott Fetes Mrs. Sztoleman.

Mrs. Henry Bernard Scott was hostess to four tables of bridge yesterday afternoon at the Piedmont Driving Club in compliment to her guest, Mrs. Ludwik Sztoleman, of Warsaw, Poland. Garden flowers were used in decorating and the tables were arranged on the terrace. Mrs. Scott was assisted in entertaining by her daughter, Miss Virginia Crew, and in the afternoon ten guests called during the tea hour. At the conclusion of the card game prizes were awarded the holders of high scores in auction and contract and

Women Voters' League Plans Lecture Series

A series of lectures and discussions on child study is announced by the Women's Voter League of Atlanta, Georgia for July 14, 15, 16 at 2:30 o'clock in the ball room of the Biltmore. The subjects carefully chosen by experts are: July 14, "The Early Education of the Child," Miss Williette Allen; July 15, "The Place of Play in the Education of the Child," Miss Grace Fry; July 16, "Emotional Adjustment," Miss Ralph Wager. The lectures are on the teaching staff of Emory University summer school and are authorities on child training. Each lecture will be followed by an open discussion. Mothers of young children, and especially those who have children in school, are urged to bring their problems for analysis and possible solution. Tickets for the course of three lectures are \$2.50; single tickets \$1, which may be secured at league headquarters, 356 Candler Annex, or from Mrs. Sinclair Jacobs or Mrs. T. M. Stubbs.

Eighth Ward League of Women Voters meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in the ball room of the Georgian Terrace. The program will be the second installment of the study of city government, and a resume of the grand jury investigation of graft in the city government.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sawtell, chairman of membership, announces a meeting of the committee Friday at 11 o'clock at league headquarters.

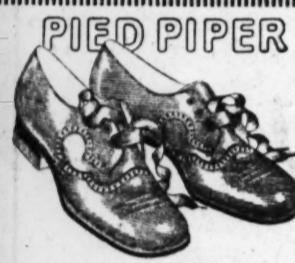
At the recent meeting of the board it was decided that the annual parliamentary class should be held the last part of August, exact time and place to be left in the hands of Mrs. J. W. Wills, parliamentarian.

Mrs. Bigham Fetes Alpha Delta Pi Club.

Mrs. Martha Adams Bigham entertained members of the Atlanta Alpha Club at Alpha Delta Pi at her home on Stillwood drive yesterday. Mrs. J. B. McNeely won the prize for top score and Mrs. Hugh Dobbs won a prize. Those present were Mrs. Homer Sanford, daughter of the hostess, who assisted in entertainments of the guests; Mesdames J. D. McNeely, Womble, Griffin, E. K. Bryan, John Salenberger, John Folsom, Hugh Dobbs, Guy Newman, McDonald, Brittan, Ed Janes, Joe Ponder, W. Henry Smith, J. S. Pope, W. S. Neims, Frank Hooper, W. T. Asher, Misses Mary Wood, Helen Bach.

School of Oratory Gives Recital.

The opening recital of the July term of the Atlanta School of Oratory and Expression was given in the studios of the school, 402-3 Wesley Memorial Church building, Thursday, July 10, at 11 a.m. Miss Sue Lee Walton, one of the advanced students, rendered a graduate program. The program included readings from the children's department in the person of Jackie Bilmier Stearns. Dr. J. D. Bradley, president of Webster University, gave the first lecture on "The Necessity of Definite and Thorough Training." The next recital will be held at 11 o'clock Thursday, July 10, in the studios of the school.



Clearance

Small Lots—Broken Sizes

Children's and Misses' Health Shoes

Savings Up to 40%

Sizes $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8

\$2.87 \$3.87

Combination or plain leathers—camp, play or dress wear. Pied Piper Shoes—8th floor

GEO. MUSE CLOTHING CO.

Muse
Styleful Hot Weather Suits for Boys

MUSE SUITS OF

SOLAR TWIST
and Nurotex
\$18.50

With 2 Long Trousers

The new prep model, with two-button coat. In trim blues, grays, tans—and silvery white, smartly striped.

GEORGE MUSE CLOTHING CO.

Miss Louiese Caroline Hay's Engagement Announced to Dr. Joseph Harper Gaston



Mrs. Settles Fetes Fulton Chapter U.D.C.

Mrs. E. G. Settles' home in Hapeville was thrown open yesterday to Fulton Chapter U.D.C. In the absence of Mrs. Settles, her daughter, Mrs. John Maddox, was the hostess, and the president, Mrs. Howard McCutcheon, presided. Plans for a new chapter house were discussed, a lot on Cascade road having been donated by Dr. B. A. Connelly to Fulton chapter. An invitation was received from Atlanta Chapter U.D.C. to be their guests July 16, celebrating the birthday of the late historian, Miss Millie B. Rutherford. A report of the state C. of the convention held in Sylvester was given by Elizabeth Ann Davis. An invitation was accepted from Atlanta Chapter D. A. R. to be their guests on July 4. Plans were discussed for a watermelon cutting to be held for the old soldiers, the date to be announced later. The speaker for the meeting was voted to be Rev. M. L. D. T. Quinn, expressing regret at her illness. A report was given by Mrs. John Golden and Mrs. Joe Kirby on their trip to Lakewood park, accompanied by the old soldiers. Mrs. McCutcheon invited them to her home to the chapter house held the month before until the chapter house is built. Mrs. John Williams gave a report on the recent general convention held in Biloxi, Miss., as Fulton chapter's representative.

Miss Eloise Kilpatrick Weds Mr. Printup at Home Service

The wedding of Miss Eloise Kilpatrick and Charles Lanz Printup, of Memphis, Tenn., was solemnized Wednesday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents in Boulevard Park. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. Z. Tyler, of the Grace M. E. church, in the presence of friends and relatives.

Following the ceremony a program of spiritual music was rendered by Miss Grace Gaffney, pianist, and Mrs. J. R. Wilkinson, contralto, who sang "If I Build a World for You," by Lisa Lehmann. During the ceremony "To a Wild Rose" was softly played on a harp. The bride's mother, Mrs. Printup, was seated in a high-backed chair at the end of the spacious living room. On either side of the altar were open-branched cathedral candleabra holding unshaded tapers and placed in the center was a tall floor basket of white gladiolus. The chandeliers and down-ways were gracefully festooned with asparagus fern.

Bridal Party.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Walter Elizabeth Kilpatrick, and mother, Mrs. Printup, in white chiffon, with a fitted waist and long, full skirt with uneven hemline. She carried a bouquet of pink roses, showered with sweet peas tied with pastel ribbon. The groom's brother,

David Printup, of Memphis, Tenn., served as best man.

The little flower girl was Miss Kathryn Ann Riordan, of Charlotte, N. C., dressed in pink point d'esprit, scattering rose petals from a basket of nasturtium flowers.

The bride's mother, Mrs. Printup, was dressed in white chiffon, with a added touch of sentiment was the veil and orange blossoms which were worn by her paternal grandmother 57 years ago. She carried a shower bouquet of pink roses and valley lilies, tied with white tulle.

Informal Reception.

Following the ceremony an informal reception was held in the garden, scattering out the colors—bunches of pink and white, were used in the music and dining room. The bride's table was over-

laid with an imported lace cover, on which was placed the three-tier wedding cake, decorated with white chiffon, with a fitted waist and long, full skirt with uneven hemline. She carried a bouquet of pink roses, showered with sweet peas tied with pastel ribbon. The groom's brother,

David Printup, of Memphis, Tenn., served as best man.

The bride's mother was gowned in white chiffon, with shoulder bouquet of pink rosebuds and valley lilies. The groom's mother wore French blue figured chiffon, a shoulder bouquet of pink roses and valley lilies completing the costume.

Later the bride and bridegroom left for a wedding trip through North Carolina and will make their home in Memphis, where Mr. Printup is connected with the Buckeye Cotton Oil Company.

Miss Printup is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kilpatrick and has lived in Atlanta all her life. She attended Girls' High school, later taking

business courses. She has been connected with the Gulf Refining Company. She is a member of the Tau Beta Phi national sorority.

Mr. Printup is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Printup of Memphis, formerly of Atlanta, Ga., and has lived

in Atlanta all his life. He graduated from Georgia Tech and is a member of the Delta Sigma Phi fraternity. He was connected with the Buckeye Cotton Oil Company here but for the past few years has been connected with their office in Memphis.

The Fifth Floor

The Main Store



"The Style Center of the South"

July Clearance of Every Dress, Coat, Ensemble

Starting Monday
Continuing All Week

Starting Monday
Continuing All Week

Unrestricted choice of entire stock at great reductions offers unparalleled values for the style-conscious, thrifty-minded woman.

Dresses Suitable For:

Street, Sport, Town, Travel, Country, Afternoon and Evening Wear--

Materials Include:

Wash Crepes, Shantungs, Crepes, Chiffons, Print Crepes, Print Chiffons, Laces, Etc.

One Group Washable Crepe and Chiffon

Dresses

Formerly \$19.50
to \$29.50
Now \$11

One Group Lovely

Dresses

Formerly \$39.50
to \$49.50
Now \$18

Every Garment Is Strict Muse Quality and Authentic Muse Style, the Complete Assurance of Perfect Satisfaction.

One Group High Fashion

Dresses

Formerly \$49.50
to \$69.50
Now \$28

One Group French Room

Dresses

Formerly \$59.50
to \$89.50
Now \$36

All Other Dresses Reduced Proportionately

Every Spring Coat

Less Than $\frac{1}{2}$ Price

Every Spring Wool Ensemble

Less $\frac{1}{2}$ Price!

50 Exquisite Evening Dresses

Less $\frac{1}{2}$ Price!

Geo. Muse Clothing Co.

Benefit Bridge To Be Given At Woman's Club July 9

The benefit bridge to be given at the Atlanta Woman's Club, Wednesday, July 9, at 2:30 o'clock, is attracting widespread attention on account of the unusual array of handsome prizes secured by Mrs. Arthur Hazzard, chairman, and her co-workers. A month's time in which at the Griffith School of Music a \$250 order for a \$10 order for hat; a \$25 credit on electric refrigerator; a \$25 credit on an Electrolux; floor lamps, cakes and a hundred other grand prizes have been donated. Reservations may be made with Mrs. Simmons at Club or with Mrs. Hazzard or any of the executive board. The benefit is open to the public and is not confined to club members.

Learn to swim week under direction of Mrs. M. D. Farnham, club chairman for the week, co-operating with the American Red Cross, is arousing much interest. Harry A. Kenning, field representative of the American Red Cross first aid and life-saving

Wedding Plans of Miss Dana
And Mr. Pickett Announced

Announcement is made today by Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Nelson Dana of the wedding plans of their daughter, Miss Annie Laura Dana, and Thaddeus Jackson Pickett, of Los Angeles, Calif., formerly of Atlanta, whose engagement was announced recently. The marriage will take place Thursday at 5:30 o'clock at the Church of the Incarnation, Rev. G. W. Gasque officiating.

Miss Frances Dana, twin sister of the bride-elect, will be maid of honor. Mrs. Laura Dana, another sister of the bride-elect, will be bridesmaid. The bride will be given in marriage by her father, Orlando Nelson Dana, and the best man will be Irving Hards.

**Mrs. Allen and Dr. J. G. Williams
Wed at Ceremony in New York City**

NEW YORK, July 5.—(Special.) Mrs. Alline Vance Allen, of Buford, Ga., was married here at noon Saturday to Dr. James Griffin Williams, a well-known dentist of 2084 Brentwood drive, Atlanta, in the Little Church Around the Corner. Rev. L. C. Ferguson performed the ceremony. The bride's services as a deaconess, Mrs. Robert Headley, acting as the matron of honor and only attendant to the bride and Robert Headley the best man for Dr. Williams. After-

ward the couple returned to the Hotel Savoy-Plaza, where they are staying in the city. Dr. Williams would not reveal his plans for the honeymoon but said that he expected to visit Buford, Ga., the home of Mrs. Williams, in ten days.

Dr. Williams is the son of Rufus and Bell Leach Williams, of Rufus, La., where he was born. Mrs. Williams is the native of Buford, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Allen. Her first husband died in February, 1919.

Hubbard-Angle.

GREENSBORO, Ga., July 5.—(Special)—Judge James B. Park this afternoon united in marriage in his home here Riley Angle and Miss Hubbard, both of Greensboro. The recessed window of the parlor was decorated with handsome growing

plants and baskets of cut flowers. Shasta daisies and gladioli were on mantel and cabinets. Mrs. Park arranged the bride's bouquet of lace roses, pink carnations, gladioli, and lilies. After the ceremony fruit punch and cake were served to those present. Judge and Mrs. Park each remembered the young couple with pretty gifts.

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By Bessie S. Stafford.

Travel by air claims another enthusiast. Miss Ada Fuller, one of the matrons at the Home for Old Women, takes off from Candler field Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock on the first vacation she has ever had in all her life. The plane will head for Dallas, Texas, arriving there about 5:30 o'clock.

She will spend Tuesday night in Dallas and take another plane at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning at Love Field, landing shortly thereafter at the airport. She will be in Oklahoma City, Okla., and is keenly excited over the anticipation of the twin events in her life. Photo by Leonard & Co.

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Meetings

Whiteford Garden Club meets at Grant Park, Tuesday, July 8.

The W. A. R. M. A. meets at the home of Mrs. French J. Terrell, 1871 Piedmont avenue, Thursday, July 10, at 3:30 prompt.

Eighth Ward League of Women Voters meets Friday at 4 o'clock in the palm room of the Georgian Terrace.

Membership committee of Atlanta League of Women Voters meets Friday at 11 o'clock at league headquarters, 356 Candler annex.

Woman's Misionary Society of Druid Hills Methodist church meets in the church auditorium, Tuesday at 10 o'clock.

DeMolay Mothers' Auxiliary meets Friday at 3 o'clock at the home of Mrs. A. L. Myers, 1180 Boulevard, N. E.

Atlanta chapter, No. 57, O. E. S. meets Friday evening, July 11, at 8 o'clock at Joseph C. Greenfield Lodge on Moreland avenue.

Azaleas Garden Club meets Tuesday, July 8, at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Albert P. Wood, 148 Waverly Way, and Donald Hastings, of H. G. Hastings & Co., will give a talk.

The Druid Hills W. C. T. U. meets Wednesday, July 9, at 3 o'clock at the Druid Hills Methodist church.

Atlanta National Health Club meets 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, July 8, at 805 Medical Arts building.

Oglethorpe chapter, No. 12, O. E. S. meets Friday evening, July 11, at 8 o'clock in the Sardis Masonic temple at Buckhead.

John R. Wilkinson chapter, No. 55, meets Monday evening, July 7, in the chapter rooms, Bankhead avenue and Ashby street.

Kirkwood chapter, No. 223, meets Tuesday evening, July 8, at 8 o'clock in the Kirkwood Masonic hall.

North Atlanta chapter No. 36, O. E. S. will entertain Mrs. Donna Lowman, member of Grand Chapter of Georgia, at the meeting Thursday, July 10, at 8 o'clock at the temple, 1002 1/2 Hemphill avenue.

Pryor Street Pre-School Association meets at the home of Mrs. W. B. Forney Thursday at 3 o'clock.

Georgia chapter, No. 127, O. E. S. meets Thursday, July 10, at 8 o'clock in the Oglethorpe Masonic Lodge room, corner Georgia avenue and Pryor street. S. W. Election will be held for filling the office of worthy patron, left vacant by the death of James A. Hollis.

Past Officers' Club of Third District, I. O. O. F. of Georgia, meets Thursday with Piedmont Rebekah Lodge, at 423 1/2 Marietta street, at 8 o'clock. All members of the order are invited.

Pollyanna Class Entertained.

The Pollyanna class of the Philadelphia Presbyterian Sunday school was entertained on Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Henry Huie and Mrs. Marvin Baugh at the home of Mrs. Henry Huie. Those present were Misses James McDonald, Roy Corine, Calvin Orr, Paul Huie, Clark Huie, Clyde Calloway, Clyde Rushin, John Orr, Charles Reynolds, Ed Huie, Looney Lasseter, Marvin Foster, Knox Huie, Calvin Baugh, Henry Huie, Manley Hammett, Misses Kora, L. D. C. and Cora Huie, and Stella Matthews, of Atlanta.

Mrs. W. F. Catron Honors Sister.

Mrs. W. F. Catron was hostess at her home, 856 Ponce de Leon avenue, on the day of the marriage of her sister, Miss Louise Stokes, to Mr. George H. Baldowski, of Atlanta. Those present were Miss Louise Stokes, Helen Fair Mason, Mary Elizabeth Smith, Margaret McMillister, Dorothy Costello, Mesdames W. W. Kipple, I. T. Catron, Fred N. Willingham, W. T. McCollister, Jr., C. Little, Jr., O. T. Hennessey, Jr., Mrs. H. Amason, Fred P. Duval, T. Young and W. F. Catron.

Miss Faye Kennedy, Mr. Williams Are Married at Home Ceremony



Tricks of the Trade, Mrs. Piercy Chestney; Juncheon at Memorial Home. Afternoon Session—Presiding, Mrs. Clifford Walker and Mrs. Guy Wells; Parental Education, Miss Afton Smith; Value of P.T.A. as a Channel for Furthering Child Study, Miss Martha McAlpine; Outside Publicity, Miss Pauline Branyan; P.T.A. from Superintendent's Standpoint; Introduction of Guests by Superintendents; Mrs. Athens Council, garden of Mrs. C. A. Vernooy.

Thursday, July 24—Breakfasts, councils and pre-school circles; morning session, presiding, Mrs. Bruce Carr Jones and Mrs. W. F. Sessions; assembly singing, Miss Jennie Belle Smith, assisted by mothers' chorus; The P.T.A. and the Health Program, Dr. John P. Bowring; The Sunup Roundup and Kindred Matters, Mrs. Bruce Carr Jones; Play and Recreation, Mrs. J. O. Martin; Physical Education and Application to P.T.A., Mrs. Mary Ella Lundy Soule; Inside Publicity, Mrs. Cora Boterweg; an hour with the opera stars; Motion Pictures, Mrs. Piercy Chestney;

Safety, Miss Kathleen Mitchell; Lunch-hour, Georgia State Teachers' College. Afternoon Session—Presiding, Mrs. John W. Loyd and Mrs. J. Phil Campbell; Round Table: What the P.T.A. Movement Really Is, Mrs. R. H. Hankinson; Guiding Principles of the P.T.A., Mrs. P. H. Jeter; introduction of Past Presidents; P.T.A. in the Public Welfare Program; June Protection, Dr. James E. Faulkner; supper, Georgia State College of Agriculture, cafeteria, main building, Connor hall.

Friday, July 25—Presidents' breakfast; morning session, presiding, Mrs. M. S. Lanier and Mrs. Otto Kolb; assembly singing, Miss Jennie Belle Smith, assisted by mothers' chorus; The P.T.A. and the Health Program, Dr. John P. Bowring; The Sunup Roundup and Kindred Matters, Mrs. Bruce Carr Jones; Play and Recreation, Mrs. J. O. Martin; Physical Education and Application to P.T.A., Mrs. Mary Ella Lundy Soule; Inside Publicity, Mrs. Cora Boterweg; an hour with the opera stars; Motion Pictures, Mrs. Piercy Chestney;

Miss Gardner and Dr. Welton Wed in Decatur July 17

Centering interest of friends and relatives are the wedding plans of Miss Leila Frances Gardner and Dr. George A. Lyle, a member of the faculty of the Atlanta Naval academy. Dr. Frank Thewett, of the United States Marine hospital, Ellis Island, New York; Joseph and Ulrich Gardner, brothers of the bride, Miss Cliff Mable will be organist, Charles White soloist, and Mrs. Russell Young and her father, W. W. Leffingwell, violinists.

Dr. and Mrs. N. P. Pratt will entertain a small party before the rehearsal, and Mrs. Luise Gardner, mother of the bride, will entertain at a reception following the wedding, the guests including the bridal party, relatives and out-of-town guests. A number of parties are being planned for this popular bride-elect.

Miss Walker Honors Lassiter.

Miss Willie Mae Walker was hostess yesterday in her home on Moreland avenue, companion of Miss William Robert Lassiter, a recent bride. Misses Emily Wade and Maggie J. Maddox won the prizes in the contest, "A Floral Love Story," while Misses Catherine Holbrook and Ethel Elizabeth Eastin won the prizes in another contest.

Miss Susan B. Gardner, sister of the bride, will be maid of honor.

The bride's mother, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Sally Mae Lindsey, Katherine O'Neil, of Greenville, S. C., and Mrs. C. W. Hamilton, formerly Miss Leona Bowers, Anne Gardner, little niece of the bride, will be flower girl, and Norman Gardner, her nephew, will be ring bearer.

William Sennett Gardner will give

his sister in marriage, and John Hineman, of New York city, will be best man and the groomsmen will be George A. Lyle, a member of the faculty of the Atlanta Naval academy.

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Social Items

Miss Waite Is Instructor
Of Publix Stage Units

Miss Jeannette W. Waite, pictured above, talented dance instructor for the Publix Theater Corporation, has just completed training the "Valentines on Parade" number, with which the Paramount theater opened yesterday.

BY TREVA H. SHAFTO.

In Miss Jeannette Waite, talented dancer and instructor, the Publix Theater Corporation, has a most capable and competent teacher to produce new numbers and offerings for the public. Miss Waite has studied dancing since she was a child, and for many years has worked ceaselessly and tirelessly to perfect her work and has gone far in her chosen field. As a tiny child she dreamed of the days when she would appear on the stage and, through her interpretative dances, give pleasure to lovers of Terpsichore. This southern girl, Virginia born and bred, did not go unnoticed, and at an early age she was chosen for a European tour as one of the internationally famous Gertrude Hoffmann girls and played in Germany, France and England. Following her successful tour with the Hoffmanns, Miss Waite has played in innumerable New York productions, and has only recently been forced to leave the vaudeville stage work on account of ill health. Knowing Miss Waite was in

Florida recuperating, the Publix took advantage of this opportunity to secure her as an instructor for their various units. As an example of her capability, Miss Waite took a group of girls in Atlanta, who had never before worked together and on the second rehearsal day of "Valentines on Parade," the entire group knew the complete routine.

This attractive and dignified young lady takes her work most seriously and lectures her girls unstintingly to instill into them the higher ideals of showmanship. Miss Waite, herself a descendant of distinguished southern ancestors, is an exquisite and patrician example of the heights to which the modern girl has risen. From the old days when the word, showgirl, was accompanied with a raise of the eyebrows and a questionable shrug of the shoulders.

Miss Waite left last evening for New Orleans, where she will train another of the southern circuit units for their trip to Texas, she will return to Florida where she will join her mother, Mrs. L. P. Waite, for a well-earned rest. —T. H. S.

Point, N. Y., where she will spend some time with her son and daughter, Captain and Mrs. C. G. Gerhardt. She will return to Atlanta in the fall.

Dr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Weedon announced the arrival of a daughter, Josephine Davis Weedon, June 29, in Yonkers, N. Y. ***

Miss John R. Slider is spending several weeks with her son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Slider, at their home in New Orleans, La. ***

Miss Caroline Selden, who has been visiting at Sea Island Beach and Jacksonville, Fla., will return this evening, accompanied by Miss Virginia Saussey, of Jacksonville. Miss Saussey will be feted at a number of social gatherings during her stay. ***

Mrs. W. R. Jackson and Mrs. J. C. Faust, of Greensboro, N. C., are visiting Misses Leila and Lucy Jernigan. ***

Mrs. C. E. Boisseau, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is visiting Mrs. W. H. Cantrell at her home on Emory road. ***

Guests at St. Elmo Inn at St. Simons include Miss Matie L. Ivey, Mrs. Fred W. Anderson, Miss Margaret Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Mack Evans, Miss Ollie Howard, T. H. Bonner, Miss Allie Segraves, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Reynolds, Miss Gene Gregory, Miss English Nelson and J. O. Smith. ***

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Kemp are spending several days in Florida. Mary Jane Kemp, their little daughter, is at Camp Ko-oo-ka-ta. ***

H. B. Duckworth, Mrs. J. B. Horne and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Kirkpatrick are at the Cloister hotel for the weekend. ***

Dr. James E. Paullin is in New York to meet his wife and daughter, who are returning from Europe on the Britannic, due tomorrow. ***

Mrs. J. A. Hollis, who has been seriously ill in a local sanitarium for the past five weeks, is now convalescing at her residence on Pryor street, S. W. ***

Misses Virginia and John Bowie and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Allison are spending the Fourth of July holiday in Blowing Rock, N. C. They will return to the city to day. ***

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Booth, of Greensboro, visited in Atlanta on the Fourth, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cook. ***

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Weller, of Brookhaven, Ga., arrived in Atlanta yesterday to visit their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Elder, at their home on Brighton road. Mrs. Elder and little son, M. H. Elder, Jr., have recently returned to their home from Piedmont sanitarium. ***

Misses Belle Cooper, Evelyn Ewing and Elizabeth Hudson sailed yesterday from New York city to spend several months in Europe. ***

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Daly have returned from Mobile, Ala., where they were called on account of the illness of their sister, Mary Loris Clarke, who is now convalescing. ***

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Benson and children spent the past week in Mobile, Ala., with Mrs. L. M. Benson. Mrs. Benson was the recipient of a party each day during her stay. ***

Dr. Shelley C. David left today for Radin Springs, Ga., where he will attend the meeting of the Chattahoochee Valley Medical Society. ***

Mr. and Mrs. Paul S. Pause announced the birth of a daughter June 30 at St. Joseph's infirmary. She has been given the name Barbara Edwina. ***

Dr. Frank Estridge is convalescing from an appendicitis operation recently performed at St. Joseph's infirmary and is at his home, 1705 Peachtree road. ***

Miss Katharine Cady, daughter of George Cady, of Chicago, Ill., is visiting her aunts, Mrs. Vassar Wooley and Mrs. Lamar Lipscomb, at their home on Spring street. Her mother,

was the late Mrs. Katharine Rutherford Cady, from whom she inherits much of her charm and beauty. ***

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Moseley and daughters, Margaret and Eloise Blossey, of 770 Myrtle street, will leave today for several weeks at Virginia Beach, Virginia. ***

Mr. J. W. Rawlings, of Louisville, Ky., is at the Henry Grady hotel for several days visiting. ***

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis M. Clark announce the birth of a daughter July 3 at Wesley Memorial hospital. ***

Mrs. Fannie Mae Dabney, Mrs. Frank Dabney and A. L. Dabney will leave Wednesday for a motor trip through Nashville, Tenn., Louisville, Ky., and other points of interest. ***

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Berman, accompanied by Miss Ethelyn Emmons Johnson and Miss Alice Phillips, of Baltimore, Md., arrived yesterday from Baltimore to Atlanta and are visiting Mrs. M. R. Emmons at her home on Seventeenth street. Mr. Berman returns to Maryland the latter part of this week but will spend August here with Mrs. Berman. ***

Mrs. Lillian Stars, who has spent several days in Lakemont with friends this week, is in Warm Springs for the week-end, accompanied by her sister, Evelyn. ***

L. Chafage, Miss S. Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bookout and Mr. and Mrs. A. Medlock are in New York city. ***

R. P. Parks, of 29 Caeir street, N. W., is visiting in Chicago, Ill. ***

Misses Anne, Dorothy and Lois Hinton, of Athens, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Bomar Olds, of Springdale road. ***

Mrs. J. F. Edens

To Honor Class.

Miss J. F. Edens will be hostess to the Home Makers' class of Moreland Avenue Baptist church at her home, 509 Bryant street, Thursday, July 10, at 2:30 o'clock.

The general Y. W. C. A. conference which is held each summer at Blue Ridge, N. C., opened July 5. Representing the Atlanta association are Mrs. James C. Hobart, president of the board of directors; Mrs. W. W. Alexander, chairman of the Blue Ridge Fellowship; Mrs. E. Marvin Henderwood, chairman of the World Fellowship committee; Mrs. Hinton Longino, chairman of Camp Highland committee, and Miss Libby Barren, who goes as delegate from the Business Girls club. ***

The conference program is planned from the viewpoint of local responsible membership or leadership in a wide sense and will be unusually helpful. Among the prominent speakers appearing before the various groups are Professor and Mrs. Alva W. Taylor of Vanderbilt University; Miss Louise Young, of Scarritt college; Miss Pauline Melnarova, of

Czechoslovakia; Miss Oolah Turner, who will lead the morning devotionals; Miss Grace Coyle, economist, and others. Miss Gretta Smith, who recently spent several days visiting the Atlanta Y, is general chairman of the conference. Miss Grace Risley, acting as associate chairman, delegates will return to Atlanta July 12, when conference closes.

One of the most interesting features at Camp Highland is Y. W. C. A. camp for girls about 12 miles from Atlanta. The camp newspaper, which is read each Saturday, features the conclusion of stunt-night programs. Miss Martha Fowler is the competent editor-in-chief and is assisted by Miss Queenie Mathews. In the Who's Who contest conducted June 23-30, Miss Queenie Mathews was voted as having the prettiest eyes; Miss Hatfield, High Chiles as being the happiest; Miss Sara Suttles, whitest; Miss

Ches, most babyish, and Miss Marion West, most intelligent.

Camp Highland will be crowded to capacity during the holiday week-end when an unusually large crowd went out to enjoy the barbecue and pageant on July 4. The J. O. Y. Sunday school class from the Baptist Tabernacle were special guests Friday.

Dr. W. W. Alexander, widely known in Atlanta as head of the International Com.ission has seen secured to lead the devotional at Camp Highland Saturday morning. He and Mrs. Alexander are members of the Y. W. C. A. board of directors, will remain for lunch and sight-seeing trip over the camp.

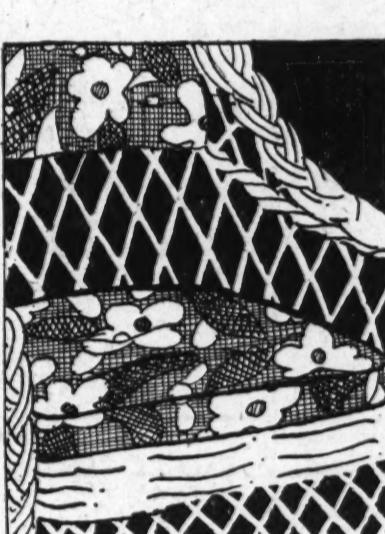
Mrs. G. F. Walker, dietitian at the cafeteria, announces that the Thursday special for next week is butter-scotch pie, which one of the favorite dishes of the entire menu and has been requested often in other days. The addition of whole pecans and inch-high meringue makes Y. butter-scotch deliciously different. The Y. cafeteria is conveniently situated in the downtown shopping district, 23 1/2 Alabama street.

Follow the Crowds to Rich's!

Special Purchase and Sale! 100

Bar Harbor Cushion Sets

\$1.29



—Gay cushions that will bring soft, pillow comfort to your wicker chairs! Shaped to the contour of sprawling Bar Harbors . . . they are filled with pure layer cotton . . . and expertly tufted and finished. Covered in colorful cretonnes, crashes and linens . . . small, medium and large in design!

A Note to Trousseau-Collectors!

Cedar-Lined Walnut Chests

\$15.75 to \$39.75

—Rich's features at all times the most complete collection of chests in Atlanta . . . diminutive chests that a young 'Teener would adore for her intimate "hope" things . . . veritable window seats that a young bride will choose to treasure her finest linens! Finished in walnut . . . lined in redolent cedar!

DEMI-GLAZED CHINTZES. Never before priced under 69c yd! Full 36-in. width! Only . . .

49c

—RICH'S, STREET FLOOR



\$4.95 to \$7.50

Genuine Pewter

\$3.50

—The charm of Colonial days is linked with a spirit entirely modern in the dull lustre and gracious simplicity of this finest pewter. Including candelabra, pitchers, tea pots, bowls, ice tubs, vases, cream and sugars, etc. Just 100 pieces!

—RICH'S, STREET FLOOR



Novelty Stationery

49c

—On your desk they look like books with colorful, modernistic backs . . . in reality they're boxes of stationery containing 24 sheets of fair white paper and 24 matching envelopes that display richly-tinted linings.

—RICH'S, STREET FLOOR



\$4.95

—A clock that will merrily tick-tock its way into the heart of every cook . . . insuring prompt meals, efficient service, and the cheery companionship of its amusing shape and gay color. Guaranteed Waterbury movement.

—RICH'S, STREET FLOOR

Final Clearance

Sale

Fur Coats

Now comes the opportunity of a lifetime to buy that fur coat you have long wanted—for but a fraction of its real value. The selection affords the wide and diversified groups of our wonderful stocks which include

CARACUL . . . \$ 79.50
SILVER MUSKRATS \$ 98.50
Natural and Dyed **SQUIRREL \$169.50**
AMERICAN BROADTAILS . . . \$125.00
JAPANESE MINK \$225.00

ALL AT FINAL DRASIC REDUCTIONS

Do not delay. At the astoundingly low prices we have marked coats—most anyone who can afford a good cloth coat can afford these. In addition, our convenient payment plan makes purchasing easy.

Willner's
"The Symbol of Safety in Furs"
218 Peachtree Street
Walnut 8918

Imported Leather Bags

\$4.95

—New Fall bags in July? Certainly, and imported ones at that! Perfect traveling companions for cooler climates . . . the advanced mode that stay-at-homes will flourish proudly . . . Moroccan leather bags, in navy, brown, tan and black.

—RICH'S, STREET FLOOR



39c to 59c

New Cotton Prints
25c

39-in. Fern Voiles!
39-in. Pleasant Voiles!
39-in. Garden Gate Voiles!
39-in. Embroidery Prints!
39-in. Picture Chiffons!
39-in. A. B. C. Batiste!
39-in. Daphne Dimities!
36-in. Parkdale Piques!
36-in. Broadcloth Prints!
36-in. Printed Ratines!
36-in. Printed Beach Cloths!
Every Color Tab-Fast!

—RICH'S, SECOND FLOOR

\$2.98



Of Imported Voile,
All Hand-Made!
With Drawn-Work,
Embroidery,
Pleatings, Capes,
Tucks. All Sizes,
14 to 44.

—The demure type voiles are staging a glorious comeback now that simplicity and femininity are in again! These are by far the sweetest frocks we've seen this Summer . . . angelic blues and pinks, fresh buttercup yellows and cool mint greens in styles that float capes over their shoulders, wear sprays of embroidery on their yokes, and flare their skirts as impudently as their silken sisters! Sizes 14 to 44.

THE SUMMER DRESS SHOP
—RICH'S, SECOND FLOOR

Have You Bought Yours Yet?

Echophone Radios

Complete and Installed
In Your Home! No
Other Charges.
Operates in A. C. Light
Sockets!

\$59.50



Easy Terms—
\$5 Down,
\$5 Monthly

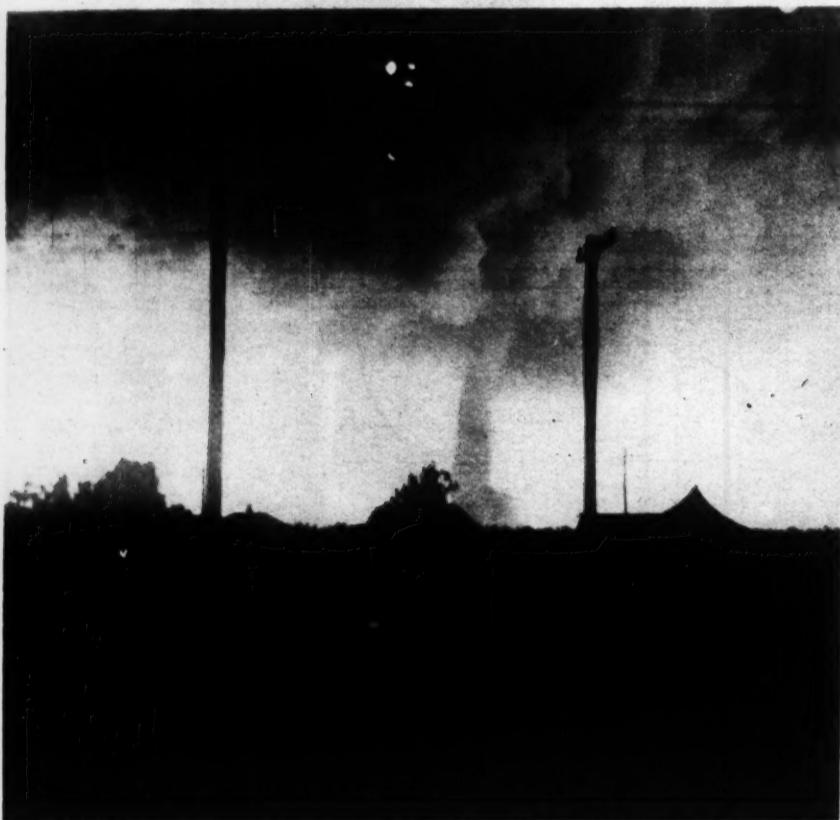
RADIO DEPT.
—RICH'S, FOURTH FLOOR

RICH'S

INC.



GEORGIA'S ROUGH RIDERS—This beautiful silhouette shows the University of Georgia R. O. T. C. cavalry unit doing some spectacular riding during their annual encampment at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.—(Kenneth Rogers.)

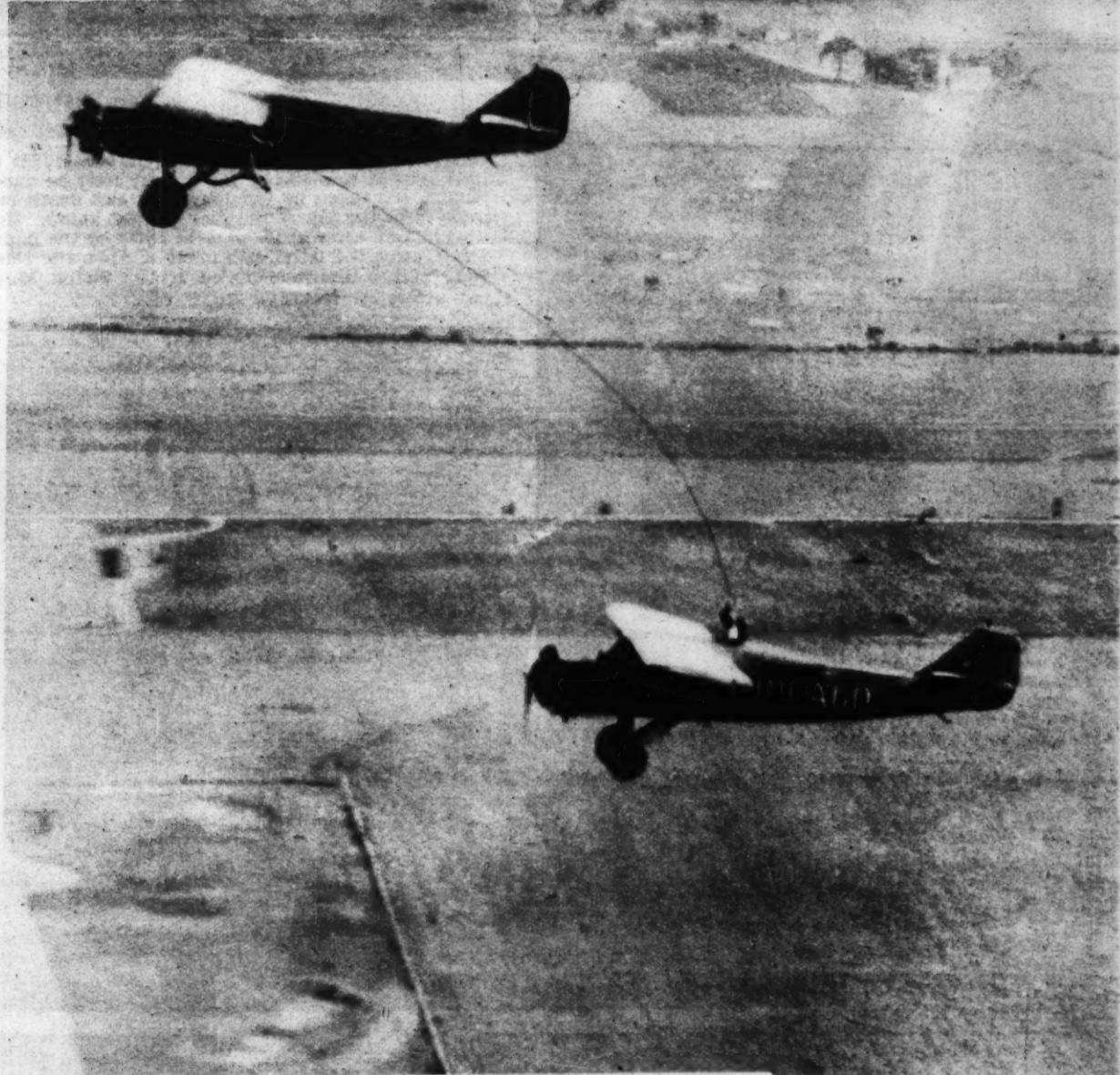


THE TWISTER which struck near Lexington, Neb., causing the death of a farmer and serious injury to six other persons as well as heavy property damage, was photographed as it approached the city.



NICARAGUAN BEAUTY HERE—Senorita Haydee Morales, who was the Nicaraguan entrant in the Miami beauty contest held in March, has been the object of an international search following her disappearance after the contest. She was recently discovered, by The Constitution, living in Atlanta.—(Associated Press.)

FAMOUS HORSE KILLED IN SPILL—Willanje, a famous steeplechaser in Australia, was killed in this spill—a broken neck. His rider, R. Inkson, shown tangled up in the other horses' flying hoofs, was not seriously injured.



SPEAKING OF ENDURANCE!—The "City of Chicago," which set a new world's record for sustained flight is shown being refueled after it had crashed the old mark of 420 hours.

A FAMILY AFFAIR—Miss Irene Hunter did the cooking for her four brothers who set a new refueling air endurance record in Chicago. The brothers, John and Kenneth, flew the endurance ship "City of Chicago," while Walter and Albert operated the refueling plane. Left to right: Walter, John, Miss Irene, Albert, and Kenneth.—(Associated Press.)



REPRESENTED GEORGIA—Alice Louise Garretson, graduate of Agnes Scott college, who was "Miss Georgia" by appointment of the governor representing Georgia in the Asheville Rhododendron festival. Miss Garretson has been offered a fellowship in chemistry and biology at Emory University



ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL PHOTOS EVER MADE—Ray C. Spang, of Ansonia, Conn., seated on ledge of West Rock cliff at New Haven, Conn., just after he had hurled his wife and four children to their deaths. Shortly after picture was taken he jumped to his own death from spot where he is shown sitting. Spang climbed down to the ledge from the top of the rock, 70 feet above. He fought with his wife at the top and threw her over, then threw the children after her. All were killed by the impact, 300 feet below. A fireman at the end of a rope talked to Spang after the latter had climbed down the side of the rock to the ledge. He failed to get him to seize the rope and watched him jump to his death. Spang, 36, was a war veteran, discharged from a hospital in the Bronx the day before the tragedy. (AP)



EXPLORER GETS ACQUAINTED WITH SON—Lieutenant Malcolm Hanson, radio engineer with the Byrd expedition, shown in Washington making friends with his son, who was born while his father was in the south pole regions.



(Right)
COLLEGE PRESIDENT WITHOUT A DEGREE—Walter Williams, who has risen from a lowly printer's devil to the presidency of the University of Missouri without benefit of sheepskin. Although he has never received a college degree, President Williams founded the Missouri School of Journalism.



THE CHINESE JUNK "MASKEE," in which members of the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club are planning to tour the world. The four members of the crew who will make the trip plan to take two years for their cruise. (AP)



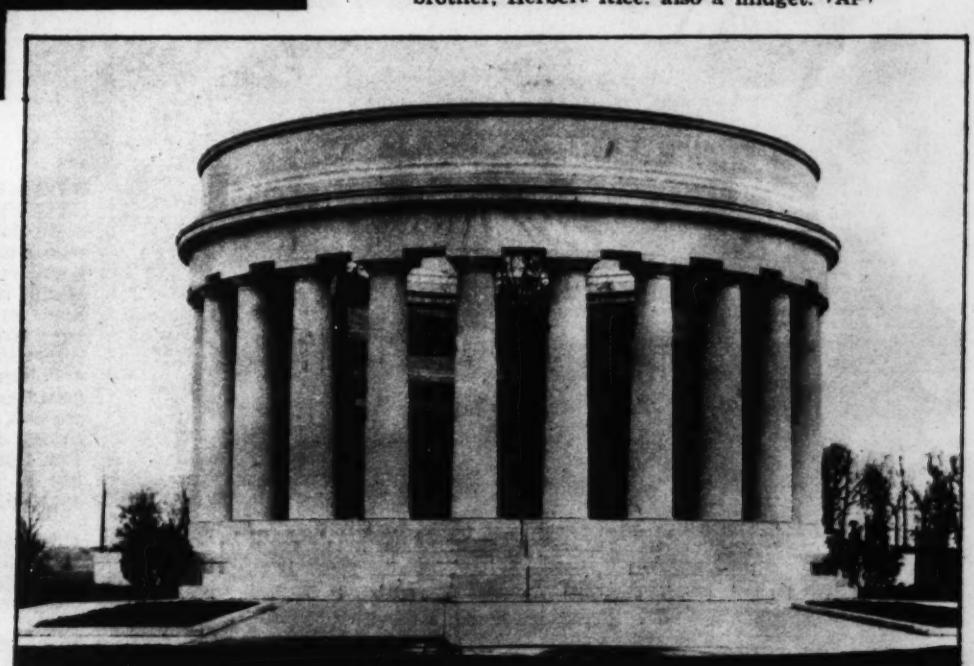
CATCHING HUMAN FISH—Flora Lamb, champion girl swimmer at Catalina Island, Cal., and H. Page Randall, expert angler, are shown having an interesting time in trying to determine whether Flora is a better fish than Randall is fisherman. Randall is trying to pull the swimmer in, using regulation fishing tackle. He finally did. (AP)



NOTED GERMAN RAIDER TO TEACH AMERICAN BOYS—Count and Countess Felix Von Luckner, on board the "Mepella," in which they will sail through the West Indies this summer. They will take with them 45 boys to teach them seamanship and instill a love for the sea. (AP)



DIMINUTIVE MOTHER—Mrs. Fremont G. Leslie, 30, who weighs 48 pounds and is 45 inches tall, gave birth to a seven-pound girl in a Minneapolis hospital. Her husband, of normal height, is standing behind her brother, Herbert Rice, also a midget. (AP)



MAGNIFICENT HARDING MEMORIAL at Marion, Ohio, stands completed and ready for dedication. It was erected at a cost of \$800,000, and required eight years to finish.



CHIEF LUMINARY
OF A BRIGHT
LIGHTS PICTURE
— Betty Compson
in a pose from
"Czar of Broad-
way." To be seen
at the Capitol.



JOHNNY MACK IN
SILHOUETTE —
Historic Kit Gar-
son's cave is the
scene of some of
the shots in "Billy
the Kid." John
Mack Brown, for-
mer southern foot-
ball star, is seen
here in an unusual
study from the pic-
ture



THE BLACK
AND BLONDE
OF IT — Dixie
Lee, Fox star, in
her next picture
will try to make
her audiences
"Cheer Up and
Smile," which is
also the title of
the production.



NO FOOLIN'
HERE! — Ian
Keith and Al-
leen Pringle in
a "close-up"
from "Prince
of Diamonds,"
to be seen soon
in Atlanta.



(Left)
SHE ADOPTED RAMON BY MAIL
— Grandma Baker, of Oak Park,
Ill., and Ramon Novarro, whom
she adopted as a grandson after a
"fan" correspondence of years.



IN MANY SCENES OF ANT-
ARCTIC PICTURE — Admiral
Byrd is seen "at home" in the
snowy wastes of the south
pole region in "With Byrd at
the South Pole." To be seen
at the Paramount.



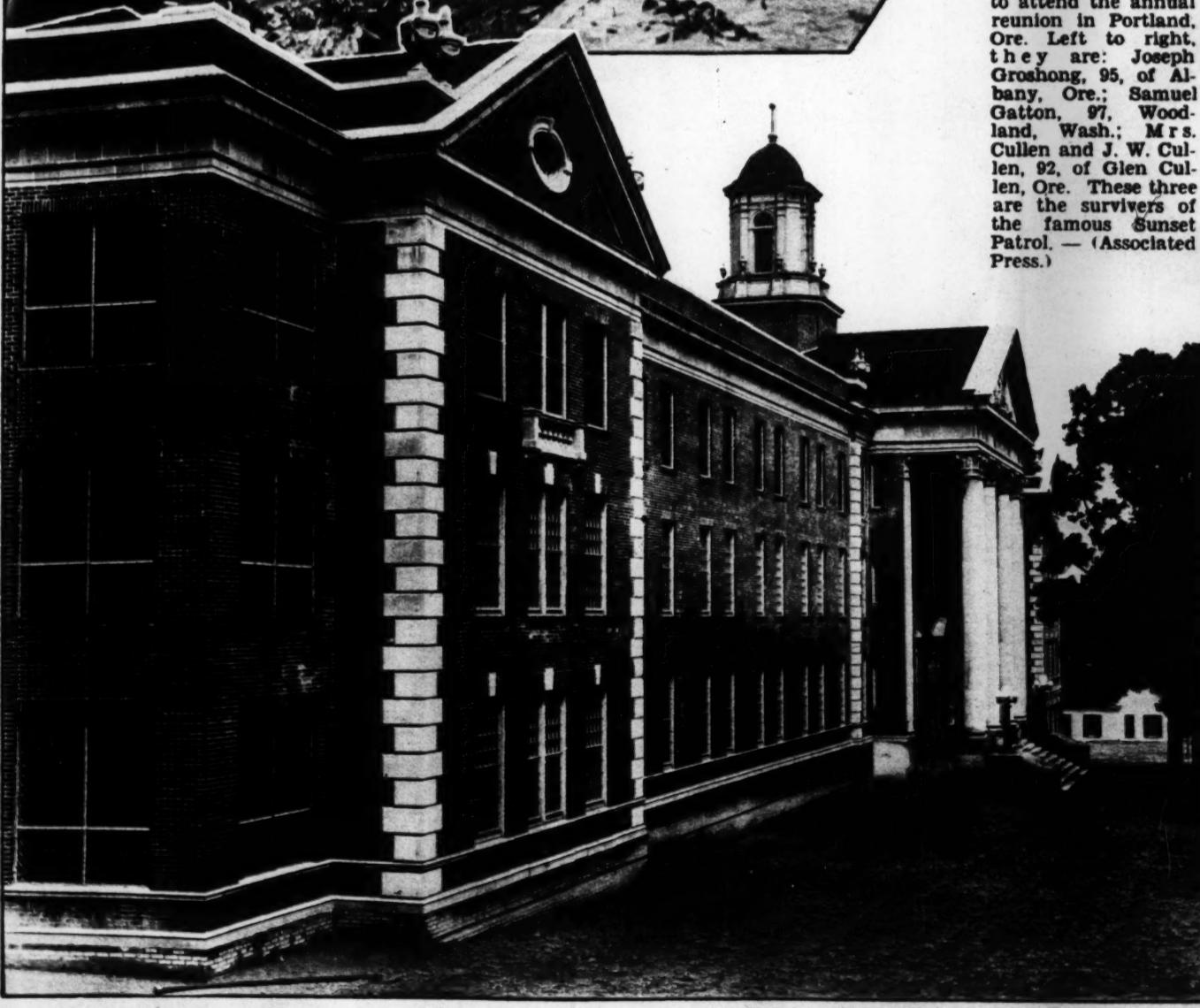
A GIANT TREE which crashed into a house on Whitehall street during the terrific windstorm that struck Atlanta recently as a climax of the record-breaking heat wave. Photo below shows fallen trees blocking traffic on Brotherton street.



COLONIAL STYLES STAGE A COME-BACK—Miss Peggy Gordon, left is not the reincarnation from America's hoop skirt days. She is an English girl taking part in the Ascot track fashion parade attired in the very newest of summer styles. It is a white chiffon gown trimmed with black velvet ribbon with long black gloves adding to the effect. Her companion is wearing a black chiffon gown and a blue picture hat.



ONLY THREE VETS AT INDIAN WAR REUNION—Only these three veterans of the Indian wars were able to attend the annual reunion in Portland, Ore. Left to right, they are: Joseph Groshong, 95, of Albany, Ore.; Samuel Gatton, 97, Woodland, Wash.; Mrs. Cullen and J. W. Cullen, 92, of Glen Cullen, Ore. These three are the survivors of the famous Sunset Patrol. — (Associated Press.)



NEW DORMITORY OF GEORGIA STATE HOSPITAL AT MILLEDGEVILLE—This modern, fireproof building, to accommodate 240 inmates, will be one of the best of its kind in the United States, costing, when fully equipped, about \$300,000. Mattresses and chairs in the building were made by insane patients.



NEW DRY CHIEF—Colonel A. W. W. Woodcock, of Baltimore, Md., who has been selected to direct the bureau of prohibition, Washington, D. C.—(Associated Press.)



(Above)
A RECORD—Miss Ruby Price, of Holly Springs, Ga., junior high school, has not missed a single recitation in the last five years. Miss Price lives three miles from school.—(Loudermilk.)

(Left)
FOR THE DECORATIVE SPECTATOR—A yellow shantung sports ensemble indorses a soft, tied neckline, knife pleats all 'round its skirt; and a jacket with broad pastel stripes and stitched design.

(Right)
MISS REGINA WEINBERG, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Weinberg, was the winner of a loving cup and three gold medals in music contests held here recently.

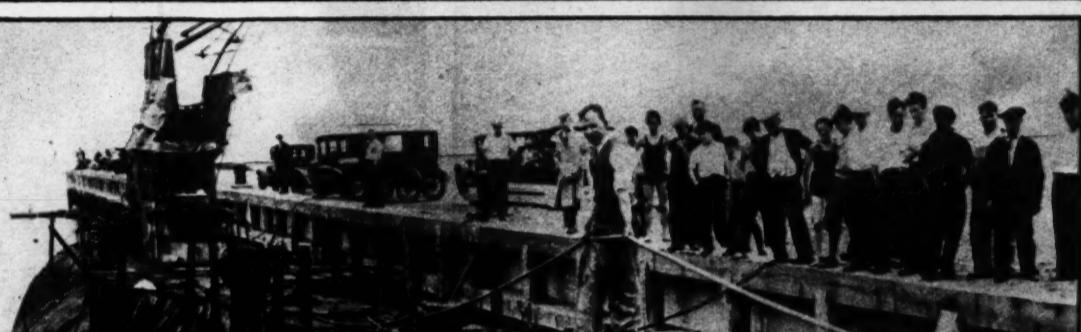




THE SMILE OF SUCCESS—Left to right, Captain J. P. Saul, navigator; Captain Charles Kingsford-Smith, pilot; M. E. Van Dyk, assistant pilot, and J. W. Stannage, wireless operator of the plane "Southern Cross," which recently flew the westward course across the Atlantic.



A PLEASANT (?) HUNTING PARTY—Members of the Von Dungern expedition to the bush of the former German East Africa, chopping their way through the matted underbrush. A native hunter is shown in the background, with spear ready in case of assault by wild animals.



TOMB OF THIRTY-THREE
—The United States navy submarine S-51, being towed from the Brooklyn navy yard. When she sank off Rhode Island five years ago, 33 members of the crew lost their lives. The vessel will be scrapped.



NIGHT BASEBALL was inaugurated recently in Indianapolis under 75 million candlepower light. Photo shows a game in progress.



WEDDING BELLS—Edmund R. Gibson, known to movie fans as Hoot Gibson, and Sally Ellers, 21, who were married recently in California. It is Gibson's third marriage.—(Associated Press.)



BUDDIES—When this pair strode before the judges at the English Canine Association show, they "brought down the house."

BACK TO THE FEMININE—An ensemble reminiscent of other days—a quaint, old-time printed frock with rick-rack braid as a trimming in both the frock and hat. In keeping with the feminine mode coming in once more. — (Associated Press.)



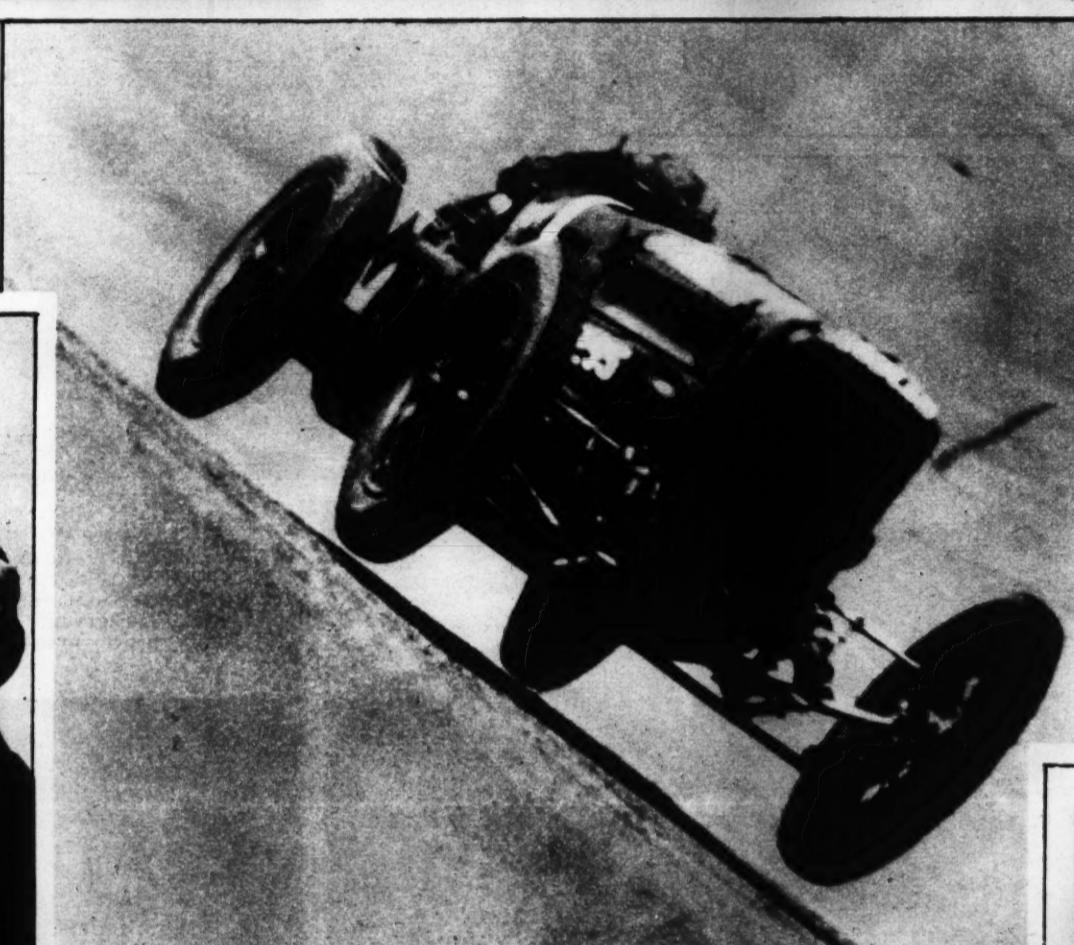
HERO OF SCOUTDOM—Paul Sipple, of Erie, Pa., a Boy Scout on the Byrd expedition, tells Scouts in Washington of his adventures on the polar expedition.—(Associated Press.)



NOBODY HURT!—This airplane crashed into a parked automobile near the congressional airport, Washington. It turned over and the propeller went through the top of the car, but neither the occupants of the plane nor the car were injured.—(Associated Press)



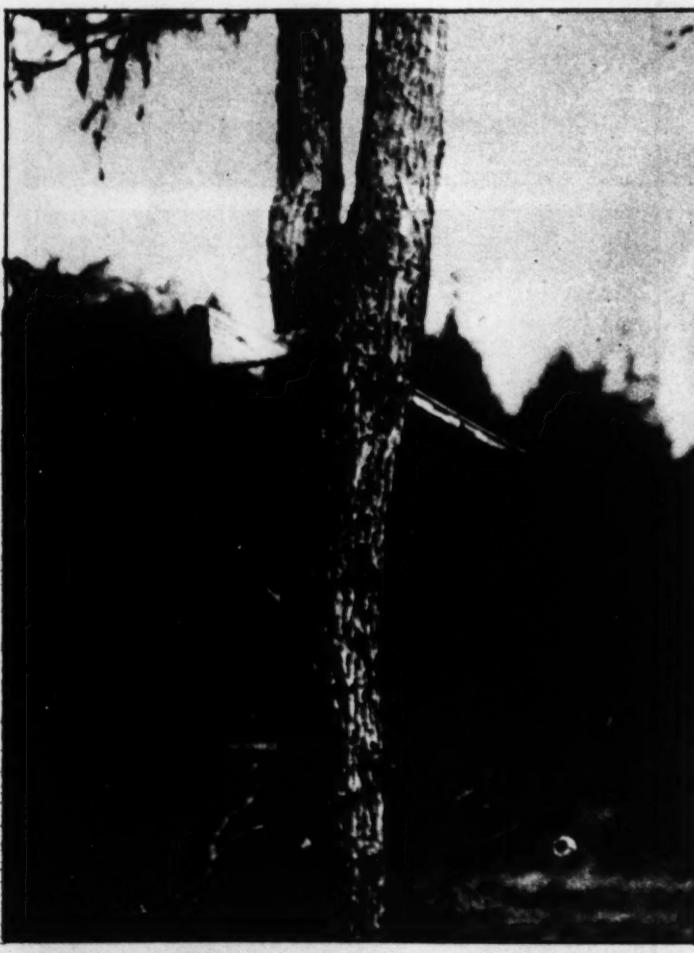
SIX-WEEK-OLD CHILD LIVES WITH BULLET IN BRAIN—Mrs. Oscar J. Stensland, of Chicago, with her six-week-old son, who, despite bullet in his brain, is apparently perfectly healthy. A stray bullet fired by an unseen gun, pierced the child's head as it was held in the mother's arms on the porch of the family home.



THREE WHEELS OFF THE TRACK!—Kaye Don, in his powerful car, tearing around Brooklands track at 137 miles per hour to create a record for the track.



SENATOR AND BRIDE—United States Senator David Baird, Jr., and Mrs. Frances H. Smith, photographed just before their marriage in Camden, N. J. The former Mrs. Smith is the widow of Senator Baird's former business associate.



A TREE "CAPTURES" A RIFLE—Here is a mysterious and freakish play of nature in the state of Washington—a rifle entirely imbedded in a tree. Legends have it that the skeleton of a white man was found at the base of the small tree in which this rifle has "grown." It is assumed that the man had placed his gun in the crotch, and that he never lived to take it away.—(Associated Press)

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Has grown with and fostered Atlanta 30 years. The Oldest, most splendidly equipped, ideally located Prep School in the Great Southeast. Awarded Highest Rating by U. S. War Dept.

**EMPHASIZES SCHOLARSHIP
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Boys from more than half the States, Cuba, Java, Mexico and South America. Graduates certified to college and Government Academies.

SEPARATE JUNIOR SCHOOL for boys 8 to 13. Atlanta and nearby Patrons invited to visit the School. Phone CALhoun 1526.

Col. J. C. Woodward, Pres., College Park, Ga.



ROCKEFELLER AND HIS BRIDE—Nelson Rockefeller, heir to the Rockefeller oil millions, with his bride, the former Mary Todhunter Clark, leaving St. Asaph's church after a wedding that Philadelphia society will remember for many a day.



A CHARMING LAND OF HOMES

Where Health and Pleasure Dwell



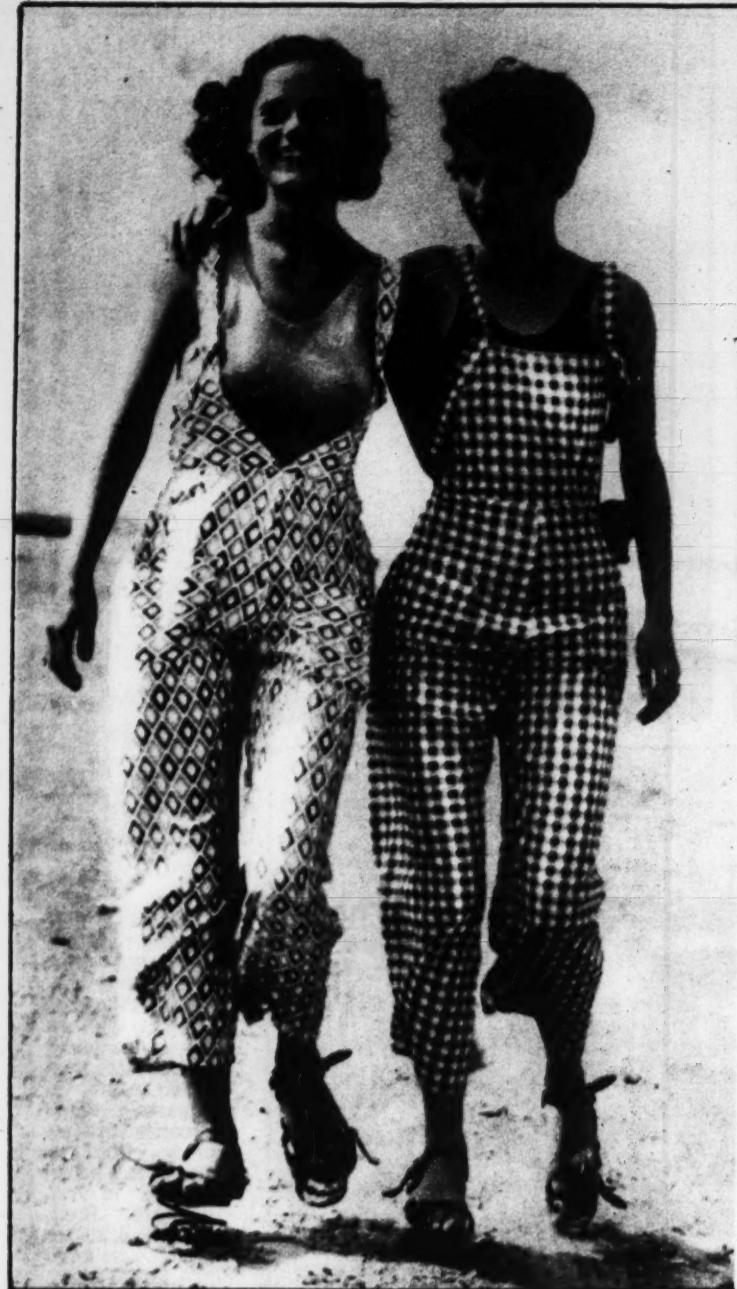
Sport-filled days, strength-building relaxation and utter oblivion from work-a-day cares are the joyous lot of those who have their Vacation Homes at Sea Island Beach. Here—ten miles out in the cool Atlantic—is a Cottage Colony of entrancing beauty, congenial neighbors and delightful, health-building climate for your children. A home on Sea Island Beach is an investment in contentment that pays life-time dividends. . . . Here one may own a seashore home and enjoy the best the world affords in climate and sport and get your house rent free. . . . There are

three distinct Vacation Seasons, consequently furnished cottages are in demand throughout the year at rates that yield good profits. No other playground affords such advantages for the Home Builder because you can rent your cottage profitably when you are not occupying it. Proper restrictions give every definite assurance of future character and soundness. Millions have been invested in Golf, Yacht, Beach and Hunting Clubs, a famous hotel and other attractive improvements to insure profit and protection to those who purchase now. . . . Either for a home or investment.

SEA ISLAND BEACH GEORGIA

Less than a day away.

The special summer rates now in effect at the Cloister are lower than any resort of equal character on the Atlantic Coast. Rates single, including meals and bath, \$8.00 per day, \$49.00 per week. Attractively furnished cottages, with or without hotel service, at rates unusually moderate, depending upon size and location.



POGO SHOES—Here's the newest wrinkle in beach sports this summer. Sandals with springs attached to them afford the wearer an almost jumping gait. (AP)



(Right)
WASHINGTON
MONUMENT,
photographed
on a summer's
day. Its reflection
in the pool
is a little more
than a happy
accident—a far-
seeing designer
had in mind
just such a re-
flection when
laying out this
beauty spot in
the nation's
capital. (AP)

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO SPEND MONEY ON
EXPENSIVE REPAIRS AND REPLACEMENTS

Look at the vital inner parts

THAT MAKE YOUR PLUMBING SYSTEM WORK...



• BELOW—A Kohler efficiency sink with swing spout faucet in the Dynamic design, equipped with Duotrainer—brings new beauty and utility to the kitchen.

• LEFT, BOTTOM—Kohler lavatory fittings in the Dynamic design—graceful and symmetrical—rapid and quiet in action.

• RIGHT, BOTTOM—The Kohler Duotrainer provides a tight water seal, a five-inch unobstructed draining area, and has a removable strainer cup.

GOOD BUILDERS today are especially careful about plumbing fixtures and fittings and accessories. They have learned that the bathroom will be looked at first . . . that the kitchen is more important than the sunporch . . . that the difference between good plumbing and doubtful plumbing will often make a sale or sign a lease.

It doesn't take a mechanical engineer to discern that difference. When you look at Kohler fixtures you see their finer design and finish. You notice their clearer, brighter, smoother surfaces—their perfection of detail. Each piece is correctly designed and correctly executed. And the quality goes straight through. The Kohler mark is a sign of careful craftsmanship, inside and out.

• Examine the working parts

The heart of your plumbing system is hidden. Here of all places, highest quality is vital—special attention on your part will be well repaid.

Kohler metal fittings are made of fine brass . . . designed as precisely as a piece of jewelry . . . cast, machined and polished with extreme care. They have fewer parts, simpler mechanisms, noticeably heavier valves, drains and connections. All these things mean easier, quieter and more positive action. All these things work for continued good service, for security.

Prevention of plumbing troubles costs far less than cure. Years of usefulness are added by an extra eighth inch of metal at the right place. Whether you plan to build or rent, an hour spent in getting inside information will show clearly why Kohler fittings avoid discomfort and even danger . . . and how they reduce up-keep to the irreducible minimum.

A Kohler four-valve shower with an engraved plate over a built-in bath—a charming and practical installation. In the Octachrome design.

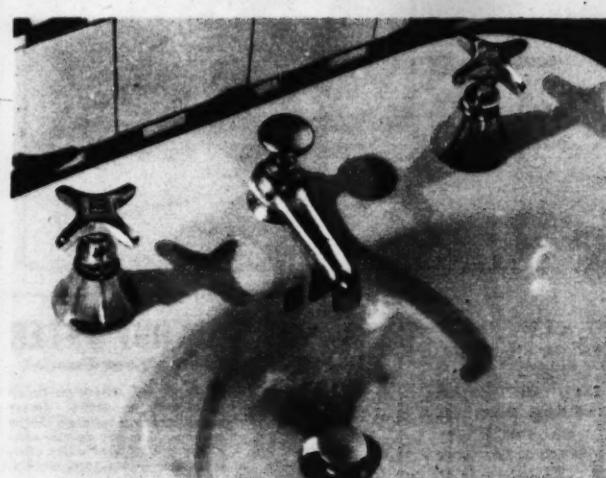
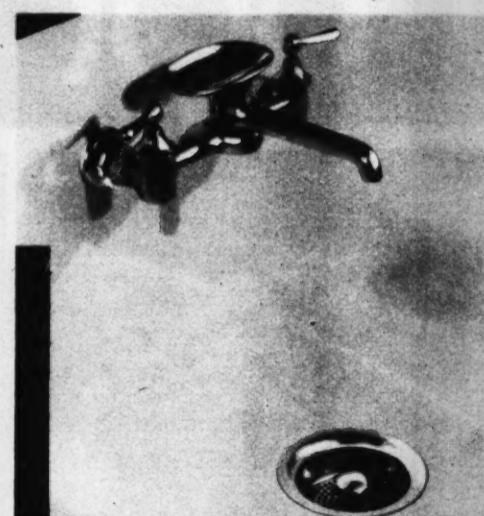
Here, quality is the best possible investment! All Kohler installations cost no more to put in, add to property value and save money in the end. If a million home builders were to broadcast advice about plumbing, their one major point would be—*Avoid second-rate fixtures and fittings. It pays to have the best!* Kohler quality is an economical luxury—one that brings yearly dividends of satisfaction, as long as you live.

A visit to the nearest Kohler showroom will give you a wealth of new ideas on fixtures and fittings. Any one who plans to build or remodel should discuss this important subject with his architect and plumbing contractor. Meanwhile, write for free Booklet G-7, which illustrates attractive groupings and suggests modern ideas about home plumbing. . . . Kohler Co. Founded 1873, Kohler, Wisconsin. . . . The manufacturers of Kohler Electric plants.

ATLANTA SHOWROOM: 662 Peachtree Street, N. E.

ELEVEN IMPORTANT POINTS ABOUT PLUMBING

- 1 Kohler designs are decorative, purposeful, correct.
- 2 Kohler enamel is made by an exclusive formula, fused with an everlasting bond and keeps its smooth, glistening surface.
- 3 Vitreous china pieces are sculptured for beauty and service . . . thoroughly vitrified at high temperatures and armored with a smooth, lustrous, lasting glaze.
- 4 Kohler colors are soft, livable pastels . . . the white is a perfect white . . . the black a clear, brilliant black.
- 5 Kohler metal fittings are engineered for efficiency . . . heavily plated with chromium, nickel or gold. They match the fixtures in style, character and quality.
- 6 Materials are the finest—manufacture is most particular. All Kohler products show craftsmanship and care.
- 7 This company pioneered many of the big advances in plumbing. This year's Kohler products are next year's new ideas.
- 8 Kohler quality extends to the kitchen and laundry—for every plumbing need.
- 9 Kohler quality costs no more . . . and saves money later.
- 10 Kohler fixtures and fittings are handled and installed by qualified plumbers.
- 11 Back of the Kohler trade-mark are the traditions and spirit of an entire community . . . beautiful Kohler Village.

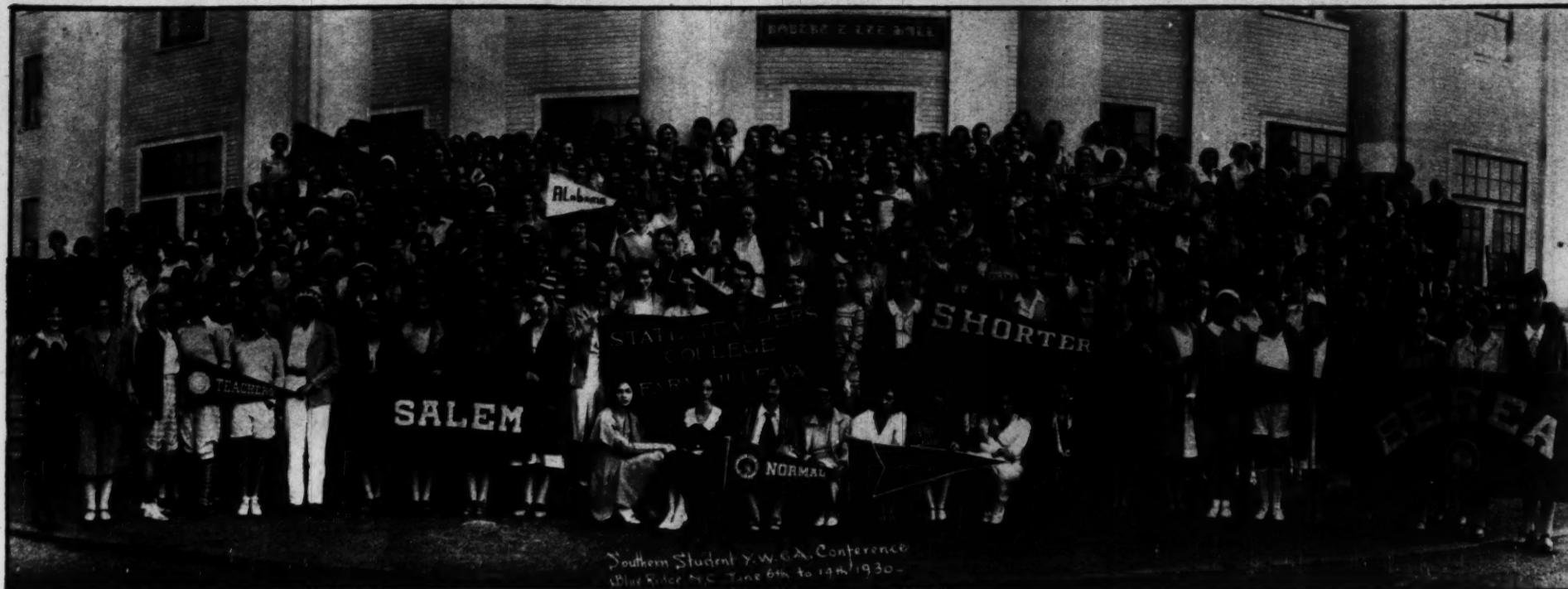


KOHLER OF KOHLER
LOOK FOR THE KOHLER MARK ON EVERY FIXTURE AND FITTING

5,000 BARRELS, piled 100 feet high, will burn on Gallows Hill, Salem, Mass., on the Fourth of July. It was on Gallows Hill where the "witches" were burned in colonial times. (AP)

(Right)
MISS AMY JOHNSON, intrepid young British aviatrix, who flew unaccompanied from England to Australia in 19 days. (AP)

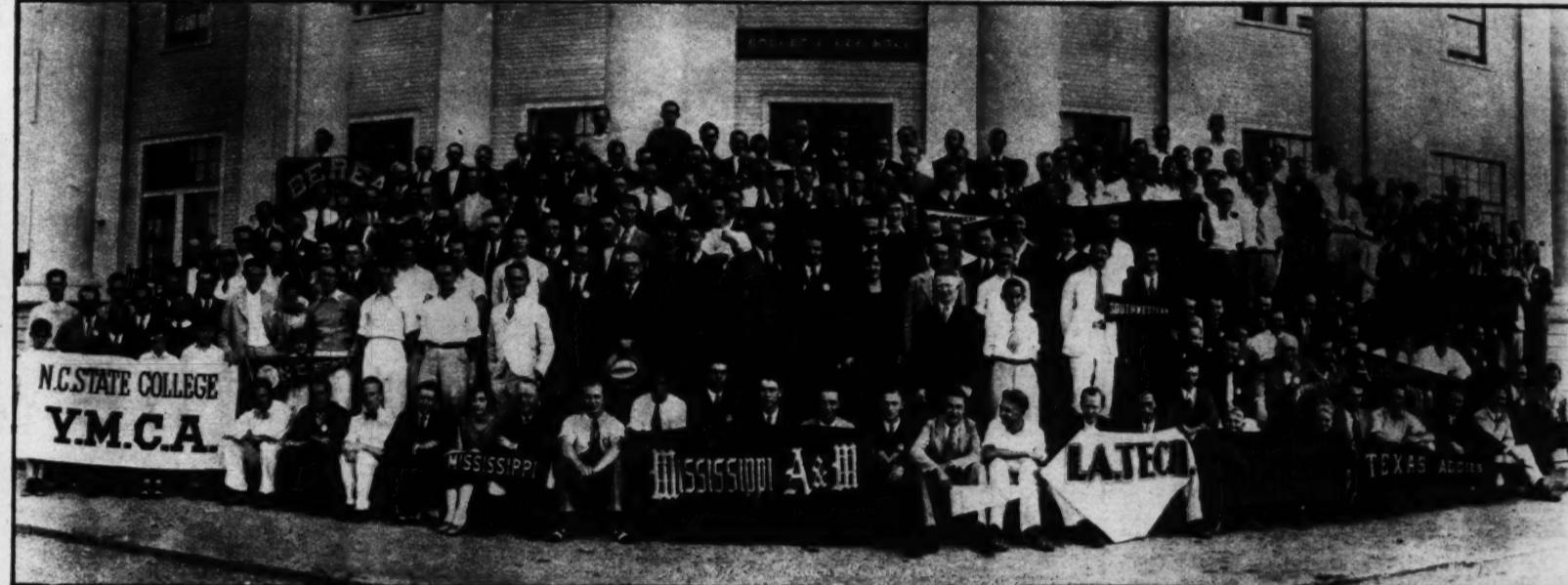




SOUTHERN STUDENT Y. W. C. A. CONFERENCE representsives from schools over the entire south, who attended the Y. W. C. A. conference held at Blue Ridge, N. C., recently, are shown in the above photograph.



ANOTHER KANSAS GIRL REACHES THE MUSICAL HEIGHTS of the Metropolitan Opera Company. She is Miss Beatrice Belkin, of Lawrence, Kan., a coloratura soprano. She has had unusual success in Amsterdam, Holland, and in Berlin. (AP)



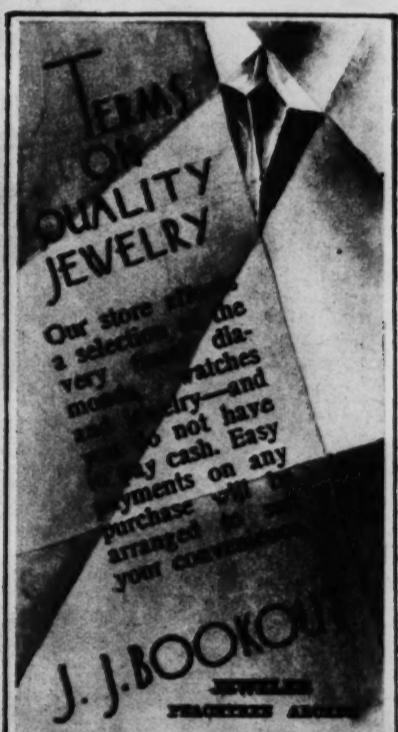
REPRESENTATIVES OF SOUTHERN COLLEGES, who attended the Y. M. C. A. student conference at Blue Ridge, N. C., recently, are shown in the above photograph.



MISS SABINE AMANDA ALMON, whose engagement to Lewis Connell Cobb was announced recently. Miss Almon is the daughter of Mrs. Eula Almon, of Atlanta.



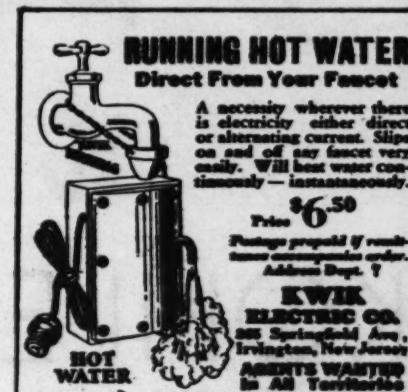
GEORGIA PRODUCTS TO NEW YORK BY TRUCK—A fleet of 12 four-ton trucks loaded with tomatoes and cucumbers are shown leaving Fitzgerald for New York and other eastern markets. The produce was grown on farms around Fitzgerald.



OUT TO SMASH SEGRAVE'S MARK—Count Johnston-Noad is planning to build another super-motor boat to be named "Miss England III." In this speedster he hopes to beat the record made by the late Sir Henry Segrave.

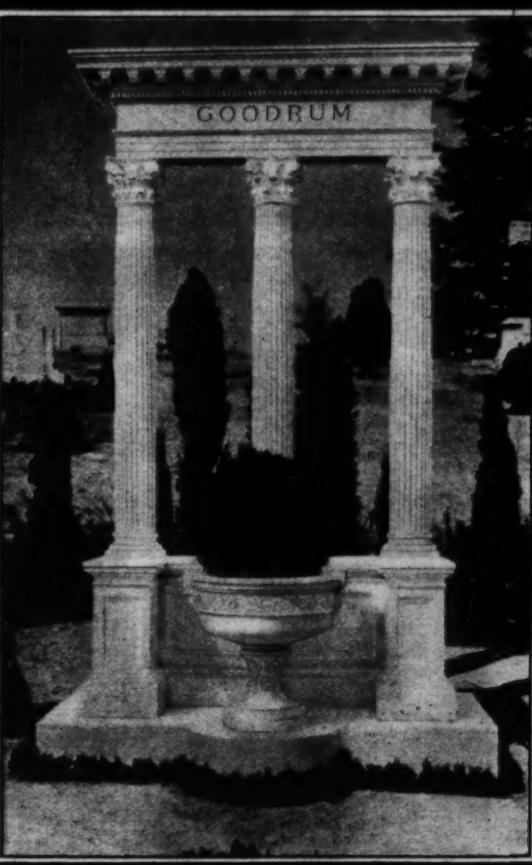


FULTON COUNTY GIRLS AT CAMP WILKINS—These six young ladies, all of Fulton county, were the principals in the annual play given by the "4-H" Club at their encampment on the grounds of the Georgia State College of Agriculture at Athens. Left to right: Sara Head, Sarah Martha Griffith, Ruthie Nance, Martha Brown, Emma Nance and Mary Winterbottom.



CHICAGO AIRPORT ABLAZE—Fire of undetermined origin swept the Chicago municipal airport, causing damage estimated at considerably more than a million dollars. Thirty-five planes went up in smoke.

GEORGIA MARBLE



The beautiful Corinthian columns supporting the entablature, is a feature of this memorial of Georgia Marble, forming a lovely background for the urn filled with growing cedar.

THE GEORGIA MARBLE COMPANY, TATE, GA.

STANDARD GRAVURE CORPORATION, LOUISVILLE, KY.

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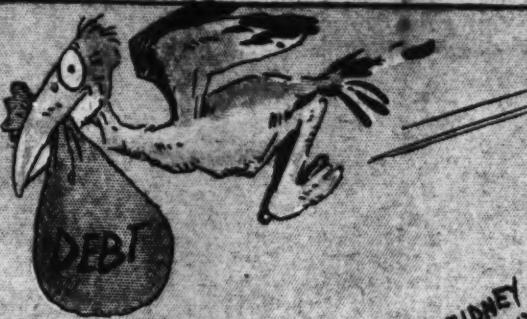
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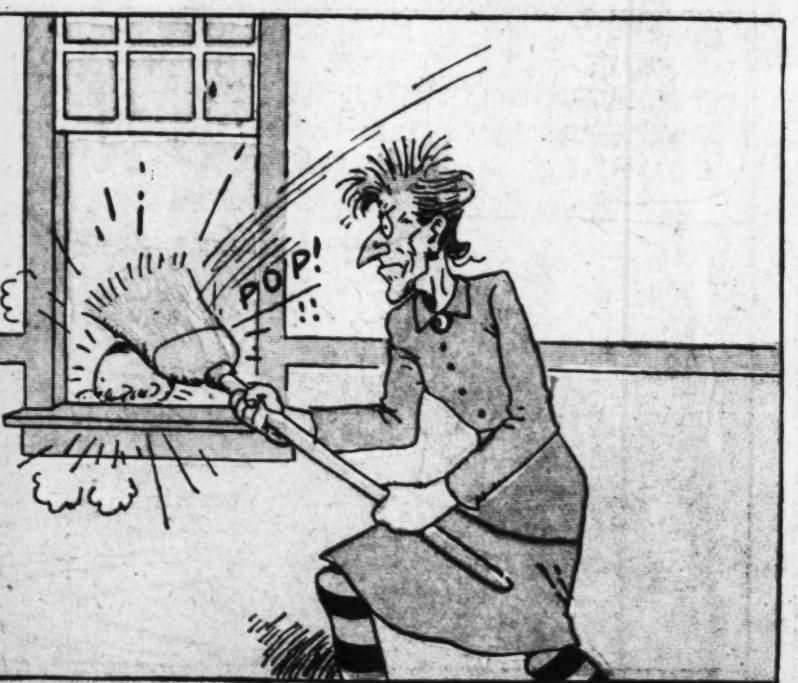
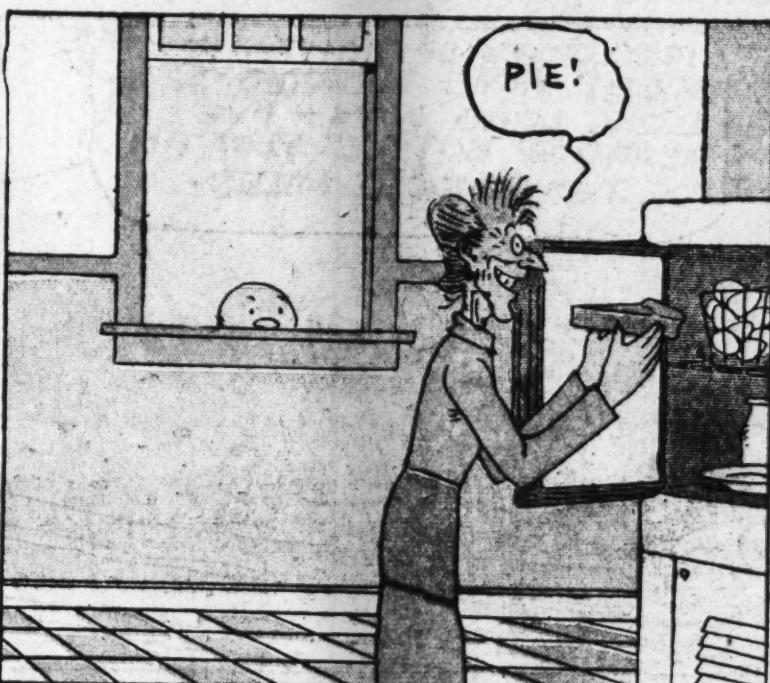
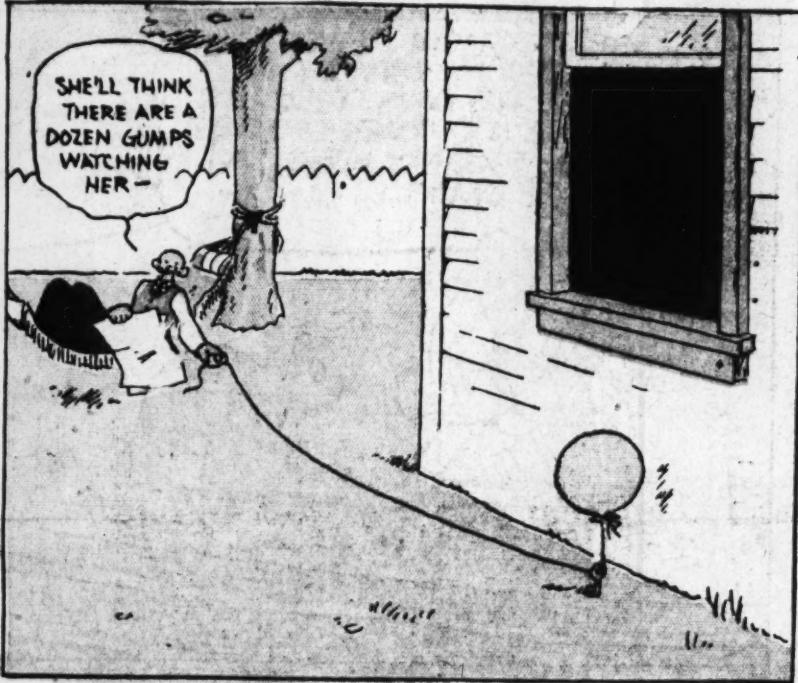
ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1930.

THE GUMPS

A. GUMP

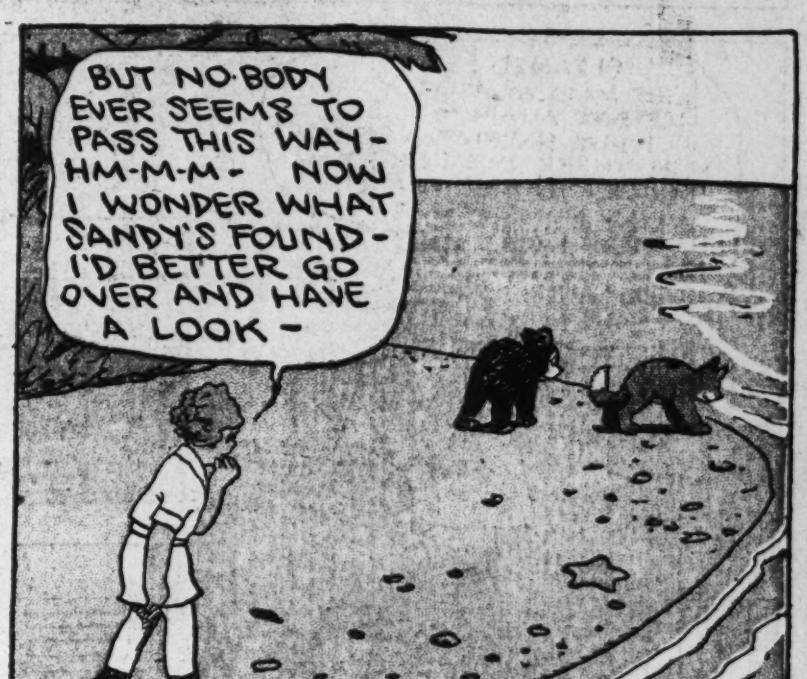


SIDNEY
SWIFT





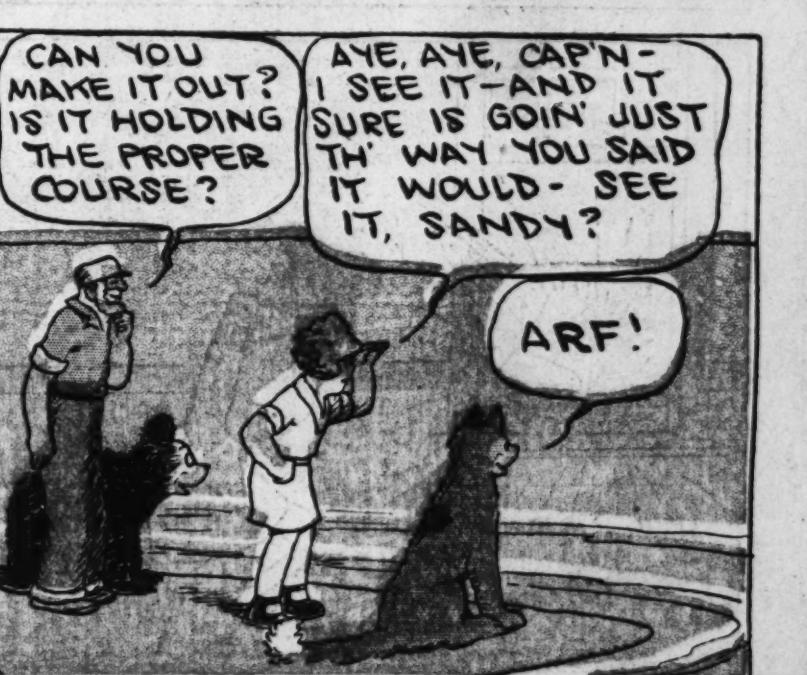
HAROLD GRAY



GEE - THAT'S RIGHT, TOO - I NEVER THOUGHT O' THAT - WHERE WOULD IT FLOAT TO?



GEE - THEN IF SOMEBODY FINDS THAT LETTER IN TH' BOTTLE THEY'LL COME AND GET US -



ARF!

NOT SO DUMB, THAT BOY!

ATTORNEY SO AND SO TUCKS HIS PORTABLE TYPEWRITER UNDER HIS ARM AND GOES FORTH -



TO DRAW UP A WILL FOR AN AGED CLIENT - THE ATTORNEY TAKES HIS SON WITH HIM - A NICE LITTLE FELLOW -



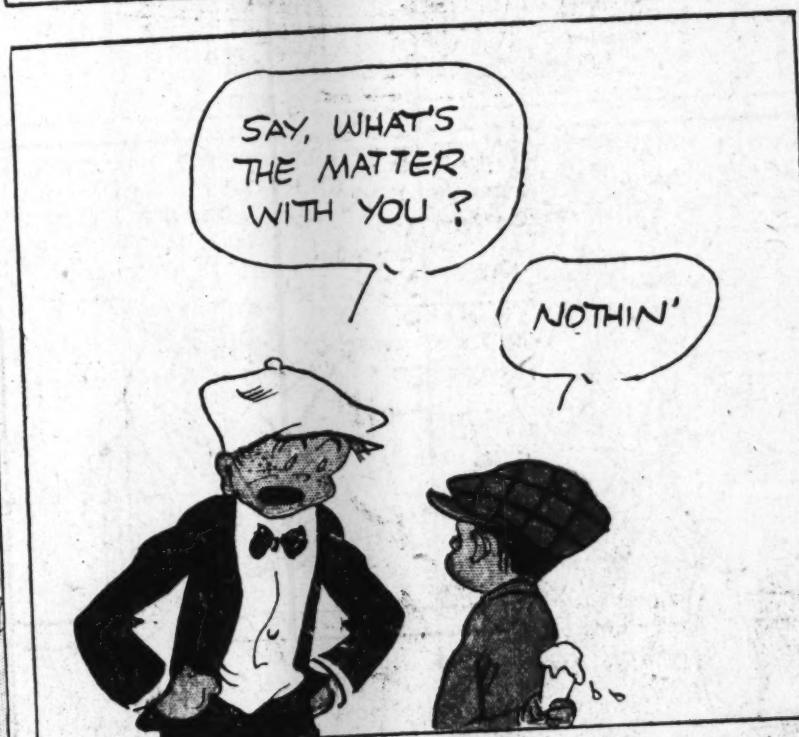
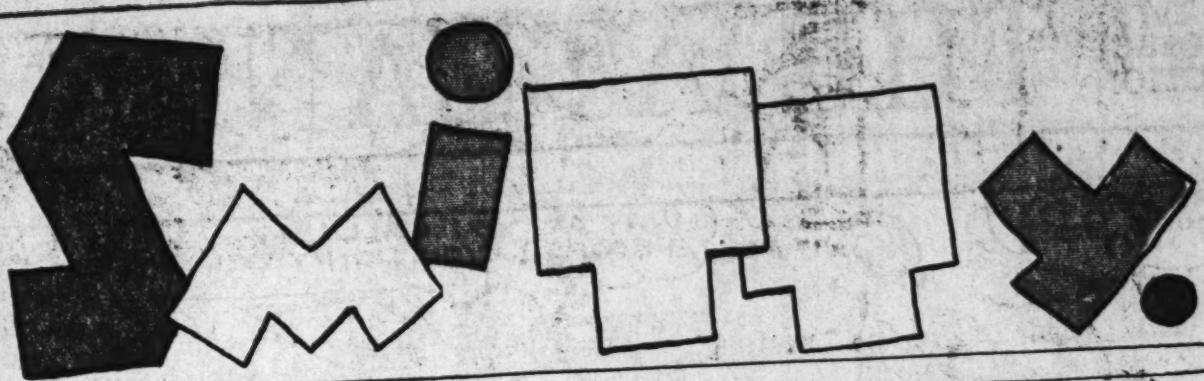
THE WILL IS TYPEWRITTEN AND SIGNED - THE ATTORNEY TELLS THE LADY IT WILL COST HER FIFTEEN DOLLARS -



GEE WHIZ! DAD - YOU AINT GOIN' TO CHARGE HER FIFTEEN DOLLARS - WHY, YOU DIDN'T DO NOTHIN' -

THE TYPEWRITER DID THE WRITING AND THE OLD LADY SIGNED IT -





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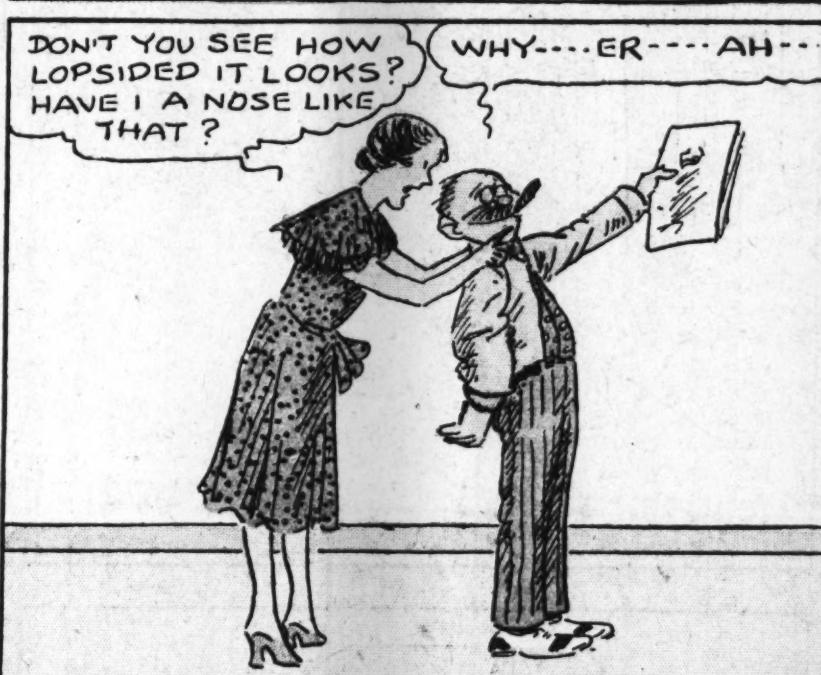
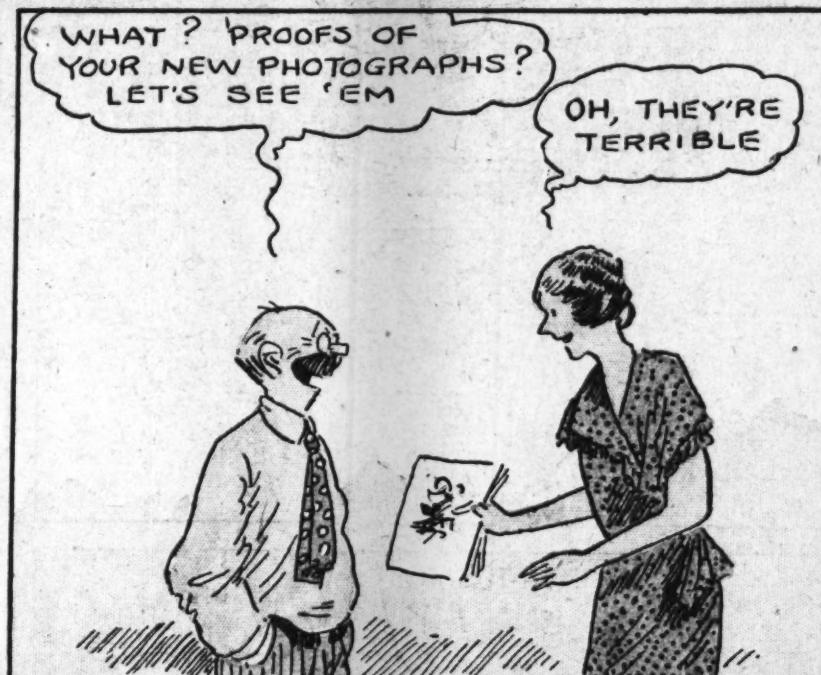
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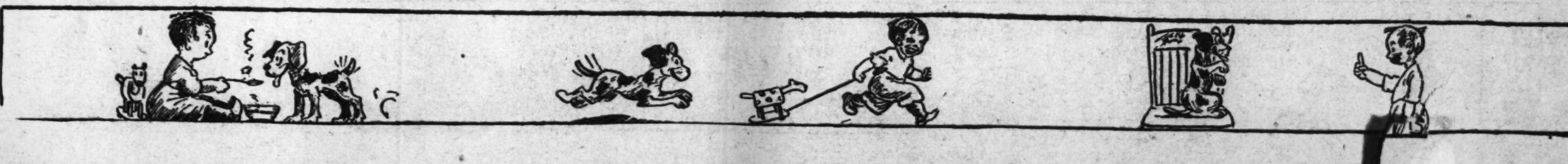
Mr. and Mrs. -

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Off.



JULY 6-30

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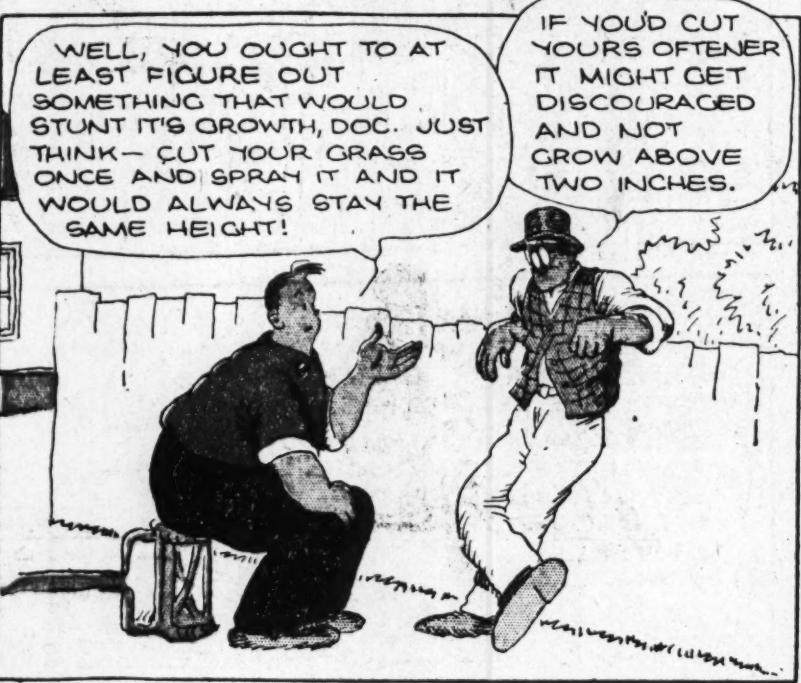
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ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1930.

MOON MULLINS



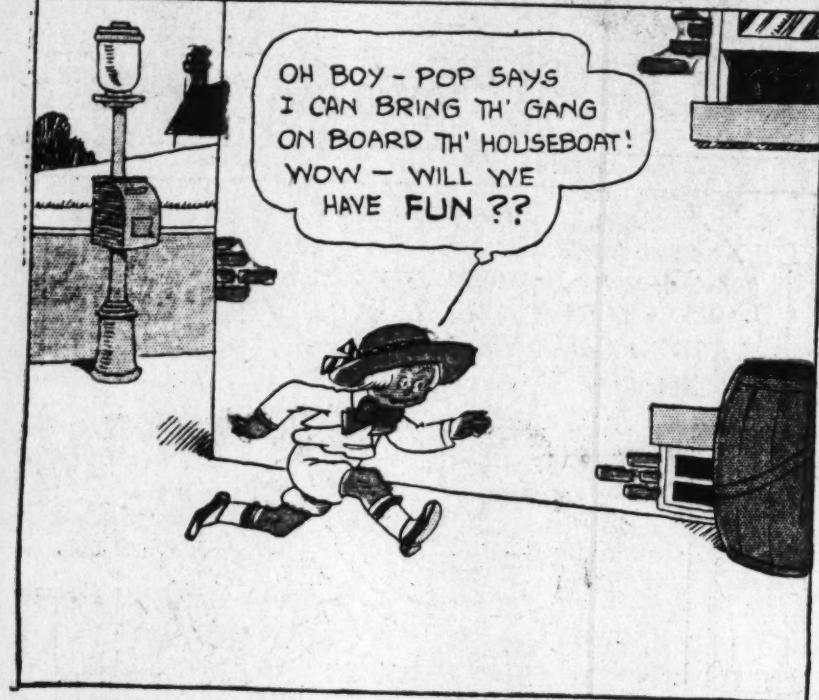


Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1930, by The Chicago Tribune



Winnie Winkle

The Breadwinner.



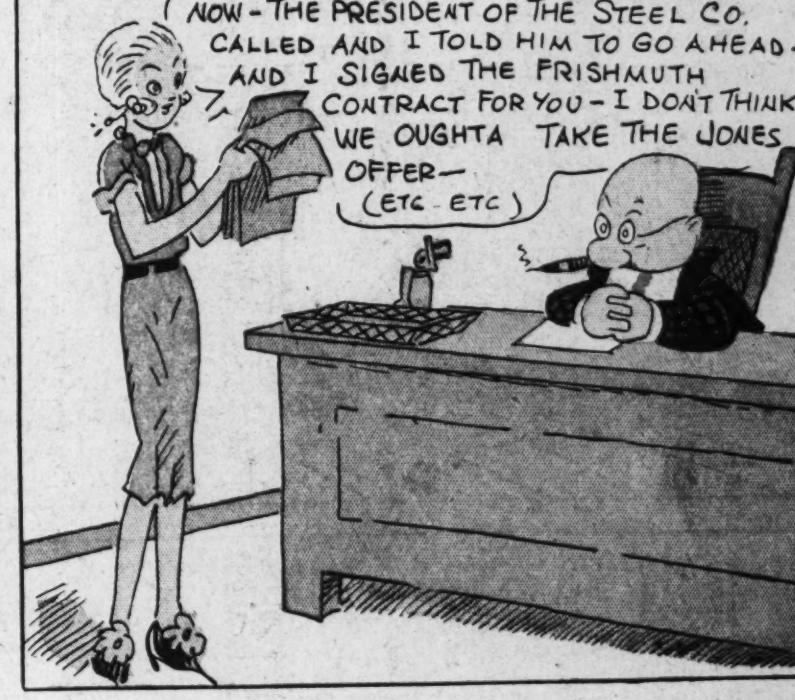
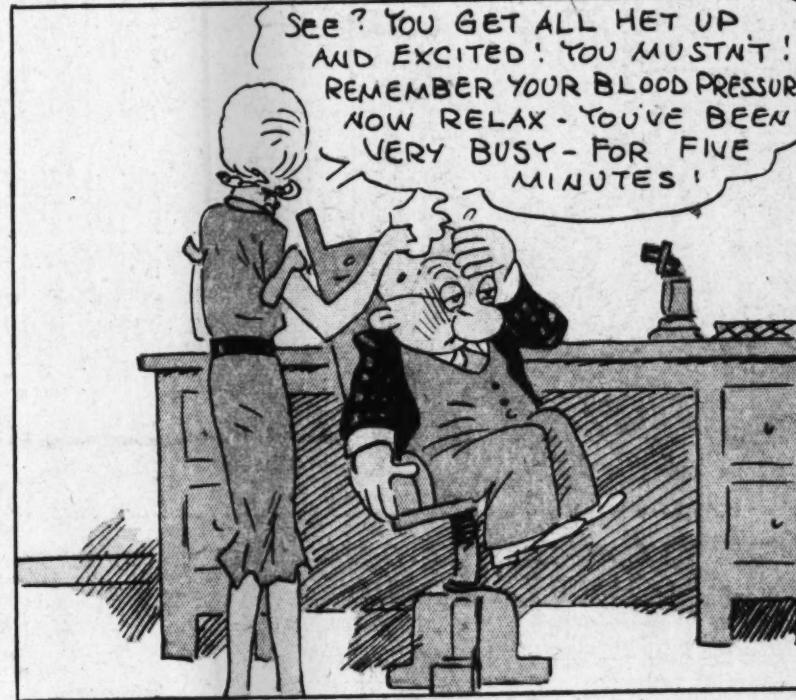
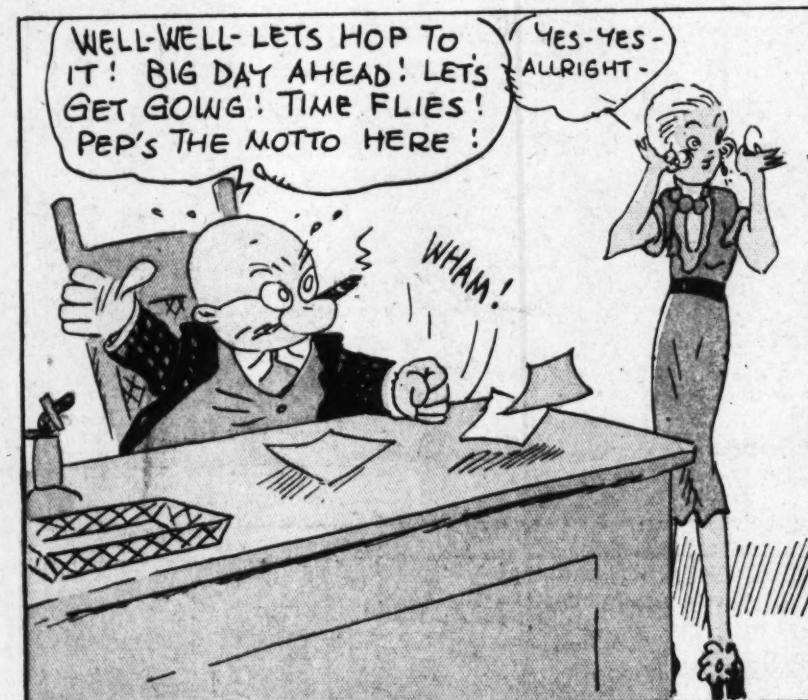
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ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1930



SOMEBODY'S STENOG

by A.E. Hayward



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Where July 4 Became a National Holiday—Independence Hall in Philadelphia

Drawn by Devitt Welsh

Not All Firecrackers!

By **Theodore Roosevelt**
Governor-General of Porto Rico



HE Fourth of July! Even now the mention of that date brings back to me memories of seething excitement. To all of us children, next to Christmas, the Fourth was the most adventurous moment of the year. We little boys had a barbarous way of celebrating it. For us the day began at 12:01 a. m. At that time we crawled out of our respective beds, pulled on our clothes and without a backward glance at toothbrush or soap, stole softly down the stairs. After loading ourselves with packages of firecrackers, we hopped off to meet our cousins at some appointed rendezvous, each contingent herald-

ing its approach with some agreed signal—whistle or owl hoot.

Then together we could steal through the pitch-black wood paths, feeling much like explorers in a far land. In turn we would visit the houses of the neighbors, signaling our advent by a fusillade of firecrackers. The hazards were delightful. At any moment some dog might spring snarling at us from the shadow of a bush, and bare legs seemed very unprotected. The climax was generally capped when some poor householder, thoroughly infuriated, would burst out of the door in his pajamas. Then we would scuttle into the surrounding dark-

ness like rabbits diving into a briar patch. Once my cousins' father, in the interest of amicable relations with his neighbors, forbade his sons to go; but they went just the same. That morning we were walking home through a wood path flecked with clear summer sunlight when the sound of some one whistling caught our attention. Looking up, we saw their father coming toward us, strolling along slapping his leg with a riding switch. Something told us that one of those intimate family dramas was about to be enacted. One little boy said, "Gee!" and with one accord the rest of the contingent turned tail, leaving our

poor cousins confronted by their approaching doom. We felt that if we stayed we might by some error be included in what was coming.

A thousand other memories come thronging back, ranging from the time one of my brothers inadvertently sat on a giant firecracker that was about to explode, to the time when we set Smith's field on fire and had to form an amateur fire brigade.

Father and mother, however, did not believe that the Fourth should mean to us merely firecrackers and fun. They felt

Continued on Page Two

Another Self-Owned Georgia Tree

(Mr. Parker, local representative of the Davey Tree Expert Company, was assisted in the gathering of the data for the following article by Mrs. R. W. Yarbrough and Mrs. Emma Y. Evans, a daughter of Rev. John W. Yarbrough.)



OXFORD, GA., the birthplace of Emory college, founded in 1833 and now the home of Emory Junior college, is also the home of one of Georgia's most beautiful trees—in fact the most beautiful white oak (*Quercus Alba*) I have ever seen.

Mrs. Emma Y. Evans, a daughter of Rev. John W. Yarbrough, tells me that her father took a great deal of interest in his trees and in 1854 he and her brother George pruned this tree in the way he thought it should be done. His fellow-townsmen made loud their assertion that the tree had been ruined, but the good oak thrived, and now is a specimen of its kind. There seems to be some difference of opinion as to its age, but it is well over one hundred years since this giant oak started its growth from a little acorn. At the base the trunk is approximately six feet in diameter, and its height is about eighty feet. The diameter of the spread of its branches is over one hundred feet covering a circle, the circumference of which is about three hundred and fifty feet.

The Yarbrough oak or the "Prince of the Forest" as it is often called, has a warm place in the hearts of the students of old Emory college. One student, the boy George who did his father's bidding in trimming the prince, grew to manhood and became one of God's messengers to mankind. The Reverend George W. Yarbrough has passed

Famous Yarbrough Oak, At Oxford, "The Prince of the Forest," Is Praised by Tree Expert.

By L. A. Parker.



Famous "Yarbrough Oak" at Oxford, Ga., recently deeded to itself.

to his reward, but his old-time friend, staunch and true, bears evidence of his thoughtfulness in the days gone by. When Reverend Mr. Yarbrough made yearly pilgrimages to his old home in Oxford, he would go and stand under the spreading branches of this oak and live over again the old days with their happy memories. He would always place a wreath of flowers on its trunk, and nearby some written declaration of his love for it, often in verse. No one dared molest these evidences of his love for his friend. Every Christmas he would send a card to some relative or friend to pin to "my beloved friend, the Big Tree."

Another of the old Emory boys, the late Dr. Bob Hyer, a noted educator of Texas, when on a visit to his alma mater, said that he wished to take home with him two things—the museum of Emory college, and the big tree.

DEEDED TO ITSELF.

The commissioners of the town recently deeded the tree to itself, making it the second one in our state with this distinction, the other being at Athens. The deed

reads as follows, being drawn up by Colonel E. W. Strozier, a member of the faculty of Emory Junior college and city attorney:

State of Georgia—Newton County:-

This indenture, made this 30th day of September, 1928, between the commissioners of the township of Oxford, county of Newton, state of Georgia of the first part, and that giant oak tree known as the "Prince of the Forest," of the county of Newton, state of Georgia, township of Oxford, of the second part.

Witnesseth: that the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of love and affection, have granted unto the party of the second part, all that tract or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the township of Oxford, a few paces directly southwest of the present postoffice of the said township, including that majestic tree, known as the "Prince of the Forest," and ten feet of land running as a radius from the trunk of said tree, on all sides of said tree, this land and tree abutting the property, including the dwelling

house owned by one Jim Rawlins, the esteemed barber. Be it known by all men, that this is a deed by said commissioners, of said tree to itself, the conveyance growing out of holy love and sincere affection entertained by our citizens and countless others for this great work of nature and of nature's God.

Signed and sealed in the presence of The commissioners of the town of Oxford,

W. R. BRANHAM, Chairman,
R. L. PAINE,
R. L. GILES,
R. F. HARWELL,
D. T. STONE,
V. S. WILLIAMS,
W. F. SHERWOOD.

E. Walton Strozier,
Attorney-at-law

APPROPRIATION CONSIDERED.

The commissioners are also considering an appropriation for the care of the Yarbrough oak. While it is in excellent vitality now, as shown by its wonderful foliage, there are some dead branches that should be removed, and decay which should be treated has made its appearance in some places.

It has been a cherished dream of the Woman's Club of Oxford to purchase a dwelling, partly under the branches of this oak, from Barber Rawlins, move it back, converting it into a clubhouse, and making a beautiful park around it, thus making an attractive spot, and lessening the danger of fire to the tree. Those of us who love this tree, believe it should be cared for and protected at all costs, and we trust that at some time and in some way this dream may be realized.

The following immortal lines of Joyce Kilmer aptly apply to this wonderful tree:

I think that I shall never see,
A poem as lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts its leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Not All Firecrackers

Continued from Page One

most strongly that in addition we should be made to realize the greater significance of the celebration. To my way of thinking, we in this country are too prone to believe our obligations are discharged by lip service. We feel that the observance of this national holiday means merely parades with local brass bands and orations. Of course, these count for nothing unless they symbolize a deeper consciousness on our part.

Personally, I have reached the point where I instinctively distrust the gentleman who gets up and announces in thunderous tones that he is a 100 per cent red-blooded American. As a rule, such a man is satisfied merely with the statement and does not consider it necessary to turn it into action. Words are splendid if they are used to stir consciousness or prompt a line of conduct, but in themselves alone they are of no value. That is where we make our mistake. We mix the means with the end. We feel that the celebration is all that's necessary, much the way some of the savage tribes I have known considered that an offering to their gods atoned for any type of conduct.

We join the crowd, sit in the audience and applaud the speaker, but hardly one in ten of us realizes that this applause is most meaningless unless it predicates action. One ounce of action outweighs in

value all the applause from one end of the country to the other. A national celebration, if properly understood, should carry with it much of the significance of a service in church. In it we recall the high deeds of the past and pledge ourselves solemnly to conduct ourselves so in the coming year that we may be worthy of the ideals that prompted them and the sacrifices they entailed. A good motto for us would be, "Act as you cheer!"

As I see it, on the Fourth of July we celebrate the ideals of our great republic—ideals of freedom, justice and equality of opportunity to which the founders dedicated our nation. Those are the thoughts which should run through our minds during the day. Concretely, today we have an illustration of needed action on our part, in so far as the island of Porto Rico goes. That island has 1,500,000 people who are American citizens and loyal American citizens. It is but 100 miles long by 35 miles in width. Those fellow American citizens of ours are now struggling under a heavy burden. They are scourged by disease, poverty is their constant companion and economic conditions are desperate. The insular revenues, though we are devoting 40 per cent of them to education, are sufficient to provide only approximately 38

per cent of the children of school age with opportunity for schooling.

Our Porto Rican fellow citizens are fine people. They are fully capable of taking advantage of any opportunity they have. Our mission must be to endeavor to adjust things in such a fashion that they have the chances in life to which we like to feel every American citizen is entitled. They can and will make good, but just at present, due to circumstances, they cannot create the chance for themselves. They need help. Congress has extended them aid, but congress should extend them more. In addition, we are organizing an appeal to private individuals to furnish us with the money to fight the starving children and to fight tuberculosis, hookworm and malaria, from one or more of which diseases three-quarters of the people are suffering.

We are striving for a constructive program which will place Porto Rico in the future in a position where she can take care of herself from her own resources. If we in this country really mean the words we repeat and applause we give to the orators' well turned phrases on the Fourth of July, we can show our faith by endeavoring to see that these million and a half of American citizens get the chances in life that the founders of the nation believed every citizen should have.

AUNT HET

BY ROBERT QUILLEN



"I COULD o' cried with rage an' pity when they told me Jane was goin' to marry that good-for-nothin' Jones boy."

"It's one o' the great mysteries o' nature why a woman that's got sense don't use none of it when somebody asks her to be his'n."

"If women could do the pickin', mighty few of 'em woud marry the triflin' bums they do."

"But a girl is raised to think it's a kind o' disgrace not to get married; an' when she reaches her twenties without bein' led to the altar, she gives up her dreams o' bein' wedded by a rich an' perfect man an' gets so scared an' desperate she's willin' to listen to anything that wears pants."

"The result is they marry some feller that ain't got half as much education or good taste or brains as they've got, an' live in discontented poverty the rest o' their days."

"The love they feel is half friendship an' half pity for a poor boob that's doin' his best, but they can't respect a man that ain't got as much sense as they have, an' no woman can be happy tied to a man she's compelled to look down on. "I wish girls would get over the fool notion that stayin' single is shameful."

"A girl that can make her own livin' is a plum' fool to quit an' be a servant to some two-by-four nothin' just to keep from bein' called a old maid."

"Let her use her brains to make herself independent an' then she can pick out a mate that's above her, same as the men do."

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The Road of His Feet

—By—
Achmed Abdullah

Allah! What Did the Tribesman Care? They Were of the Moslems. And the Others? Infidels All—A Curse on Them and Their Fathers, All the Fathers of Pigs.

HERE were still here faint memories of the scarred, bitter years before the czar's cossacks conquered and pacified the central Asia steppes, when the northern Afghan villages, that huddled their houses and barns, their fields and cattle pens and sheep folds in the Valley of the Wealth of Waters, were ever watching and listening, at dawn or nightfall, for the threat of glittering scabbards and the grim, nasal beat of Tartar war drums.

But those days had passed—"May they never return!" prayed the graybeards—and today there was peace and a pleasant rumor of spring; with sappy green shoots thrusting through the dry bushes that fringed the slopes, and the water sobbing in the brooks with the lilt it has in a man's dreams when he is far from home, and the rich, moist smell where the wooden plow cut and turned the clods, and gold dusting the windows—and peace and spring, too, in the heart of Dost Murad as he walked by Turkan Katoom's side and told her in his earthly Afghan speech that he loved her.

"Your mother—may she have her."

"Your mother—may she have her share in paradise!—must have been the pretty woman of the hills and the plains."

"Because the saying goes that she resembled you as one barley grain resembles another. O treasure of all the women in the world!"

She stopped. She looked up at him.

"And what then?" she demanded; and, when he did not reply, only blushed a little: "Ah—the shame of me!—that I must offer you my lips!"

So she kissed him.

She was neither white nor rosy nor brown, but a clear, even gold the strong mountain sun and wind had dyed her, and her hair the fox red of autumn leaves and her eyes the silvered gray of a well tempered blade. In peasants' stout duffel and peasant's gay, fluttering holiday ribbons, staunch of body and with the promise some day of half motherhood . . . not bad looking, you would have said, and passed on, nor turned for a second glimpse.

But Dost Murad saw more in her than the bare telling of the words. And she saw more in him than what he was: a tall, broad shouldered, ruddy skinned Afghan lad; handsome enough to go on with, as his mother said of him; with a wide, generous mouth more ready to spread than to tighten and, above the chasm of deep, brown eyes, like an unbroken ebony line where the brows joined as is the way with those of a headlong, stubborn tendency to leap the fences of their own careless building.

"Allah!" he whispered. "If we could always be young—and shun the world—and be as we are today—unchanging like the rocks . . ."

"Hal!" she exclaimed. "But I want to change O, my hero!"

"Oh . . . ?"

"Shall I not be the mother of your sons—some day?"

"Soon?"

"Soon!"

Their eyes met; held each other.

"I have the marriage portion nearly saved," he said after a while. "If my crops are good—and if the red cow has a calf . . ."

"The price for my heart and hand?" she laughed.

"More than that!" He joined in her laughter. "There are also 50 rupees my mother promised me, and three goats, and a string of Persian gold coins. Your father is the greedy man . . . ho! Not greedy enough—for you, with the shining of your eyes like the living of far stars!" He grew serious. "My mother talked to your father . . ."

"Last night, I listened at the curtain. Father is willing."

"There will be soon—may Allah grant it—the ta-zallit n-tsitt, the prayer of the bride!"

"Prayer for you, Dost Murad!"

"For both of us, beloved!"



Yar Khan spoke rapidly, "I will come last! No fear, little queen! I shall trill a sweet misra at your wedding!" And Turkan Katoon obediently swung herself over the precipice.

Again she kissed him. He buried his face in the curling hair about her neck.

Thoughts fell away from them. They stood still—so still that a thrush dropped from a branch, hopped nearer, and shrilled a thin, piping tune.

He heard it; turned; smiled.

"Be off!" he said to the bird. "Do you not see that you are interrupting two lovers? And you nothing but a wee beast—of no importance at all!"

The thrush flew away; and they went

into the dip of the Valley of the Wealth Waters.

• • •

The afternoon was sinking into the calm it ever has in these hills, drowsing, mellowing. Already the shy dappled deer were nosing through the birch clearings. Already a timber wolf loped out grayly for his evening kill. Already two blue winged mountain wrens—the messengers of night—were beginning to lace the bushes with a filigree of reedy sounds. And so—with

day's work done, the seeding well strewn, the long horned, shaggy cattle lowing in the pens, the full uddered goats leaping home from the upper pastures—there was music and rejoicing and laughter in the hujra, the communal hall of the tribe that faced the simple village mosque with the pride of stout walls and a great thatched roof.

It was an old Afghan peasant custom, this meeting, on a spring evening, in the hujra. They would gather here, men and

women—women of the north, free, unveiled, high colored, strong bosomed—and smoke and drink tea and munch dried sunflower seeds and swap the news of the day.

Local gossip.

A goat gone astray . . . "or perhaps stolen? Who can tell, neighbor? Our young men—Ullah karim!—are getting lawless. It is not as it was in the good old days!"

Musa Khan's grandmother—"hai! hai! hai!"—peaked guttural laughter—had chased her lusty, six-foot grandson all the way up to the Rock of the Tooth of Time, brandishing a thorn stick, because she had caught him smoking her pipe.

Hunji, the unclean Hindu gypsy—"May Allah send an earthquake to destroy all gypsies! Pahl! Eaters of offal! Abusers of the salt!"—had snared and killed the chief's pet hunting falcon and stewed it in a pot with a handful of wild garlic and devoured the unsavory mess.

Or beske:

"Have you heard, Shikandar Khan?"

"What?"

"This morning Siberian geese flew over the Tukkum hills. The weary creatures—so far from home . . ."

"A bad, bad omen!"

"Aye! Perhaps there will be again the beating of Tartar war drums and the swish of the red sword!"

"No, no! A good omen!"

"Let us ask the priest!"

Then that white bearded, green-turbaned worthy's devout if meaningless explanation:

"There is no refuge nor strength save in Allah, the lord of daybreak!"

There would be, too, chiefly if a stranger, traveling Bokhara trader or Persian caravanman, had passed through the valley, rumors of the far places; of tribal feud on the turbulent frontier; of a salty scandal amongst the Amir's grandees at the court of Kabul; of political intrigues in Moscow and Peking and Calcutta; of a British army column wiped out by the savage Waziris of the Indian border, and envious comment: "hayah! the grand, brave looting! And all to gorge the guileless of these lousy southerners!"—until finally, when the news had been told and retold and spiced with the good natured, coarse jesting of the hills, some old man would clap his hands to enjoin silence.

"Music!" he would demand.

And then a great roaring of ancient balads and a trilling of misras, songs improvised on the spur of the moment in which the singer glorifies his own or his tribe's prowess, or croons a melody of love.

Thus the hujra, tonight as always; and Dost Murad and Turkan Katoom entered hand in hand, and exchanged greetings with their friends who had gathered there.

Men and women. Old and young. Some squatted on their heels, pulling noisily at the jade or amber stems of gurgling water pipes. Others were stretched out on camel's hair rugs or on soft beds of springy, scented spruce boughs, their back to the huge fir logs that crackled in the fireplace since here, in the north, even May has a touch of frost.

At the far end of the room, facing them as an actor faces an audience, stood a man, six and a half foot of brawn and muscle and bone from his head to his ankles; seeming all the taller for an owl's gray wing that jutted at a slant above his immense, shaggy fur cap, almost scraping the rafters; seeming all the broader for a snow leopard's pelt rolled around his thick chest.

There was about him little of the earthbound peasant. Straight was his back; not crooked with the pull of the plow and the pain of the long, clogged furrows. High in the instep were his feet, bounding and stag sure; not flat and slouching with the dragging through the sticky, sodden soil.

His face was raised at a keen angle on the square, flagging chin; and above it the beaked nose with the flaring, nervous nostrils, throwing a purple shadow across the high cheekbones; the mustache brushed up aggressively until its points threatened the black, opaque, almond shaped eyes—a Mongol's eyes, not an Afghan's—and a flash of even, white teeth, as with pursed lips and the sweetest voice in all the world's hills, he sang an old Afghan ballad:

Last night I went for a stroll
In the bazaar of black locks;
Like a bee I sipped honey
In the jungle of black locks.

Last night I strolled leisurely
Through the garden of black locks;
Like a bee I tasted the sugar
On my love's pomegranate lips.
I inhaled the scent of the garland
About my little queen's neck—
The garland of black locks. . . .

His voice rose triumphantly. His great hands beat staccato time:

Last night I went for a stroll
In the bazaar of black locks;
Like a bee I sipped honey
In the jungle of black locks. . . .

He finished his song. There was deafening applause. Demands for more—"More, more, O son of the world!" And again and again he stood upon his feet, singing ballad and misra, until his voice echoed far out into the valley and the hills, stilling the murmuring of the wood doves, causing the dappled deer to look up from their nibbling, awakening the willows that dreamed of summer as they swayed in the lullaby wind of night.

Yet—and here was this man's tragedy—you would hear in the applause only the men's rough, deep shouts and never a woman clapping her hands or stamping her feet or crying a high pitched:

"Well done, O Yar Khan!"

Since, of all the young men in these villages, there was only Yar Khan upon whom sile black eye did not look with hope, nor steel gray eye with flame of desire.

"A dog aye back to the dung heap!" said the women. "A Tartar, aye, back to the wild road!"

For Yar Khan's father had been a Tartar raider who had flashed through the Valley of the Wealth of Waters with a tail of 30 men—and, by the same token, of 30 crooked swords—demanding, and obtaining, tribute.

"Give me a halter and I'll soon pick up camel or horse to fit it!" had been his lawless boast.

At the time there had been gossip that Yar Khan's father had been no ordinary freebooter, but had once been a prince—with peacock feather and yellow dragon embroidered jacket—in far Pekin at the court of the old Buddha, the dowager empress. Indeed, even in robbing the peasants

he had still been the finely spoken and mannered gentleman and, while his followers had guarded the door with naked steel, had often shown a handsome leg in stepping the measure of a hill dance or rolled out bits of classic Persian quotations—kith not too much of a sing-song Mongol accent—that had even impressed the priest.

Then, one day, he had carried off the daughter of a petty village chief. Two years later she had returned, barefooted, in rags, broken in spirit and body, a tiny boy riding astride her hips.

The child's father?

Killed by Kirgiz shepherds, far on the brittle steppes of Outer Mongolia, during a raid on their flocks—and his head spiked on a tall, black lance, twisted in the obscene grimace of death, its long, green jade earrings ludicrously jerking and tinkling in the cold wind of the plains!

Thus her homecoming; she had not survived it by more than a week; and it was Yar Khan's grandfather who had brought him up—as an Afghan, not as a Tartar.

But his father's blood screamed in his veins, and he was never the lad to till the ground nor herd the goats, but a wild, free creature of the woods and the hills. It was ever for him, his horse and his shaggy hound, and a snatched meal, and off and out of the Valley of the Wealth of Waters to see what lay beyond the ridges—to watch the badger folk burrowing into their hamlets—to give close ear to the wild goose crying—to thrill and laugh at the brook trout jumping madly for the fly—to climb the high peaks and listen to the brown eagles barking at the evening mists—to fill his nostrils with the acrid scent of wood smoke at twilight and the sweet scent of coarse, tufted grass with morning dew.

And it was said of him that at a whistle he could coax flopping birds to drop to his shoulder, and at a whinny shy deer to come to his heel and nuzzle his hand.

"Allah!" he replied one day to his grandfather's mild reproaches. "My father was a Tartar. Tell me—was ever lamb born in the gray wolf's litter?"

"May the Lord not let you see the evil! You—oh—do you think of raiding, of the nomads' speary warring?"

"No. I am not eager for the clash of weapons. But the hunting winds are loose—and there's a grand, jaunty tune in the scratching of claws in the deep forest and the swaying of the trees in the higher hills my ears want to listen to!"

The older man had sighed; then smiled. He liked Yar Khan. So did the other tribesmen.

There was nobody like him to stalk or fish or trap; nobody like him to chant an ancient ballad. And so, as he wandered through the villages, it was always the hearty handshake, the offer of a glass of tea or a water pipe filled with finely shredded Persian tobacco, and:

"Sing us a stave, O son of the world!"

Perhaps, in their inmost souls, they envied Yar Khan a little, and felt like putting by their plows, and letting their herds shift for themselves and following him to the hills and woods. For, many centuries earlier, then ancestors had been men on horseback who had come to this land as conquerors. They were now no longer warriors; were peaceful husbandmen. But, deep in their racial consciousness, there was still the lure of the old days, the calling back to the free days; and when occasionally—he did it but seldom—Yar Khan asked one of them to join him during the pause of time before morning, when night and day came to grips and the great stags bayed in the laurel wood, the other would be flattered and glad to go.

It was different with the women. They, too, had vague racial memories. Memories of centuries ago. Memories of their men riding with jingling steel and throaty, savage war cries behind a chief astride a stallion whose mane was dyed scarlet in sign of strife. Memories of how the men had come back; many wounded, maimed, broken—and some who had never come back except stretched stark on their buffalo hide shields, their eyes glazed, their breath stilled. Memorials of gray grief and red death.

There had been fighting a-plenty—to the older women's remembrance—the last time the freebooting Tartars had ridden over the land. They saw no romance in death, however glorious. Death was death. It was the end—but for the tears and sorrowing.

Not that their life was easy. Lean comforts here, in this chilly, northern valley. But comforts enough to their tight imagining. Better the scent present than the bloody past.

They did not care to rise above the tough facts of the soil. Peasant women of meager living and prosy soul, their eyes were always fixed upon the cold, sane congruities of the earth. They did not want their fathers and husbands and sons to stray, not even in their thoughts; did not like this Yar Khan, who harked back to the free life, the wild, lawless life.

Only a few days earlier Turkan Katoom had met him on the road in the White village. She had not read the light of tenderness and desire eddying up in his almond shaped eyes; had stared at him with stony contempt when—he did not know why—he had told her his creed:

"Why do I not stay in the valley and till and herd? Hayah! If man says to himself: 'This is a good place! Here shall I bide!' is at the end of his life, and end of his road. But the road which I take leads beyond all roads, beyond the last of all God's days!" And, when she had not replied: "Don't you understand? Tell me—have you ever heard the song of the wilderness—the little merry song of the hidden world that thrives in the trees' green shade and roams at night in the star shine?"

"There is also the song of the plow! The song of the harrow! The song of the lowing cattle!"

"Cattle are brew to the yoke! And the plow squeaks! And the harrow grates on my ear!"

She had looked at him with a sudden, queer swelling of hate; had exclaimed:

"Tartar! Tartar!"

And tonight, when Yar Khan had finished his singing and when she heard Dost Murad's applause peaking clear and high above that of the other men, she spoke to him in a whisper, repeating the murmur of the woman:

"A dog, aye, back to the dung heap! A Tartar, aye, back to the wild road!"

Dost Murad laughed.

"There are moments," he said, "when I envy him the stepping of this way! Allah! Allah! But I warrant it is a careless, gay way!"

It was then that fear came to the heart of Turkan Katoom; yet greater fear when Yar Khan stepped up to Dost Murad and slapped his shoulders and said:

"Yours is a voice as smooth as honey. Yesterday I heard you in the pastures, warbling to the

Continued on Page Fourteen

BUDDIE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY ROBERT L. DICKEY



Harley and Joan



—By—
Roland Pertwee

*Harley Trevelyan on the
Last Day of Army Leave,
Runs Away From An
Old Love, and Into An-
other.*

INSTALLMENT II.

BROVIDENCE which directs winds shall blow and sparrows fall has a knack of defending the defenseless. A breeze stirring from seaward bore the blazing wreckage away from the habitations of man to fall a charred and twisted skeleton in a playing field north of London.

The searchlights winked and went out. The guns grumbled and were silent and bugles sounded the "All Clear."

How long Joan and Harley stood watching that awful pageant in the sky, they neither knew, nor cared. The red glow had died down and the tranquil stars had reappeared before consciousness of themselves returned.

Joan gave an outward breath and shivered.

"Poor brutes," she said, "but they asked for it—they did ask for it. Don't you feel awfully hungry? I do. Let's go down—shall we?"

"Let's," he echoed.

As they walked across the flat roof her foot slipped on a shrapnel bullet. Quite a number of bits and pieces had rained down upon the leads. The discovery made Harley angry and responsible. What a thoughtless fool he had been to expose the girl to such a hazard. Any one of those bits might—He turned and looked at her.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked.

He was about to reply when two hands and a face appeared in the black mouth of the trap door.

"I say you two," said the voice of Freddie Miller, "mother is now vacating the bathroom, and it might be tactful to come down."

"We're on the way," Harley replied.

"Good," said Freddie. "Honi soit qui Palais de Danse and all that but, in spite of an affection for dog fights, mother is a stout Victorian and might think it peculiar for Joan to entertain gunner officers on the roof."

Joan's descent through the trap door showed complete disdain for the interests of the frock she wore. It is true there was nothing in the world could injure her appearance. It was of the kind that transcended external adornments. In sack cloth she would have lost none of her loveliness. With her frock ripped, her hands black and a smudge of soot upon the tip of her insolent nose she looked even more distractingly lovely than the most ardent attention to details of the toilet could have rendered her.

To ensure themselves that Lady Miller had actually vacated the bathroom they entered it together and all had a wash in the same basin, crossing the water and spitting in it for luck and getting easy with each other in consequence. Then they all dried their hands on one towel and brushed their hair with one brush, and since there is no thirstier work than watching an air raid they all had a drink out of the tooth glass. Indeed their conduct in the bathroom was distinguished by a spirit of good fellowship unmarred by conventional or hygienic considerations.

Cleansed, refreshed and fortified they descended to the drawing room where Lady Miller after the excitements of the raid had resorted to the soporific influences of knitting a Balaclova helmet in rainbow wool.

"That's one less," she said, as they entered the room, referring no doubt to the raider. Seeing Harley she added, "and one more that I don't know."

"I forgot his name," said Joan, "but he's a friend of Freddie's and very much above the average."

Harley blushed, bowed and was introduced.

"Trevelyan," Lady Miller repeated. "O, yes, it comes back to me. Your grandfather was one of the great Victorian novelists. I know your aunt, a disagreeable old lady who lives in Grosvenor square and cheats in quite a nice way at bridge. And you," she wrinkled her smooth forehead meditatively, "you were at Magdalen with Freddie and



"Flowers you've got, eh?"

Rogers waved a hand toward the door and the staff retired thankfully.

"You don't mind if Rogers stops?" said Joan, cocking an eyebrow at Harley. "Because he's a friend of mine. He used to bathe me beautifully when I was little."

It was with a positive twinge of jealousy that Harley greeted the old butler.

"My name's Trevelyan," he said.

Rogers shot a glance at the artillery badge in the lapel of Harley's tunic.

"Field, sir?" he inquired.

"Heavy," Marley replied. "Six-inch Hows, .007 Seige Battery."

"If one might ask the sector, sir?"

"Hebutterne."

A warm light shone in the old man's eyes.

"My own son had the honor of being wounded at Hebutterne, sir, if you'll pardon the observation. And a very hot shop he said it was, too, sir."

Harley nodded.

"Pretty hot now and then. Hope he's getting on all right."

"Very nicely, sir. Lost an eye, sir, but otherwise nothing to complain of."

"I'm going to forage for sardines," said Joan, taking Freddie in tow.

Harley was about to follow when Rogers caught his eye meaningly.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I was looking at Miss Joan's dress. Was it the roof?"

"I'm afraid it was. We were up there together. It isn't very healthy, is it?"

Rogers sighed heavily.

"It is not, sir; in fact, it's very worrying.

I had hidden the ladder, too."

"Of course, it's no affair of mine," said Harley; "in fact, it's infernal cheek of me to suggest it."

"Suggest what, sir?"

"A padlock, Rogers, or perhaps a few screws."

The old servant beamed upon him lovingly.

"Thank you very much indeed, sir."

"You see, I'm going back tomorrow," said Harley, feeling an explanation was called for—and possibly an apology.

"It shall be done, sir."

"Stout fellar," said Harley, and found he was shaking hands. "She," he nodded in the direction Joan had taken, "she doesn't seem to know what fear means."

"She does not, sir."

"And that makes a man nervous."

Rogers looked at him in thoughtful silence.

"Have you known Miss Joan long, sir, if I may ask?"

"Long? No, you wouldn't say long." He consulted his watch. "Best part of an hour, I suppose."

"Just so, sir, but it makes no difference."

Harley laughed sheepishly. The evening had been full of embarrassing nuances. To avoid the old man's eyes his glance traveled round the kitchen and came to rest on a snapshot of Joan perched against a tea cup.

"That," he said, with sudden courage, and nodded towards it. "That snapshot. It's no good to you with the original about."

Rogers beamed paternally. One good action deserves another, and he might not

have thought of screwing down the trap door.

"I shan't be looking if you care to slip it in your pocket," he said.

Which Harley did.

With a loaf of bread, a tin of sardines, a basin half full of dripping, and cups of steaming cocoa, they sat themselves down at the kitchen table for a midnight feast.

Rogers, armed with a small leather bag that jingled suggestively, had excused himself and departed on an errand of mercy and precaution which demanded solitude, a pair of steps, and a screw driver.

United by ties of common danger and common fellowship they attacked the fare before them with appetite and enthusiasm.

"For the proper enjoyment of food," said Joan, a knife in one hand, the loaf in the other, "there's nowhere like a kitchen."

"I agree," said Harley, aware that mere agreement did less than justice to the state of his feelings.

"If I were not a lady," she went on, oratorically, "I should have been a cook. Nowadays, of course, it isn't possible to be both. How do you like your dripping, Harley? You don't mind my calling you Harley, do you?"

"It would break my heart if you didn't," he replied; and, conscious of having been overbold, took a great gulp of boiling cocoa and nearly passed out.

"If it's too hot, put it in your saucer and blow on it," she advised. "There, I've given you the black crust. Here, Freddie, you can eat your own."

Freddie accepted this sisterly action without protest, but when he had reached across for the dripping pan his face fell.

"Well, really, he complained, "if you haven't given the beggar all the meaty juice from the bottom."

"Certainly I have," she retorted. "When you start your new duties in the A. S. C. you'll get plenty of tidbits, but until you do you shan't."

"That's right," said Freddie, "run down the man behind the guns. Ridicule the greater front behind the front. The fact that I've fought and bled for my England doesn't count, I suppose."

"Freddie, darling, that isn't fair," Joan sniggered. "I'd love to have been with you when you were wounded. I believe it was the only time you ever stopped talking."

"It isn't as if I do talk," Freddie protested. "She never gives anyone a chance. Appoints herself O. C. conversation in any company."

He stopped abruptly and seized the sardines.

"No, you don't, my child. That tin contains 11 Peneaus, and my share is four and his share is four and yours is three."

Joan shook her head sadly.

"I am sorry about Freddie," she apologized, "but I'm afraid he'll never make a host."

"As her idea of a host is someone who voluntarily starves himself to death I never hope to," he replied. "What's more I'm going to help myself first. So here goes."

"From a pig one expects a grunt," said Joan, "and one is not disappointed."

It was all very idiotic and facetious and typical of an age which, confronted by a greater emergency than the world had ever before experienced, never allowed itself the luxury of acting normally.

In their exchanges Joan and her brother maintained a running fire of ridicule and abuse that completely failed to disguise the true state of their affections for each other. Half jealous, wholly envious and with a shameless disregard for wartime conventions Harley tore down the camouflage with a single question.

"Do many brothers and sisters love each other as you do?"

Freddie's surprise was marked by a flush of angry red. Joan faced the situation with better courage.

"He's not a bad old stick, and he's leaving us tomorrow. Sorry to have given it away though."

And putting a hand against her brother's cheek she cuddled his head against her side.

"Easy on," he said, but made no real effort to escape. "What about finishing up and going to some dance place?"

The suggestion was unheeded, doubtless because there was no chance of improving on existing conditions. Harley, too, had somehow driven away that spirit of flippancy that calls for the accompaniment of a jazz band.

"You haven't a sister then?" she asked.

"No. You behold a poor orphan. That's what makes me grateful for cutting in with you folks tonight. It seems natural to

spend the last night of one's leave this way."

"You go back tomorrow, too?"

"Yes, the seven forty."

"Lots of people coming to see you off?"

"None I imagine."

"No girls?"

Harley shook his head and laughed.

"Not one."

"O, dear," said Joan, "that must be remedied, mustn't it?"

"Do you mean," he began, and hesitated.

Something perilously like an understanding was growing between them. Something perilously sentimental. They felt it simultaneously. It was expressed in the mutual consciousness of a third party being present. Harley, even so, was powerless to resist it. For the first time in his life he was trembling on the brink of saying something tender and maudlin Joan, as a woman, was better equipped to meet the emergency.

"I shall have to be there in any case," she said. "We are sending my poor brother to France for a change. He doesn't get enough to eat over here, so we are arranging for him to be fattened up at the expense of the rest of the army."

The spell was broken—also a cocoa cup in the rough and tumble that followed.

It was a very dishevelled couple who subsequently delivered up their guest to the cool and starry embraces of the night. Together they watched him go and, long after he had passed out of sight, listened to the echo of his footfalls dying away in Lansdowne Passage.

"Shall I go after him and tell him I like him?" Joan asked.

"You've done nothing else all evening, was the insulting reply.

Joan was quite brazen.

"Good," said she.

Joan, "I believe you're in love with the beggar."

"I believe I could be," she nodded.

"Why not then? He's got bags of money."

"Cad," said Joan. "Pig," said Joan. "You would try and spoil everything, wouldn't you?"

"Damn it," he complained, "what's the harm in telling you that?"

"The harm," she retorted, "is that I'm in the kind of mood that makes me want to cook for a man—that's what."

And throwing her arms round her brother's neck she kissed him with a vehement intensity which convinced him that she was thinking of someone else.

Where Lansdowne Passage opens its mouth into a yawn that becomes Curzon street, Harley Trevelyan stopped in a pool of light shed by a masked lamp-post.

His whole being was conscious of amazement and exaltation. Never before had he experienced a sensation to equal it. It was as if a thousand ports had been thrown open to admit light and air to the darkest dullest recesses of his body and soul. He was in love, utterly, overwhelmingly.

Save for a possible glimpse of her at Victoria station it was unlikely they would ever meet again. That did not matter. His rapture was not to be marred or tarnished by gloomy forebodings.

The love so lightly tossed to him by the accident of an air raid would survive and out-distance any combination of disasters.

The war could break him into as many small pieces as the explosive energy of trinitrotoluol might command, but every one of those pieces would mount into space as a separate messenger of rejoicing.

He shook his fist at the masked lamp post.

"A few hours ago I was like you," he said aloud, "all blacked out and dim. But now!" Exultantly he beat his fists together. "Now!"

Why had he left so soon? It was only a little after one o'clock. Why hadn't he stopped on and on and on.

What crazy impulse of courtesy and good manners had driven him politely forth with the night so young and himself aware for the first time of being alive?

Was it too late to return and demand admittance? To be ruled by convention in time of war was insanity.

He would have gone back like a shot had he felt himself capable of explanation. But he knew himself to be incapable. A man shaking from head to foot with a new found joy like the blade of a trembler coil is in no condition to deal with explanations on a doorstep. Besides Joan might not answer the bell. He might have Lady Miller or Rogers or Freddie to deal with. To say "I have left my 'loves behind'" would be in-

adequate and obviously the real motive was unexplainable.

But something would have to be done.

Sleep was out of the question.

"If only the shops were open," he lamented. "If one could buy something."

A present.

Better walk—walk—that was the thing to do.

It was not a bad alternative to tramp through deserted streets in company with the realization that was his.

With thirty-three inch strides he set off, and the pavements rang beneath his feet. He felt that he would never again know fatigue or dullness. From that moment the stream of life, the music or little of it that might be left to him, would overflow. A new source of life had come into being within himself, divine and inspired by Joan's laughing eyes and mouth, her insolence, courage and understanding. He could feel it bubbling within him like spring water in a pool. The exquisite refreshment was almost more than he could bear in silence.

As he tramped he could hear it tinkling merrily beneath his feet. He had gone a hundred yards before realizing that the pavements were littered with broken glass, splinters of thousands of panes blasted from windows by the shock of explosions.

At the bottom of Clarges street a squad of L. C. C. men were busy with brooms clearing up the mess. As they sweep the glass jingled like wind bells.

He paused a moment listening to the queer rhythmic music they made. Across the way was a house in which a ray of light showed palely beneath a lowered blind.

Paula's house. And the light came from her room.

So she, too, was awake, doubtless going over and over in her mind those few crazy moments they had spent together at the Carlton. What ages ago it seemed—so far off as to have lost reality.

A pitiful business it had been. A woman who offered on a man who could not accept. Nothing more pitiful than that. Yet but for Paula—but for that sudden restraint of hers what had happened to him since would not have been.

He owed her something for that—something transcending ordinary gratitude—and something which could never be expressed. He had run away from love only to find it. There was irony in that. What was it Browning had written?

God above is great to grant us mighty to make
And creates the love to reward the love—

"Does He?" Harley wondered, knowing how often it was not so, yet praying that in one case at least it should prove true.

He hesitated before moving on. Searching his mind for some easing kindly thing to say to her from the pavement. But he knew he would not find it.

Seeing him below her window at that small hour she would inevitably misunderstand his impulse.

Every lover wants his world to be happy, too, and as Harley shook his head and moved on to Piccadilly a shadow of regret went with him.

At the corner one of the sweepers touched his cap with that gregarious impulse common to those who work late in deserted streets.

"Made a proper mess, 'aven't they?" he remarked.

Harley nodded.

"You've got your work cut out."

"That's right," said the man. "I wouldn't 'arf mind bein' a glazier tomorrow—O! dear! Eh?"

And spurred by the incentive of his own wit he plied his broom with renewed vigor.

Further along Piccadilly was a hole in the wood paving where a bomb had burst.

A policeman was watching over it with an air of implacable resolution that suggested it would be no fault of his if the hole filled itself up during the night.

Harley asked if any one had been hurt.

"It's not for me to answer that, sir, and it's not for you to ask," was the sober reply, not unmixed with suspicion.

"Good man," said Harley, and pursued his way across Leicester square towards Covent Garden.

At Long Acre a barrier had been erected and fire engines were still at work. The helmets of firemen and the nozzles and unions of hoses gleamed mysteriously through misty plumes of smoke. A burst water main and a burst gas main were sending up parallel jets of fire and water. The sight had attracted a group of spectators largely composed of Covent Garden porters and aged vagrants. Carts and lorries piled high with vegetables and boxes of flowers for the market were huddled in

Garrick street waiting for the barriers to come down. A special constable whom Harley recognized as a leading west end actor manager was endeavoring to park them in some better shape.

"Lorries on the right—horse-drawn vehicles on the left" sounded the familiar voice. "Now, come along, my boys, come along. What is the use of my talking if you take no notice?"

What, indeed?

"Damnation, am I to waste my voice for nothing?"

Seemingly so.

A lad of 16 with the frightened eyes of one in the presence of an emergency with which he found himself powerless to cope loomed out of the mists of Floral street and stood irresolutely before Harley, gnawing the back of his hand.

"What's the matter sonny?" said Harley, recognizing the signs of approaching panic. "What's the trouble?"

"Dunno what to do, sir. My retailer as gone up—flattened out—cruel it is. Price is burnin' still. Yesterday's onions poppin' off chestnuts. What'd I better do with that?" And he jerked his thumb towards a one horse cart piled with wooden boxes.

"What is it? Vegetables?"

"Nar. Flars. Roses and such like. E ain't there to take 'em, see? Forrl I knows 'e may be—" the boy's lower lip shot out suggestively.

Harley clapped a hand on his shoulder.

"Steady on, youngster," he said. "Don't start looking for terrors. Flowers you've got, eh?"

"Yus. Tain't like vegs, flars ain't. Got to sell 'em quick ain't yer?"

Harley's eyes wandered lovingly towards the cart.

"If it's a customer you want," he said, "I'm your man. How much for the lot?"

"Fifteen pahund, but yer kidding."

Harley fished three fivers from his pocket.

"Does this look like business?"

The youth eyed man and money in slow turns.

"But yer can't find no use fer all the blinking lot," said he.

"Can't I?" was the reply. "You don't know what I can do when the mood takes me. Freeze on to these notes and I'll tell ye where to go."

In war time transport is transport, and the spectacle of an office riding on a market cart was not unusual enough to attract notice.

Seated beside the boy, Harley was driven down Piccadilly and thence to Berkeley Square.

"Here we are," he said, as they came to the Miller's house, "and if you care to earn a couple of sovereigns for yourself you can lend me a hand."

It must be confessed that at first the boy entered with poor spirit and no small apprehension into the surprising business demanded of him. But later, with the realization that he was acting in concert with a man physically superior to any policeman who might feel impelled to intervene, he embraced the spirit of the enterprise with an enthusiasm only second to Harley's. The area railings, the knocker, the piers which supported the porch, the old wrought iron link holder, in short, everything that could be reached from pavement to the height obtainable by standing on a man's shoulders, was festooned with roses like a decorated car in a battle of flowers.

Only one interruption distracted their operations. It came from an elderly special constable who, to do him justice, was more occupied with surprise than fear that the law was being infracted.

"Do these decorations presage an early peace, young man, or have you and your companion taken leave of your sense?" he asked, blandly.

"I can only speak for myself," said Harley. "The boy is sane enough."

"Odd, very

Georgia's Aviation Family

Georgia Aviator Foresees Transportation of Freight and Express By Air in Near Future.

By Valco Lyle.



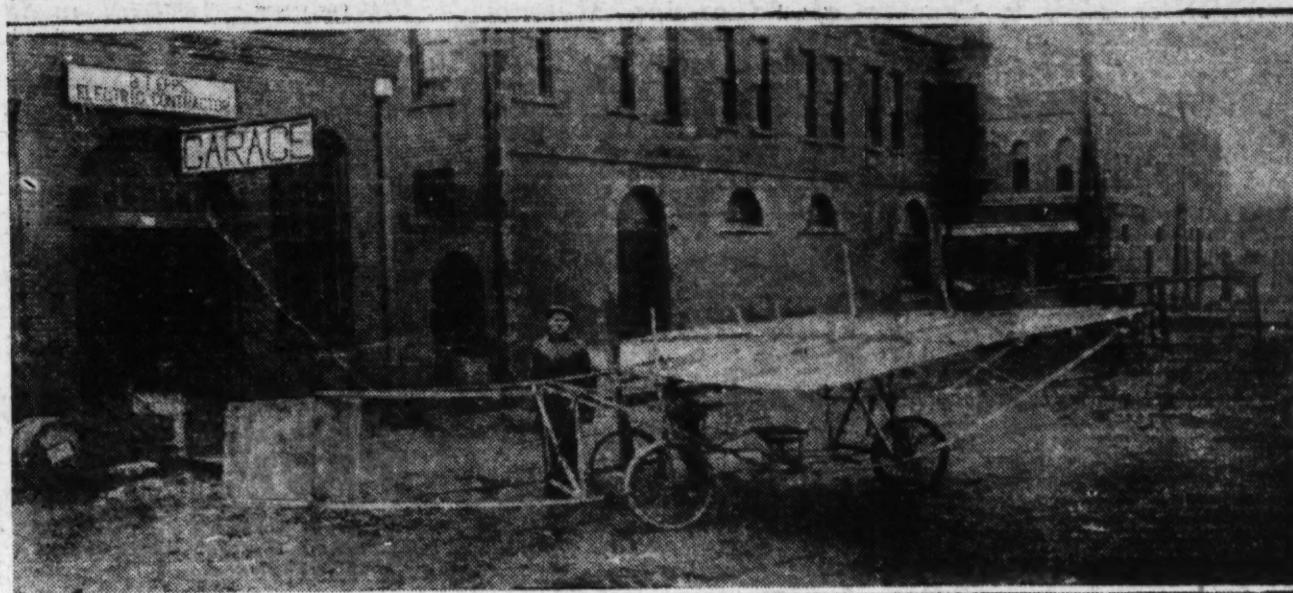
ATHENS, GA.—America has her 100 per cent aviator, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, and now she has a 100 per cent aviation family.

Athens claims the honor of rearing the first 100 per cent aviation family in this country, the youngest aviator in America, and the youngest Georgia girl to take flying lessons.

Ben T. Epps, who was the first Georgian to fly a plane in the state, and who is one of the nation's pioneer aviators, has seven children, five boys and two girls, and each of them is learning to fly as soon as he or she acquires enough aviation knowledge and physical strength to manage a plane.

Ben T. Epps, Jr., 13, oldest boy of the family, is believed to be the youngest pilot in America. He took his solo flight three months ago, and now takes regular flights over the city and to nearby towns.

He weighs about 100 pounds, and is very popular with his young schoolmate friends, who regard him as a young genius, but "always a friendly comrade. After school hours, when he is not with his father in the latter's shops or at the aviation field. Ben may be seen riding about town with eight or ten of his playmates piled on his



The funny contraption seen in the picture is not a go-cart, but an airplane designed by Ben T. Epps, Athens, Georgia's first air pilot, and pioneer aviator. Mr. Epps made the plane in his shops during 1907, shortly after the first successful flights by the famous Wright brothers. The plane was only partially successful in flight. Mr. Epps, who was barely 20 years old at the time, is shown standing by the plane, which had a two-cylinder Anzane motor.

The picture has other things of interest besides the plane. The barrel to the left of the garage, which was the first in Athens, served as the first gasoline filling station in Georgia. The picture also shows Washington street, one of the main business thoroughfares, unpaved.

little "Cutdown Special," which he constructed himself, having bought the materials with money acquired from selling hot-dogs, candies, and drinks at the local field.

"I want to become an experienced pilot, like papa, and I am going to give all my

time to flying when I grow up," Ben, Jr. says. He is a freshman at the Athens High school, where he is reported to be very adept with his books, having entered in September.

Evelyn Epps, pretty 15-year old daughter, and oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Epps, is the youngest Georgia girl to begin aviation lessons. She had her first instruction under her father about three weeks ago.

Miss Epps is also setting a precedent for Athen girls. So far as can be ascertained, she is the first local girl to take flying instruction. Quite a number of Athens' young men have taken lessons, some of whom are regular pilots now. Among these are Edward Hamilton, football and baseball player at the University of Georgia. Ed, as he is best known by his friends, began instruction about two years ago, upon graduating from the Athens High school. He flies one of Mr. Epps' planes regularly now, taking up passengers nearly every day.

Like Ben, Jr., Evelyn has high hopes of an aviation career. "I want to become a full fledged licensed pilot and fly regularly," she says.

She has finished her junior year at the Athens High school, where she made a high average in her studies.

"I never have any fear when any of the children are taking instructions or flights," Mrs. Epps says. "I suppose it is because I have grown used to aviation, since Mr. Epps was a pilot before we married. I did not object when Evelyn began taking lessons, as I feel that she will be able to control a plane as well as Ben, Jr."

Mr. Epps, who operates a flying school at the local field, says that he intends to teach all of his children how to fly a plane as soon as each becomes large enough. Mary Virginia, age 11, will be the next in line for instruction. She is restlessly waiting her turn, and is intent on learning younger than Evelyn. The baby, William Douglas, 14 months old, and named after Doug Davis, nationally known aviator, took his first flight about three weeks ago, his mother holding him in her arms. He was amazed at his new adventure at first. Mrs. Epps said, but soon began to laugh and enjoy it. He fell asleep after being aloft about ten minutes.

Transportation of light freight and express by air will be a common thing in the near future, Mr. Epps thinks. "I don't be-

lieve, however," he avers, "that it will ever be practicable to carry heavy freight by airplane."

Mr. Epps is one of the oldest aviators in the country. He began experiments shortly after the Wright brothers began their experiments, which lead to the first successful plane. It was from the latter's experiments at Kitty Hawk, N. C., along in 1904-05 that led Mr. Epps into the study of aviation, an entirely new field of endeavor at that time. He read stories of their work, and set to work on experiments of his own.

One of Mr. Epps' prize possessions is a picture of a plane designed by him in 1907. It was only partially successful in flight. The picture shows Washington street, near Lumpkin street, before pavement was laid. It also shows a barrel which served as Athens' first gasoline station.

Having begun in his teens, Mr. Epps has been making experiments, building, and repairing planes in his shops here for the past 25 years. He constructed one plane in which he used a motorcycle motor. The plane was successful and is in use now. He is constructing a new plane in his shop, and plans to use a Ford motor in it.



Ben T. Epps, Athens, Georgia's first pilot, and one of the country's pioneer aviators, is shown standing beside his oldest boy and oldest girl in front of one of his planes at the Athens airport.

Ben, Jr., only 13 years old, at the right, is considered the youngest pilot in America. He took his solo flight about three months ago, and now flies regularly in trips over the city and to nearby towns.

Pretty Miss Evelyn Epps, 15-year old daughter, is shown at the left. She is the youngest girl in the state to begin flying instruction, having taken her first lesson three weeks ago. Like Ben, Jr., she plans to become a full-fledged pilot with a little more experience.

Mr. Epps has seven children, and he plans to teach all of them how to fly a plane as soon as each becomes large enough.

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"After Half a Century of Adventure, William H. Blackburne Is Still in the Wild Animal Game. But He Is No Longer Making the "Grand Entry Parade" in a Cage of Fear-Crazed Lions; For Twoscore Years, Now, He Has Been the Only Keeper of Uncle Sam's Only Zoo."

By Cora deForest Grant

EHE great Barnum & Bailey circus was making its first trip to England. The vast hippodrome of the old Olympic in London was filled to capacity. Under the blaze of lights Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales sat in the Royal Box, the center of an eager, expectant crowd waiting to see their first American circus.

A blast of trumpets, a roll of drums and a deafening roar of brass bands announced the "Grand Entry" and the "Greatest Show on Earth" began its slow, imposing march around the arena.

In a gilded cage near the front of the column rode William H. Blackburne, wild animal trainer, and four tawny lions.

To the crack of a blacksnake whip Blackburne put his savage beasts through their customary paces. Growing and snarling, they vaulted over a three-slat gate which the trainer held in position in the center of the cage. From opposite sides of the enclosure the lions moved in pairs—four massive yellow bodies passing in a flying leap each time they hurdled. Swirling, hurdling, swirling, the performance was intended to keep up until that long, slow parade around the arena had been completed.

Suddenly something happened—how or why the trainer never knew. But one of the lions missed his cue, as acrobats sometimes do, and his head crashed through the "property gate." A jagged, broken slat pierced each side of the beast's great shaggy head.

Instantly bedlam reigned in that iron barred cage. The injured lion tore back and forth, struggling to free himself from his tortuous necklace. Thrown completely out of control by his unexpected turn of events, the three other lions joined in mad pursuit, snarling and snapping in their panic.

There was no hope of bringing the beasts back under control. The trainer's only chance of safety lay in avoiding those four lions, suddenly gone mad. With a spring he leaped straight upward and caught at the overhead bars that formed a ventilator in the ceiling. He missed. He leaped again, with better luck, and there he clung with his legs drawn up close around his body while the "Grand Entry" parade continued its agonizingly slow course around the arena.

"And judging from the wild burst of applause," say Mrs. Blackburne, "the audience evidently thought it was all part of the act—the usual climax of the parade. But I was beginning to think I'd never get out of that arena alive."

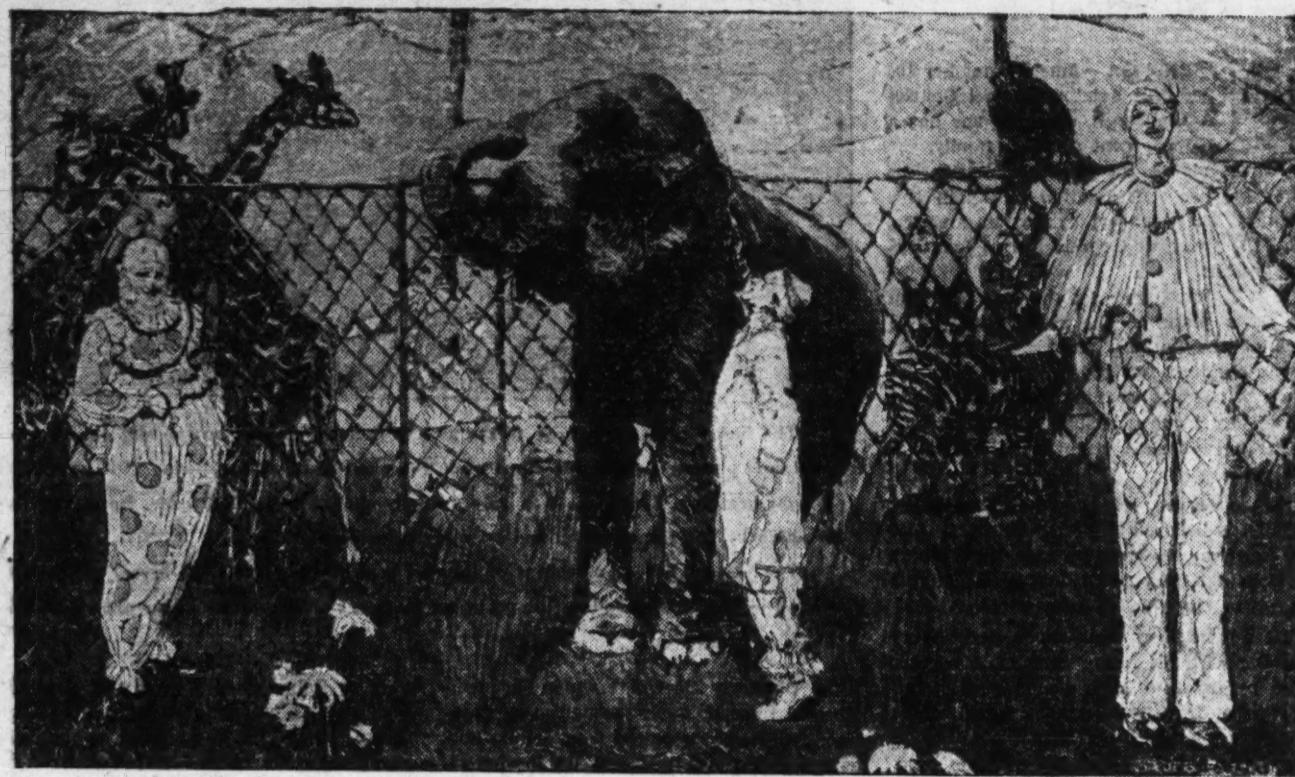
That was nearly half a century ago, and the hero of that story—now past three score and ten—is still in the wild animal game. No longer is he making that slow ride around the arena in a cage filled with lions. Today he is the only keeper of Uncle Sam's only zoo, a position he has held for nearly 40 years.

I was talking with him just a short time ago. He was stroking the head of a giant ostrich, blind and decrepit now, but once the proud gift of an Abyssinian king to a president of the United States.

"I'm worried about this old fellow," said Mr. Blackburne. "When he went totally blind four years ago it was his familiarity with every inch of this cage, where he had lived for 20 years, that saved him from beating out his life. And now we've got to transfer him to a new cage."

They presented an odd picture, these two, as the keeper, with one arm under the ostrich's wing, gently stroked the bird's sightless eyes and talked to him in a quiet, soothing voice. The keeper was assuring his frightened charge that he had no cause to fear, that though he was leaving his old cage, which he had come to know so well, he would still be able to find his way around. For the new cage had been constructed in exact replica of the bird's old home; everything—the feed box, the windows, the door—is precisely the same, with now new, unfamiliar obstacles to confuse him.

It was moving day in the nation's zoo, and Mr. Blackburne was guiding his old



Ready for the Start of the Big Show

From a Painting by W. Elizabeth Price

Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries

friend to his new home. It was necessary for all the occupants of one of the oldest frame buildings to find other quarters, for on this site Uncle Sam intends to build a modern fireproof structure, for which congress has appropriated a quarter of a million dollars. The new building will be known as the reptile house, and the former occupants, belonging to the feathered world, must find shelter in temporary quarters, for although the new bird house is only two years old and contains 145 indoor cages, it is filled to capacity.

Uncle Sam has only begun his building program. In addition to the reptile house, congress has received recommendations to build a pachyderm house, a small mammal house, a wild cattle house, bear and monkey pits and extensions on the new bird house and the carnivore house. They will cost more than a million dollars—but all are needed to house and properly exhibit the zoo's present crowded population.

It is a far cry from this ambitious building program to the day, almost two score years ago, when William Blackburne bid farewell to circus life as keeper of the "finest and largest collection of traveling animals the world ever saw," and transferred his affections to a "sad looking lot" of birds and beasts in the back yard of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

He had been with the circus for ten years, having begun his long association with animals in captivity before 1882, the year in which Columbia won the distinction of being the first baby elephant ever born in the United States. Columbia's precedence of birth was not her only distinction; this infant daughter of the monstrous Asiatic elephant Hebe precipitated the Barnum & Bailey consolidation and made possible the "Greatest Show on Earth." For Columbia was born in Atlantic City in the winter quarters of the Cooper & Bailey Circus—and that spring the Barnum Circus was compelled to go west for business. Columbia was drawing all the eastern circus fans to Cooper & Bailey's show.

When the consolidation was effected, in 1883, Mr. Blackburne was retained in charge of the animals. That year Jumbo, the big African elephant, was purchased from the London zoo. "The largest body of live flesh that ever moved to the United States," Mr. Blackburne said, and incidentally he and the engineer and fireman of the train that catapulted this 20,000 pounds of

flesh to instant death were the only witnesses of the tragedy that killed Jumbo and broke the leg of Tom Thumb, a baby elephant.

That was back in September, 1885. The Barnum & Bailey circus train was loading across the main track of the railroad in St. Thomas, Canada. All of the animals were aboard except Jumbo, whose powerful strength was used in loading, and little Tom Thumb, who always affectionately tagged after the giant. Suddenly a whistle sounded a warning, and around the bend came an unexpected express freight. Jumbo seemed to sense his danger. With a mighty bellow, he lifted his huge trunk high in the air, stretched his enormous ears straight out and bolted—straight down the middle of the track. At his heels tagged Tom Thumb.

Mr. Blackburne raced with death in a vain effort to get Jumbo off the track. "But the elephant was running straight ahead, just as terrified runaway horses gallop blindly," said the keeper. The inevitable crash came. Jumbo was killed instantly and the engine and three cars of the fast express were derailed; but in some miraculous way Tom Thumb was lifted into the air and dropped down an embankment, "where the little fellow lay yelping and squealing over a broken leg just like a baby." The young elephant's leg was set in a plaster cast and he was "invalided home" to Central Park, where he grew to maturity. Jumbo was mounted and for several years continued to follow the circus, creating almost as much interest as if he had been alive. Today his massive skeleton may be seen in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, while his hide is on exhibition in the Boston Museum.

During the years of circus trouping that followed, Blackburne was to experience hundreds of other adventures—"extra thrillers" that were never scheduled on the official programs. One of them occurred during the "Great Free Street Parade" in a western city. Blackburne was seated on a folding iron stool in a cage with a big spotted leopard when the parade halted for a moment. During the brief pause a woman holding a small child in her arms pressed close to the cage to let "baby see the beautiful kitty." The leopard stretched, snarled, and the next instant its claw-tipped paws were clutched on the sides of the baby's face.

Folding his stool as he leaped, Blackburne

slipped this canvas covered iron shield between the two faces, drawing so close together. But he could not prevent the four razor-like slashes that appeared on each side of the child's face—for "once a leopard sets his claws," says Mr. Blackburne, "he does not let go." The child was saved, but disfigured for life. The baby's mother accepted a settlement which included tickets to the circus; and that night the baby, bandaged until only his fever brightened eyes peeped out between folds of white gauze, came to the circus.

The "extra thriller" in another street parade was humorous as seen in retrospect, but when it occurred it did not impress Mr. Blackburne as being so funny.

Dressed in a Roman tunic of black and gold, with a kilted skirt, the trainer was seated in a cage with four lions on leash, when a terrific storm broke. The lightning flashed and the thunder boomed and rolled across the heavens in a continuous deafening bombardment, while the rain poured in torrents.

One of the lions, an "amiable creature" that had always evidenced signs of fear when it stormed, became completely terrified. Straining and pulling at his leash with all his mighty strength, he broke his bonds and rushed to the trainer's side, where he buried his head under the kilted skirt. Blackburne arose ever so easily—for quick movements are not tolerated by jungle folk—and, talking in soothing tones all the time, backed slowly toward the door of the partition—the lion following step by step, still holding his head under the sheltering skirt.

"He acted as if he knew I was his friend and would protect him," said Mr. Blackburne, "but I never believed in putting too much strain on friendship. So, once within easy reach of that door, I made a flying leap and slammed shut the protecting bars."

Mr. Blackburne has another story about a lion who displayed real friendship. "He was born in captivity, raised on a baby's bottle and had for a playmate a big domestic house cat," said Mr. Blackburne, "and he was the most lovable animal I ever knew. He used to let me put my head in his mouth, without harming a hair. And, what is more astounding, he was the only lion I ever knew who would pay the slightest attention to a human while he was eat-

ing. When I appeared he would leave his dinner—the choicest, reddest, rawest chunks of meat—and come to the bars to rub against me and lick my hands. It sounds like a simple thing, but really it's wonderful to any one who knows animals, for they are more or less ferocious when they eat."

Then, after years of friendship this lion was exchanged. A year or more passed before Mr. Blackburne saw him again. Then, being in the same city, he went out to see his old friend. It was feeding time. The lions were nervously pacing their cages as the crowd pressed against the railing, waiting to see the feast. From the midst of the crowd the visiting trainer called the lion's name—called again and waited. The restless pacing stopped; the lion looked out over the crowd and sniffed. Then the oldtime meowing began, and kept up until his old friend had come up against the bars. There the lion stood and joyously licked his former trainer's hands, paying not the slightest attention to his portion of meat when it was pushed through the bars.

A slightly different story is that of the two frightened wolves that "joined up with the circus." They seemed to feel that they hadn't a friend in that whole menagerie, but each day the trainer would sit by their cage, talking quietly to them. At first they resented his presence; but gradually their attitude changed. And Mr. Blackburne tried sitting very still in the open door of their cage, while the wolves crept closer—sniffing. So the friendship grew.

Then one day the wolves escaped from their cage. They took refuge in a dark corner, where, growling and snapping, they held the guards at bay. The trainer was hurriedly summoned. Ordering the guards out of sight, he sat down near by and began his quiet talk. Gradually they crept near—sniffing, sniffing; and when they bo'ren were sufficiently close he "dragged" each wolf by the "off ear" and jerked their heads outward, away from him, until the guards could rush up. "They were just a minute in coming to the rescue," he said, "but that minute tested every bit of strength I possessed."

Long years ago there occurred a demonstration of the ingenuity which was to mark William Blackburne throughout his life. The Barnum & Bailey Circus was making its first ocean voyage, and in the ship's hold all of the lions, tigers, panthers, hyenas and pumas were caged. During a severe storm at sea the alarm was given that a puma was loose. He had crawled under a low slung wagon held securely against the wall, and there he crouched.

On the top of the wagon Blackburne crouched, too, a lariat in his steady hand. With perfect accuracy the noose was slipped over the puma's head. To pull the snarling animal from beneath the wagon was not a

difficult job; but to prevent the beast from attacking every one within reach as he came out into the open was another matter.

Blackburne solved this problem on his own unique way. Removing one end of a barrel, he made a small hole in the opposite end, ran the rope through the hole and began pulling on the rope. Mr. Puma could either allow himself to be choked to death or he could slink into the barrel. He chose the latter course, and, as he disappeared inside, alert guards slapped on the loose end. It then was a simple matter to pull Mr. Puma back into his cage. For ten years Mr. Blackburne traveled over the United States, through England and the rest of Europe with the circus. Then homesickness took possession of him, and just when congress was enacting legislation to establish a National Zoological Park in Washington "the man for the job" came home.

A sulphur crested cockatoo, a few parrots, four bears, three wolves, one puma, some prairie dogs and four or five monkeys comprised the little cavalcade that William Blackburne marched bravely out to Rock Creek Park from the back yard of the Smithsonian Institution in 1891. Out to the place where he was destined to become the keeper of one of the world's leading zoos; where the collection of animals was to grow to include some 3,000 birds, reptiles and mammals; where great paddocks and ranges were to be built for buffalo and deer and other large mammals; where lakes and pools were to be dug for waterfowl and seals and beavers; where towering outdoor flight cages were to climb upward over treetops, to accommodate great condors and eagles and other large sized hardy birds; while shelter houses for species requiring warmth and special care were to spring up all over the wooded hillsides in that vast natural park.

So well has he builded from such a small beginning that every year now three million men, women and children visit the zoo. And this year 30,886 students in organized classes from 497 different schools have come to study zoology.

He has traveled over the world acquiring animals to bring the nation's collection to its present size. The other day he recalled a trip he made to Africa in 1913 to purchase some animals from the Egyptian government.

The animals Uncle Sam's one-time circus man brought back to America included two elephants, two cheetahs, an Arabian baboon, three camels and several antelopes—in all 26 crates of animals. And despite seasickness and the hardship of unaccustomed travel, every animal survived that long trip from Cairo to Washington.

The years that he has spent at Rock Creek Park also have brought their adven-

tures, their stories. Almost daily he has had to meet emergencies, many of which brought unexpected danger. And many of those emergencies have been conquered with characteristic Blackburne ingenuity.

There is the story of manicuring a yak. The feet of hoisted animals in captivity not infrequently become elongated, causing severe pain. The usual method of correcting this condition is to clip the hooves, after the animal has been roped and thrown to the ground. But this practice is dangerous—shoulders or hip bones may be broken or dislocated. So, when Uncle Sam's largest and finest yak began showing signs of this trouble the keeper conceived the idea of building a narrow cement walk the length of the paddock. The yak did the rest. Day by day, as he paced back and forth, impatiently waiting for feeding time, he filed his own hoofs on the rough cement walk. The plan worked so satisfactorily that later when a mountain zebra and an African antelope developed the same trouble cement walks were laid in their paddocks, with similarly successful results.

Then there was the lady hippopotamus with her temper tantrums. The favorite pastime of Mrs. Hippo was to tear long gashes in the tough hide of Mr. Hippo every time they disagreed. And, judging from the poor fellow's appearance (he looked like a cross-patch quilt) they disagreed pretty often. But Mr. Blackburne fixed Mrs. Hippo. He tied open her huge mouth and filed off the sharp points of her teeth until they were rounded and dull and harmless.

But whether it is orthodontia or just plain dentistry, this resourceful keeper meets every emergency. The extraction of teeth is a common practice at the zoo; but it is a rare occasion when the pulling of a tooth is actually welcomed. However, such an experience was witnessed not long ago. The Bengal tiger, a tawny, handsome beast, had the toothache, and he paced back and forth shaking his massive head from side to side like a great pendulum.

To rope and tie this struggling animal securely was a dangerous and extremely difficult job, but at last the feat was accomplished, and with the aching tooth extracted the tiger was freed from pain. A short time passed and another tooth developed trouble. This time the Bengal seemed to know that the huge forceps meant release from pain; and he laid down quietly, opened his immense mouth as wide as he could and waited for the second extraction.

The nearly 40 years during which he has built Uncle Sam's zoo up to its present greatness have been kind to the only keeper that zoo has ever had. He is grizzled and gray now, and he is past the allotted three-score years and ten—but he is of fine physical strength and endurance, and he is just

as active on the job as he has always been from the very day the zoo was established.

In his office in the cupola of the lion house, with the roar of the jungle chorus forever in his ears, he sits and looks back over a half a century spent with wild animals, and he regards it as a very pleasant half century. The years have taught him that all living creatures, be they humans or beasts of the jungle, can be handled more successfully by kindness and a bit of diplomacy than by force and brutality.

In a covered glass bowl on his desk a hairy black tarantula dances fantastically and unceasingly. Down in a box beside the radiator is a tiny bear cub, no larger than a good sized rat. It is snuggled down under a warm blanket and it nurses expertly from a baby's milk bottle.

"This poor little cuss was unwelcome," the keeper explains. "We had to rescue him from his mother."

There, in that fitting setting, William Blackburne looks back over the past—half century filled with high adventure and long friendships with animals. He has a fund of animal stories and as he talks to you he punctuates his conversation with them—stories of every animal that lives in captivity, its strange temper tantrums, its unexpected docility, its fearlessness.

But, oddly enough, his best story doesn't have for its hero a lordly lion, or a tiger, or a leopard—but a plain, ordinary cat; and despite his long years of association with animals, it was left until just a short time ago for him to witness what was perhaps the most dramatic incident of bravery he has ever seen.

A domestic house cat, the proud mother of two kittens, was wandering leisurely past the black leopard's cage. She turned about just in time to see both of her babies slip inquisitively through the bars that held captive "the meanest animal in the zoo."

Without a moment's hesitation the little mother leaped through the bars, straight onto the back of the stalking "black devil." From this strategic point she set up a frantic hissing, spitting and scratching while her alarmed babies, apparently understanding her danger signals, scampered out of the cage. Then, before the disconcerted leopard could decide what to do about the diabolical thing that clung so tenaciously to his back, the mother cat made another flying leap, this time to the farthest side of the cage—and flew out through the bars to rejoin her frightened kittens.

There on the sidewalk, secure from danger—with their backs arched, their tails up and their fur all bristled out—the three strutted along defiantly, for all the world as if they were saying: "Who told that guy he was a fighter?"



Watching the Crowd Go By.

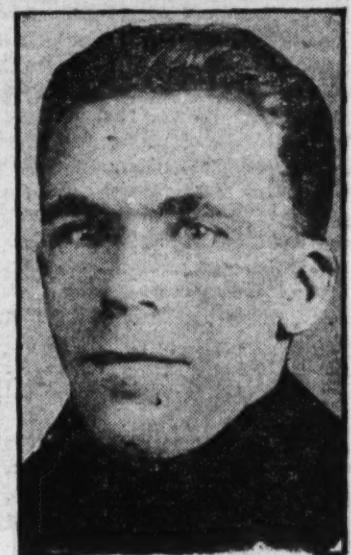
From a Water Color by J. C. Dollman

Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

When Justice Triumphed



Four studies of Red Moran, the scrawny, maladjusted young criminal who thought himself a coming Napoleon of the underworld.



The late Edward Byrnes.

The Passing of Red Moran, Sullen Product of Poverty Who Sneered at the Chair

ISTORY abounds in megalomaniacs, particularly criminal history. Megalomania, which is defined as a passion for doing great or grand things, a form of mental alienation in which the patient has grandiose delusions concerning himself, appears to be the outstanding characteristic of almost every criminal. Young criminals almost invariably are subject to this disease.

But is it insanity?

That is an important question because the central character of this story to be narrated today appears to have been an out-and-out megalomaniac. He was a scrawny, sullen, maladjusted product of poverty, who had not even reached the voting age, but he thought himself a coming Napoleon of the underworld.

Boastful in the extreme, he felt that he was a most daring desperado, one of the terrors of his time. We can believe that he got the thrill of a lifetime out of sneering and jeering at the electric chair.

But was he insane?

The first scene of this tragedy took place in a Brooklyn street on the afternoon of November 19, 1926. Patrolman Edward Byrnes of the Poplar street police station was driving a police car south on Hicks street when he observed a new gray sedan ahead of him. He thought the car contained two men in the front seat and two in the rear, but it was established later that there were five in the car, three of them in the rear seat.

As he looked at the machine, and its occupants, he thought he saw the glint of a pistol barrel.

Byrnes followed the sedan. When he reached Middagh street, where Patrolman Frank Daszkiewicz was stationed to assist school children across the street—it was about 3:45 o'clock—he signaled to Daszkiewicz and the latter got into the car beside him. Byrnes speeded up beside the sedan, ordered the driver to pull over to the curb, and then shot his car ahead and in front of the sedan. It came to a stop.

THE DOORS OF THE CAR FLY OPEN.

The two officers climbed out of the police car. Neither drew his pistol. Byrnes was a pace or two ahead of his brother officer. They approached the sedan.

Suddenly the two doors of the car flew open and one or more of the occupants opened fire on the officers. Byrnes pitched forward on his face. The occupants leaped from the sedan. As Daszkiewicz reached for his gun there was a second deadly volley. Daszkiewicz staggered, two bullets in his stomach. His legs sagged. He fought to retain consciousness.

As the driver of the sedan, the last man out of the car, leaped out, Daszkiewicz seized him and with all his waning strength clung to his man. His captive struck out blindly with his fists. But Daszkiewicz held on.

One of those in the neighborhood who heard the pistol shots was Vincent Carney, of 176 Hicks street. He came running to the patrolman's aid.

"For God's sake, hold him!" gasped the

officer. Then he slumped back unconscious.

Carney grappled with the fellow. He was still holding him there when other officers arrived. They immediately concluded that he himself was one of the murderers and took him into custody. It was several hours, not until Daszkiewicz regained consciousness, before Carney was cleared of suspicion.

But the police department was to do nobly by Vincent Carney. The officers of the Brooklyn department later gave him a goin' watch and \$1.326. And Commissioner McLaughlin got him a job.

The prisoner gave his name as James Lacurto. He was an undersized youth who had already served terms in three prisons for burglary and automobile thefts. His story was that he had hired the sedan from the Brooklyn U-Drive-It Company and that three men had later accosted him and asked him if he would like to make some money. When he said he would, they climbed in and directed him to drive to various addresses.

He said they would leave the car, go into a place, and then return, saying, "It wasn't worth it." Then they would go on to another place.

Patrolman Byrnes died almost instantly. Daszkiewicz died on the 22d. Byrnes would have been 27 on November 21. His wife had died two months before, leaving two small children. Daszkiewicz was 33 and left a wife and three children, aged 8, 6 and 5 months. The families of the officers later received The News heroism award.

In the meanwhile the police department worked fast. Detectives located Ida Abitante, Lacurto's sweetheart, with whom he had been living. Then they arrested James De Michaels, 18, who confessed to various hold-up but denied he had taken part in the double killing on the 19th; and also Robert Tate, 27, suspected of being a member of the same gang. It was said that Anthony Marchia, lately committed to Sing Sing, had also worked with the same gang that killed Byrnes and Daszkiewicz.

On the night of November 22 Lieutenant Robert Thurston was making an entry in the police blotter in the Empire boulevard station in Brooklyn when a disheveled, hungry looking youth, much in need of a haircut, walked into the station and stood before Thurston.

"Any detectives around?" he inquired.

"Look in the detective room," said the lieutenant.

The young man—he hardly seemed more than 16—looked, then came back.

"Ain't none there," he announced.

"Wait a minute—I'll get you one," said Thurston.

"O, I guess you'll do," said the visitor then. "I'm Red Moran. I'm the guy that bumped off them two cops last Friday."

Now as it happened, this lad had not been a stranger to the police. Twice before he had been charged with grand larceny. Once he had been discharged. The other time he had been found guilty, received a suspended sentence, and been placed on probation. He had finished with school when he was 14, served for a while in the navy, and then thrown himself whole-heartedly into a career of thuggery in Brooklyn.

He admitted to the police, quite proudly,



The late Frank Daszkiewicz.

that he had taken part in a couple of dozen holdups, including sixteen taxi drivers and six drug stores.

EYES ARE DEEP-SET, MOUTH IS SNEERING.

Twenty years old, though looking much younger, his predominant features were his sullen, smoldering, deep-set eyes and perpetually sneering mouth. He seemed to exude hatred. Almost never in the months that followed did he relax from his contemptuous, indifferent attitude toward the world in general and the authorities in particular. He apparently felt quite certain that everybody was very much afraid of him.

Since the shooting on Hicks street he had wandered about, day and night, not daring to show himself where he might be recognized and seized. Possessing but \$4.40 when he fled the scene, the money had soon vanished. He had no comfortable and secure hideout—his criminality had not yet reached that organized state. And so, tired and hungry, he had decided to make that contemptuous gesture and give himself up.

"What the hell—I'll be dead in a year," he said. "I ain't afraid of de chair!"

According to the police, young Moran had served as gunman for a robbery mob composed of seven members. Moran told them that on the day Byrnes and Daszkiewicz were shot he and the others were on their way to hold up a dentist. "We heard he always had a lot of money on him," he said.

"You're a fool for ever thinking you could beat this game," District Attorney Dodd told him. His reply was the sneering, oft-repeated retort, "Well, you can send me to the chair right away—I don't care."

According to his mother, Mrs. Margaret Moran, a hard-working woman, prematurely aged from labor, Thomas had begun to wander about 18 months before. It was largely through her tearful pleas that the court had given him a suspended sentence and put him on probation. She said she had got down on her knees to him and pleaded with him to change his ways.

But he had tasted power, experienced the sinister thrills of criminality. Besides, he had a girl friend.

Soon after his surrender, he signed a confession, and the next day pleaded guilty to two indictments charging murder. Such a plea not being allowed, when the charge is first degree murder, it was changed to not guilty. Asked if he had a lawyer, he

replied disdainfully that he didn't want no lawyer—what did he want a lawyer for? Let them get it over with—he wasn't afraid.

An hour later Moran, Lacurto, De Michaels and Tate pleaded guilty to indictments charging grand larceny in the first degree and assault in the second. Lacurto, being a fourth offender, faced life imprisonment under the Baumes law. District Attorney Dodd pointed out this fact to Supreme Court Justice Alonzo J. McLaughlin.

"Why shouldn't they all get life?" the court inquired.

Dodd said that De Michaels and Tate had never been convicted before.

Later Lacurto received life imprisonment, and the other two twenty to forty years each. Moran alone being held for murder. The court appointed Peter Smith and Albert Conway to defend the youth, much to the prisoner's disgust. Moran's attitude was that it was all just a lot of foolishness. And where did they get that stuff, saying he was insane?

However, if he was to be defended, there was no other defense but an insanity defense.

"His behavior is certainly irrational," said the lawyers. "He won't even talk to us!"

Another member of the gang, Michael Cahill, 19, gave himself up on November 26 and admitted that he had been in the death car. He said he had taken no part in the shooting, and that none of the others had, except Red. "He must be crazy," said Cahill. "He pulled that gun before any of us knew what it was all about. He didn't give those cops a chance in the world."

After some delays, caused by examinations into the accused youth's sanity, the trial opened on January 24, 1927, before Judge George W. Martin in Kings county court. Assistant District Attorney James I. Cuff was the prosecutor and the defense lawyers were Smith and his law partner, Dominic Griffin. The jury was what is commonly known as a "blue ribbon" jury, being composed of citizens of a higher intelligence than usual.

The young hero of the drama, as he considered himself, parked his feet on the chair in front of him and dozed most of the time the jury was being chosen. His face bore an expression of proud boredom. What was the sense of all this, anyway? He'd confessed, hadn't he? He bumped off those two cops—did any one dare to insinuate that he hadn't?

SMITH OPENS HIS INSANITY DEFENSE.

Defense Attorney Smith, in his opening address, stated that Moran had been abnormal ever since his head was hurt in a roller-skating accident at the age of 9.

Furthermore, said Smith, many of the Moran family had shown evidence of insanity. The boy's father had died of apoplexy, he said, a grandmother had died in an asylum, a grandfather had died in the Kings county hospital, his mother's brother had been a patient in an asylum, and his mother's sister also had been a patient in an asylum. A hereditary strain of insanity, said Smith.

"I have not been able to talk with my client," said the attorney. "He is insane. I shall call him as a witness but I have no idea what he will say or whether he will say anything."

The state completed its case quickly.

Continued on Page Twenty

♣ The Bridge Forum ♠

Signaling for a Lead Is One Proper Way to "Talk Across the Table"

By Shepard G. Barclay

ON'T talk across the table! applies to conversation which may give a player a hint about his partner's hand. It epitomizes one of the fundamentals of bridge ethics, the injunction against giving unauthorized information.

Suggesting by word, gesture or facial expression, that partner lead a certain suit is about as banal as anything can be in the play of the game. But there are perfectly ethical and proper ways whereby the same result may be achieved on many occasions—use of the recognized signals of play.

The declarer has no reason to signal anybody, for he plays the dummy hand as well as his own. He knows just what cards are held by his side, also just what cards the adversaries hold. He knows where his strength lies, also his weakness. The defenders, on the other hand, are ignorant of how strong or weak their side may be. They, therefore, have ample reason to indicate to each other, by their various plays, everything they can about their hands, while declarer can afford to false-card at every chance and try to fool them if he can.

This gives the offensive side a tremendous advantage, reckoned as about a full trick to the hand among experts and something more than that among players who do not make full use of the signals available for interchange of facts. During the years, a regular code has been developed which is known by all skillful players, whereby they can frequently thwart the declarer by managing to tell each other what to do while still observing the strictest standards of ethics.

The most important of all the signals concerns the playing of cards which obviously can have no effect upon the winning of the trick to which they are played. In selecting the card to play in such cases, an unnecessarily high card is classed as an "encouraging card," a low one as a "discouraging card," the former suggesting that the player would like to have his partner lead that suit, the latter suggesting the contrary. The playing of one such "useless" card is merely an indication one way or the other, but when a second useless card of the suit is played, the message becomes positive.

Playing against a spade contract, if your partner leads the king and follows with the ace, both of them winning the tricks, there is a capital chance to signal in event that you have the cards with which to do it. Holding only the eight and three of the suit and desiring to trump a third lead of it, the eight should be played to the first trick—an encouraging card—and the three on the next trick. This constitutes what is called the "high-low" signal, or "echo." The play of the eight indicated the desire for another lead, but was not an absolute request, so far as partner can tell, for the holding in your hand may have been the eight, nine and ten, in which case your ensuing play of the nine would show him you were not asking for a third lead of the suit.

In like manner, a player holding only the three and deuce could ask for a third lead of the suit by playing the three first and the two second. The three would look like a discouraging signal, but the following two would prove that a third lead was desired. The same signal should be given if a player wished to have the suit led a third time because he held the queen; thus, with queen, seven and five, he would play the seven first and the five second.

When discarding in cases where unable to follow suit, a player also may give signals. To discard a high card of a suit encourages partner to lead that suit, to discard low discourages its lead, to discard in the unnatural manner, higher card followed by lower of the same suit, is a positive request for lead of the suit. Sometimes, by making a low discard from each of two suits, a player can ask for the lead of another suit by the process of elimination. Thus, in a no-trump hand, declarer may be running a club suit; if you have two discards to make and want to ask for a heart lead, you can do it by throwing a low spade on one trick and a low diamond on the next; since you don't want those



A Perfect Defense

I used to feel I had no chance against a golfing nut
Who backed me in a corner and described each drive and putt;
The baseball and the football bugs I classed as deadly, too,
I always had to grit my teeth and wait till they were through;
But now they never bother me; I scare them all away
By telling them about some hand I held the other day.

suits led, partner knows you wish the remaining one led up to you.

By using these signals reliably, partners will gain on the average an extra trick about every other hand when they play defensively.

Records in Danger

Records for number of trophies are already smashed, and still others for largest entry are expected when play begins two weeks from tomorrow in the second annual tournament of the American Bridge League, which this year will be held in the solariums along the boardwalk at Asbury Park. The chance to have a seaside vacation at the Jersey summer resort while battling with the puzzling pastboards has lured entries from players of championship caliber all over the country, and many others of lesser degree as well.

Four national trophies are at stake, three of them brand new. One of these is a bronze statue of a mermaid playing bridge, done by the sculptress, Dorothy Rice, and given by the city as a national challenge trophy for teams of four contract players, to be played for at intervals of from 30 to 90 days. One is a gold cup donated by Baron Waldemar von Zedtwitz for contract quattos composed solely of players who have finished first or second in a general tournament of the league, the American Whist League or the Vanderbilt Cup, called the Masters' Trophy. One is a cup presented by Wilbur C. Whitehead for the women's pairs contract title. The one old trophy, now held by Chicagoans, is the Shepard G. Barclay Trophy for the team of four national championships at auction bridge for men and women.

State, county and local titles also will be decided, in addition to general open events for players who do not feel equal to striving for the various titles.

Bridge Intimacies

R. P. Foster, who was a noted whist writer before most of the bridge experts of today had ever shuffled a deck of cards, was one of this country's golf pioneers. Never a star player, he was adept at making trick

is grave danger that the slam bidding side will trump it unless it is led at the very first opportunity. If anything else is led, the chances are probably ten to one that the declarer can take the trick in his hand or dummy, and then will manage to discard your ace suit from one hand or the other, for he probably is pretty short of that suit in one or both hands. When, however, the ace is held in a short suit, there is slight danger that the opponents can discard their losers in it. Holding on to the ace in this case makes it possible that it will later kill off a king or queen and thereby perhaps make a queen or jack good in partner's hand.

With both sides vulnerable, and West the dealer, how should the following hand be bid?

| | | | |
|----------------|----------------|------------|---------------|
| ♠ Q 10 9 6 5 2 | ♥ 3 | ♦ K 5 3 | ♣ A 7 5 |
| NORTH | | | |
| ♠ A K J 8 4 3 | ♥ None | ♦ None | ♣ K J 9 7 5 4 |
| ♦ 7 6 2 | ♦ Q 8 4 | ♦ J 10 9 6 | |
| ♣ K 8 4 3 | | | |
| WEST | | | |
| ♠ 7 | ♥ A Q 10 8 6 2 | ♦ A J 10 9 | ♣ Q 2 |
| ♦ 6 5 3 | | | |
| SOUTH | | | |
| ♦ 6 5 3 | ♦ 6 5 3 | ♦ K 4 | |

Auction Problems

South bid one spade, West passed, North two clubs, East two diamonds and all passed. What would you, as South, lead from the following hands?

| | | | | |
|---|--------------|------------|---------|--------|
| A | ♠ A K 8 6 2 | ♥ 6 5 3 | ♦ 8 6 3 | ♣ 10 4 |
| B | | | | |
| C | ♠ A Q 8 6 2 | ♥ J 10 3 2 | ♦ K 5 | ♣ 10 4 |
| D | ♠ K 10 6 5 2 | ♥ A 4 3 | ♦ 6 5 3 | ♣ K 4 |

Since partner denied support for spades, it is certain he can trump the third round of spades, probably the second round. Hence from hand A the king should be led, followed by the ace and then, if partner has discarded on second round or has given a "come on" signal by playing a higher card on the first round than on the second, lead a third spade for him to ruff.

The likelihood of partner being able to ruff the second round of spades would cause some players to favor the lead of the ace of spades from hand B, followed by a small one, though more would prefer not to lead away from the tenace ace-queen and so would lead the top of partner's suit, the ten of clubs.

It is extremely unlikely, in spite of partner's denial, that he is utterly void of spades and so can trump the first round, so that a spade lead from hand C would be most unwise; the king of partner's club suit, followed by the four if the king wins, would be better tactics in this case.

A Law a Week

Too many cards in a quitted trick—When ever it is suspected that any of the quitted tricks contain more than four cards, any player may count them face downward. If any be found to contain a surplus card, and any player be short, either opponent of the player who is short may face the trick, select the surplus card and restore it to the player who is short, but this does not change the ownership of the trick. The player who is short is answerable for any revoke, as if the missing card had been in his hand continuously. Should the side in whose tricks the surplus card is found have failed to keep its tricks properly segregated, either opponent of such side may select a card from the tricks improperly gathered and restore such card to the player who is short.

(Next week—A trick gathered by the wrong side.)

Contract Systems

South bid two hearts, North six hearts. What would you, as West, lead from these hands? What if North had bid seven hearts?

| | | | | |
|---|---------|-------|--------------|----------------|
| A | ♠ Q 5 3 | ♥ 8 3 | ♦ J 10 7 6 5 | ♣ A 4 2 |
| B | ♠ Q 5 3 | ♥ 8 3 | ♦ J 10 | ♣ A 10 7 6 5 2 |

These hands involve the question of when to lead an ace against a slam bid. If the bid is for grand slam, the ace of clubs would be the best lead from either of these hands. But against the small slam, the ace should be led from hand B, but not from hand A.

When an ace is held in a long suit there

Your partner having led the 7 of spades against a no trump contract, and declarer having played the 4 from this dummy:

| | | | |
|-----------|---------|-----------|-------|
| ♠ J 9 5 4 | ♥ K 4 3 | ♦ Q J 9 8 | ♣ 5 2 |
|-----------|---------|-----------|-------|

What would you play, holding the following hands?

| | | | | |
|---|------------|-----------|----------|-----------|
| A | ♠ K 10 6 2 | ♥ J 6 2 | ♦ 10 7 3 | ♣ J 4 3 |
| B | ♠ K 6 2 | ♥ J 6 5 2 | ♦ 10 7 3 | ♣ J 4 3 |
| C | ♠ 10 6 3 2 | ♥ J 6 2 | ♦ 10 7 3 | ♣ J 4 3 |
| D | ♠ K 10 | ♥ J 6 5 2 | ♦ 10 7 3 | ♣ J 6 4 3 |

Men Are Going on a Sar ---Will Out-Dazzle Wives

By SAM GIBSON.

GIRLS and ladies all, you're going to have a lot of new problems to solve this summer.

Selecting your clothes for the summer resorts—the beaches, the mountains and the inland lakes—isn't going to be simply a matter of getting the proper fit in your favorite colors.

There's going to be a lot more to it than that. You're going to have to be very, very careful in selecting your summer ensembles. But there's one ray of comfort in the situation—it also presents a wonderful opportunity to show yourself off at your best.

As is usual in conditions that spell problems for the fair sex, the men are at the bottom of it all. Here they've been going on for year after year, wearing quiet colors with which any hue that you cared to select for your frocks wouldn't clash at all.

"Your Own Fault."

Of course, as a matter of fact, it would be hard to find any color that would clash with the rather somber tones of black, grey and brown that have for years and years been considered the entire color range for men's clothes. Things have been easy for you. And, really, the new deal is your own fault.

You looked so completely entrancing on the southern beaches this past winter in your wonderfully and fearfully hued pajama costumes, that the men have developed a color complex and are themselves going into competition with the rainbow, at least as far as their summer wardrobes are concerned.

What you are going to see at the resorts this season will make your eyes stick out. How will you like your husband or the boy friend in a pinkish brown jacket—brightly colored, you understand; not a subdued tone—white flannel trousers striped in the same vivid hue, a light greenish shirt with a dark green necktie, white buck shoes tipped with brown and a panama hat with a yellow band?

Won't that be a sight to behold? Well, you're going to behold it and there's no maybe about the matter. In fact, the tailors of Boston are right now fairly swamped with orders for male summer flannels. And not one order in a hundred calls for the old familiar combination, so popular for decades at the big summer hotels, of a dark blue jacket with white or cream or somberly striped trousers.

Now, that costume was neat and dressy and we must admit that most of the men looked well in the combination. What was of more importance to the fair sex, was the fact that ranged beside their male escort in the big lobbies, just any color from the palest shade to the brightest red would look positively stunning.

Pick Hubby's Clothes.

But can you imagine yourself passing before the critical eyes of the rocking-chair brigade in a gown the hue of which was absolutely killed by the color of your escort's jacket? There's where your new problem comes in. And it's going to be a problem and don't you forget it.

Probably the best idea is for you to accompany your husband when he selects his summer wardrobe, just to make sure that the bright-hued garments which he will surely pick out—no man with a flair for color will be able to resist them—aren't those that will clash with your favorite shades.

Of course, there are several ways you may be able to turn the affair to your own advantage. There are two obvious courses. You may let your husband pick out his new clothes, look them over and then fare forth and select for yourself garments in shades that will make his look like something out of the rag bag. Or, if you don't think that that would be nice, pick out colors that will blend and harmonize with his.



Men are going to be so colorful in their cl

On the other hand, why not go ahead and pick out your ensembles and then go along with him while he selects his and make sure that he gets shades that will harmonize or enhance your own? Then there's still another system that might be used, especially if the working half of the family is rather tight in the matter of your clothes allowance.

This system might be likened to the old adage of the prize ring—if the intrusion of the squared circle may be pardoned in an

article designed especially for the fair sex—of getting in the first punch. Just go ahead and do your summer shopping early, buying duds that you like to the full limit of the allowance.

Then play a watchful waiting game until the tailor gets through with hubby. It's all right to throw out a hint or two about how lovely you think the new pastel shades are for men's summer clothes. That won't hurt a bit and it may help. However, it's perfectly

all right just to leave the matter to the tailor for the clothiers of men are strong for the new colors.

Soon hubby's new clothes arrive and he dons them to give you a treat. Probably he has fallen in love with this one described by Victor J. VanNeste, "Boston's best dressed man," who gives the merchant tailors a lot of ideas.

This ensemble for males is built around bright green jacket with red stripes running both up and down and around to form a bewitching plaid—by the way, plaids and check

Editorial Riot This Summer With Colorful Glad Rags



this summer that the women will have to be very careful in choosing their own gowns.

are distinctly au fait for men this year. The trousers of this costume are of pinkish brown, shoes are tipped in brown and the socks present the same checks as the jacket. The haberdashery which goes with this costume is just as lovely as the suit itself. The shirt is of light tan with red stripes running around, with collar to match, and the tie is of bright yellow. Top that off with a Panama hat with band of a harmonizing hue.

Now, according to the main chance system, whether your husband selects that particular costume or not, in fact, no matter what en-

semble he falls for, as soon as he dons it for your approval, it is your cue to stage a collapse. As soon as he wishes to know whatever in the world is the matter assure him that the suit is a beauty and a real tribute to his artistry and that of his tailor, but that your new clothes simply won't go with it; the colors will clash and both of you will look like perfect frights.

New Clothes for You.

Of course, there never was a man yet who considered himself well enough versed in color schemes in attire to disagree with your

verdict. So there's nothing in the world for him to do save come through with an entire new outfit for you, a state of affairs that surely no woman can object to in the least.

If you ladies don't think by this time, from the descriptions of male costumes for this coming summer, that you are going to have a lot of competition in making the rainbow look like an also ran, consider this one. It has a double-breasted jacket in a sort of purplish blue shade—not subdued but rich and striking. It is fitted with brass buttons and has four patch pockets and side vents.

Glorious enough, eh? Well, that isn't half the story. The trousers are of yellow cloth—yellow, mind you, real yellow, not simply light tan or any thing like that. With this striking suit is worn a light blue cheviot shirt with a white collar and a cravat in a bold pattern of blue, yellow and red. The shoes are brown and white with buckles instead of laces. The ensemble is topped off by a Panama hat with a band of one of the colors displayed in the tie.

Green Dinner Jacket.

Now, of course, any of these costumes are perfectly all right for either day or evening wear at any of the finest hotels, for formal attire has small place during the summer months. But there are men who simply can't feel right unless they dress for dinner and the evening. But this year he will break away from the somber black.

Undoubtedly, they'll all sit up and take notice when they see this dressy vacationer coming into the dining room attired in a bright green dinner jacket. For this ensemble, the usual black waistcoat and tie have been changed. In fact, the waistcoat has been discarded entirely and the entire expanse of a brilliant yellow shirt left to dazzle the onlookers. The tie is a green and white bow and the collar, of course, is winged. The trousers are of plain white or cream flannel and the shoes either black or tan and white.

"These new costumes for men," said Mr. Van Neste, "may at first appear as a rather sensational departure from the clothing we have formerly seen on men in this section. But when you see them made up and on the man for whom they were designed they appear quite right and proper. One of Boston's best dressed gentlemen—one who wouldn't for the world appear overdressed or out of place anywhere—has ordered an ensemble that combines a yellow flannel jacket with trousers of white striped in the same color.

"The slender man of dark complexion or the grey-haired man who has retained his figure may wear just about any of the new colors. But the red-haired man must be careful. For instance, he wouldn't look well in a jacket of the pinkish brown hue that is so popular this season. And the male who is very light of hair and complexion should not select the very light colors for his jackets."

"How is the short, stout man going to look in these bright colored clothes?" asked the reporter.

"Perfectly all right," Mr. Van Neste assured him. "A short man can wear the same colors that the tall slender man affects. It is all a matter of the way the clothes are cut. We never really fit a stout man, we drape him. By the way, that's a suggestion that portly women might do well to follow. If they will learn that they look much more slender in draped clothes than in those that fit them snugly, they'll appear to much greater advantage."

"Of course, the men won't wear pajamas outside of their rooms, but they should have in their wardrobes at least one suit of the new Shantung silk suits. These suits are as light and cool as the filmiest pajama and yet have the quality of holding their lines and looking neat under almost any conditions. So, you see, that both in color and in comfort the men will be on equal terms with the women this summer."

"The flair for colors in vacation wear is being reflected in the new suitings for business wear. The shades are much lighter and plaids and wide stripes will be worn a great deal. Really, the tailors welcome the new colors; it gives them a chance to display real artistry."

"How about shorts?" queried the reporter.

"Shorts will undoubtedly be worn in some sports such as tennis, but no one who is anybody will wear them elsewhere," pronounced Mr. Van Neste, and that was that.

The Road of His Feet

Continued from Page Four

goats. Stupid beasts—goats! They know nothing of music!" He swept a hand about the hujra. "We here are better judges. Come! Sing us a misra—a misra of love—a misra to fox red hair and silver gray eyes. For—" he bowed to Turkan Katoom—"If the gossip be true . . .

"I don't know how to rhyme—nor how to swell and trill the sounds."

"It is easily learned. Shall I teach you—some day?" asked Yar Khan.

"Yes!" eagerly. "When will you?"

"Tomorrow at sunrise. Meet me in the Tukkum hills, beside the gnarled beach, west of the little brook. And the songs I cannot teach you, the eagles will—and the 'iny, gray foxes."

He walked away; and Turkan Katoom turned to Dost Murad.

"Do not go with him!" she begged.

"Why not, heart of my heart?"

"His path leads away from the day's proper work."

"There may be laughter in his path."

"And there may be tears."

"Laughter is rich."

"Plain contentment is richer. Please—" she pleaded—"do not go with him. There is the sowing to be done . . .

"I have finished my sowing."

"The garden to be weeded," she continued feebly, "and the cattle to . . .

"Pah! Am I forever slave to nine long horns? Let them graze by themselves for the span of a morning!"

"But," she whispered in a bleak agony of foreboding, "you must save—for our wedding—the marriage portion . . ."

"I shall show you a quick way to earn it," interrupted a deep voice, as Yar Khan's shadow fell between them as with the cutting of a sword. "Seven weeks from today, on the first Friday of the month of Hassan-Hussain, will be a great gathering in the hujra of the Red Village—and a thousand rupees to him who sings the sweetest misra." He glanced at Turkan Katoom, saying: "My grief—that I was never the one to win a woman's heart with the arts of my mouth nor of my eyes. I shall teach you, Dost Murad. And you will win the prize."

"Hail!" exclaimed the other. "Is this Tartar not a good friend, Turkan Katoom?"

So tomorrow came; and the herders on the road on the Tukkum slopes heard a fine, quaint blending of two voices rolling down and, later on, saw two men climbing the higher peaks.

And the next day a peasant looking for stray goats, came upon Dost Murad and Yar Khan a spear's throw away from the ruined castle where, centuries earlier, the Ghazni sultans had ruled in pomp of silver and crimson. Storm tossed, crumbling.

About it the land seemed darkly brooding, blind to sunsets, deaf to the winds; and there, in the face of a precipice that gave upon the valley, Yar Khan one day had found a great cave that was unknown to the tribesmen. Snug and safe and secret, with cool water dripping from its root into a hollow, it had been formerly a shelter for northern raiders when the peasants had turned on them in the strength and hardihood of despair and had driven them away. A huge fire might blaze at night in the stony heart of it; a steer roasted whole might sizzle on a spit; the roar of songs might shake its granite bowels—but the world outside would never guess.

Here Yar Khan spent many a night. For, as he said to himself:

"It is in such a place that a man may sleep soundly—and no worse than himself for company."

Nor did he ever speak about it to a soul, not even to Dost Murad, though today the two were friends closer than brothers; always together, hunting, trapping, fishing; strolling from village to village, from hujra to hujra, singing ballads and misras—until there were some who said that the pupil was beginning to be better than the master.

"And he does not even grudge me the glory of my singing," said Dost Murad one day as he met Turkan Katoom. "Is he not the best friend in the world?"

She stared at him. He was an amazing figure in savage, drenched garments, an eagle's wing boldly in his fur cap, a crooked

HER LEG HEALED AFTER 16 YEARS

Mrs. J. Hines, R. 2, Sealy, Texas, who was entirely healed of leg sores after suffering 16 years, urges all sufferers to write Dr. H. J. Whittington, 174 Westport Bank Building, Kansas City, Mo., for his new free copyrighted book which explains a home treatment for leg sores, varicose ulcers, milk leg and varicose veins, that quickly stops the pain and heals. There is no cost or obligation. (adv.)

dagger flat against the brawn of his bare arm—a man of the wilderness, no longer a man of the orderly fields.

"The oest friend in the world?" she echoed bitterly.

"Yes!"

"And yesterday when you were hunting—so your mother told me, and her eyes were sore with weeping—the red cow fell down a ravine and broke her neck. And there—by Allah and by Allah—went part of our marriage portion to feed the kites and the wolves!"

He laughed.

"Let them fill their shivered bellies! Why—wait till the great hujra of the month of Hassan-Hussain, and I shall buy you the pick and pride of all the cows in the land when I win the prize—as I shall. And I shall buy you the handsomest shawl to be had in all the bazaars of Bokhara and such a necklace of green stones and blue stones as would make the Hindu queen herself pale with envy. 'Hai—but you will be prettier even than you are now!'

"I would rather have you see me the ugliest witch in the valley—and taste a spice of joy when you are with me."

"I do, O my heart! I love you!"—and, as he spoke the words, he glanced over his shoulder to where Yar Khan stood waiting with a look as if to say he would not be long.

"What?" His voice slurred with faint impatience. "Are you jealous of him? It is not he has locks like russet snakes nor eyes like a memory of stars!"

"And even that compliment," she exclaimed cuttingly, "you learned from him. It sounds like the misras he sings—to the trees, the birds, the rocks—belike to his own mazed, choked desires. For there is not a woman in all the villages to find pleasure in the Tartar's company!"

She walked away.

She did not notice that Yar Khan had overheard her last words; did not read the expression on his face—a queer mingling of love and hate of grief and triumph, of candor and cunning.

So spring died; and early summer brushed into the valley on quivering, gauzy pinions, gliding the barley fields, hovering birdlike over the thatched roofs, dropping liquid silver across the hard toll of the fields. And still Dost Murad followed the Tartar along the wilderness road until one day, not long before the great hujra of the month Hassan-Hussain, Turkan Katoom conquered her pride and spoke of her heart's woe to the man she hated most:

"Why come between me and my love, Yar Khan?"

"Is it my fault," he smiled, "that Dost Murad prefers the road of my feet to the road of yours?"

"You showed him your road!"

"He was keen to take it. Do not blame me. Blame yourself."

"Myself?"

"Yes. Because you are not strong enough to hold him."

She stared at him out of her cold, gray eyes.

"Happy your mother that her bones are below the sod!" she cried. "There is less worth in you than there are hairs in the beard of the bearded!"

"Maybe!" he laughed. "But I am free! There is no yoke about my neck—no whip to bend my back to the toll of the brown clay!"

"Wah! Is there another animal suited to a donkey's nose? I despise you. So do all the women. There will never be lips to whisper to you of love!"

"And still I am stronger than you. Still I hold what you desire."

"What?"

"Dost Murad!" And, with a hawk's gleam in his narrow eyes, "Perhaps some day you will be begging me for a kiss of my mouth that I may help you get back a little, little kiss of Dost Murad's mouth!"

Then she struck him across the face with her hard fist; and she went to Dost Murad's mother and lamented her fate.

"Allahee! Allahee!" crooned the old woman. "It is thus the world is, my small dove. For sin was created before virtue—and tears before laughter—and hate before love . . ."

Early the following morning came the drums.

It was one of those days that are often in our northern lands at the peak of summer; with a heavy opaque mist, just before sunup, oozing from the bloated skies, lying thickly upon the labored, sweating fields, clothing everything in a sodden, gray blanket, blending on the higher hills to a dark,

purplish drab that might hold the yellow heart of thunder.

Blind seemed the world. Deaf.

And then, suddenly, the drums droning up, slashing through—banng! banng! banng!—muffled, nasal, sardonic, cruel . . .

Tartar drums!

There had been, these last few weeks, occasional news brought by caravansmen of bloody war in the west. Christians were killing Christians, it was said.

Allah! What did the tribesmen care? They were of the Moslems. And the others? Infidels all—God's curse on them and their fathers, fathers of pigs! Let them strangle each other, and let Shaitan feed upon the corpses!

Then—over night it seemed—catastrophe came in the north. The army of the Russians was beaten. The Ak-Pardishah, the white czar, was deposed. The revolution was no longer a dream of frightened, spineless visionaries, but a red fact. It rolled on from Moscow, north, west—and east and south into Central Asia. It rushed across towns and villages, across fields and steppes, like a sheet of smoldering fire. It thundered with the hate and hope of all that motley Slav-Tartar world and killed the hope of it with the hate of it.

For it brought liberty. But it also loosened all the shackles of restraint. It crushed the old order of things, but without building a new. So here, on the Afghan border, with no cossacks to storm them, were once more the old raids, and there droned into the Valley of the Wealth of Waters—banng! banng!—half forgotten, shudderingly remembered, the beat of Tartar war drums, loaded with thoughts of death and torture and rapine.

The villagers rushed from their houses. They stopped, stricken, in a helpless cluster about their chiefs and priests. They strained their ears for the ever-nearing thump of the drums, the echo of hoofs, the clash of blades.

The mist was still about the land. But here and there, through its clogging ooze, rose vague, ghostly forms of rider and horse; and out of the crackle and roar, a single shout pealed clear—a Tartar war cry, savage, guttural:

Hurr! hurr!—kill! kill!

Mumbled prayers rose:

"O Allah . . .

"O Thou all-merciful . . .

"O King of the Day of Judgment . . .

A woman broke into terrible, hysterical laughter. A child cried. And the phantom riders galloped free. Yellow faces, wolfish, grim. Crimson banners. A flash of lance points and sword blades and metal bossed arm shields. War cries, like the responses in some satanic litany.

Hurr! hurr!—kill! kill!

The villagers had no time to make a stand and fight no chance to escape. Voices bellowed. Voices implored. Steel struck home. Bodies fell, were trampled, crushed. A torch was tossed up to a thatched roof. Flames—fire—licking with pink and orange tongues—spreading with a hissing and popping.

Came death to the Valley of the Wealth of Waters.

Death to Turkan Katoom's father and brothers slaughtered by her side . . . the swish of a battle ax which missed her by the width of a hair.

She dropped as one dead; saw the Tartar butchers leap out of the house and on to the next; felt—through the wrack and ruin, the mist, the flames, the gray smoke wreaths—strong hands touching hers, gripping hers, jerking her up; and heard Yar Khan's sibilant whisper:

Come . . . the castle of the Ghazni sultans . . . I know a cave there . . .

And a thinner voice, Dost Murad's:

"Come, O my heart . . .

Her knees tottered. Her senses reeled. But muscular arms picked her up; and she had a vague impression of broad, heaving shoulders, of feet running swiftly beneath her—up—up . . . while farther and farther receded the cries of triumph and death.

When finally she regained consciousness and opened her eyes, she saw that she was flung like a bag across Yar Khan's broad back, with one of his hands curving up and holding her. A few paces in the rear ran Dost Murad. His breath came in short, staccato bursts.

They put her down. She raced between

them—faster and faster, higher and higher to the crest of the northern hills.

In the valley the mist still coiled, s^hot with scarlet flames.

"If it holds, we are safe," said Yar Khan. He stopped. He listened tensely. There was that roaring wave of sound which men call silence; then very faintly, a patter of feet, a clash of steel. "You hear?" he asked.

"They saw us?"

"I do not think so. But doubtless they will scour the hills and woods for stray cattle . . .

There was a strong, twisting puff of wind.

"Come! Come!" Dost Murad. "The mist is tearing!"

They increased their speed. They reached the castle of the Ghazni sultans and ran to the rim of the rocky precipice that faced the valley. The wind grew. The upper layers of mist rolled off like a blanket.

"Here is the place," said Yar Khan. He led them of the cave, bent, drew a leather rope from under a granite slab and tied it to a gnarled oak. "Wood is down there and water," he added, "and the rope to slide down on, and to swing up with a hitch and catch this tree—in a day or two—when the Tartars will have had their fill of killing and looting and will leave the valley." And, with something like irony, to Turkan Katoom: "There will still be the proper fields waiting for the toiling of your lord's brawn—and belike a brace of sheep bleating somewhere . . .

He turned to Dost Murad:

"You go first. Make the rope fast below."

Hand over hand the length of knotted, tough rawhide swinging crazily, perilously. Dost Murad went over the side. A few moments later his voice drifted up from the mouth of the cave, telling them he had secured the rope.

Turkan Katoom stared at Yar Khan. "You saved my life—" she murmured—"and the life of the man I love. And I—I insulted you—I struck you . . .

"And you mocked the road of my feet! You said there would never be lips to whisper to me of love!"

"Yes—yes . . ." her words were choked.

"Then—will you kiss me—in friendship . . .?"

She pressed her mouth to his. He held her close.

"Allah!" he said exultingly. "You with the morning on your forehead and the stars in your eyes . . .

He slurred; was silent. His sharp ears had caught what hers had not; the crackle of steel, gutteral voices brushing up the trail.

"Down with you!" he spoke rapidly.

"But—what about yourself . . .?"

"I shall come last! No fear, little queen! I shall trill a fine, sweet misra at your wedding!"

She swung herself across the precipice. He waited until he heard that she had reached the cave.

The mist had cleared completely. The raiders were very near. There was time enough for him to follow. Yes. But the Tartars would come up, would find the rope, would guess . . . and then . . .?

Or he might cut the rope from below. But there was no other way to leave the cave. It would be a grave, with the rope missing.

There was only one thing to do. He did it. He slashed the rope with his dagger close to the tree. He threw the severed knots down the precipice so that no sign remained. Then he turned toward the trail.

"Allah! Allah!" he said to himself with a deep, throbbing melancholy, an infinite pity for his own fate. "But there is the dark, dark night in me—like a man's heart craving for the door of escape . . ."

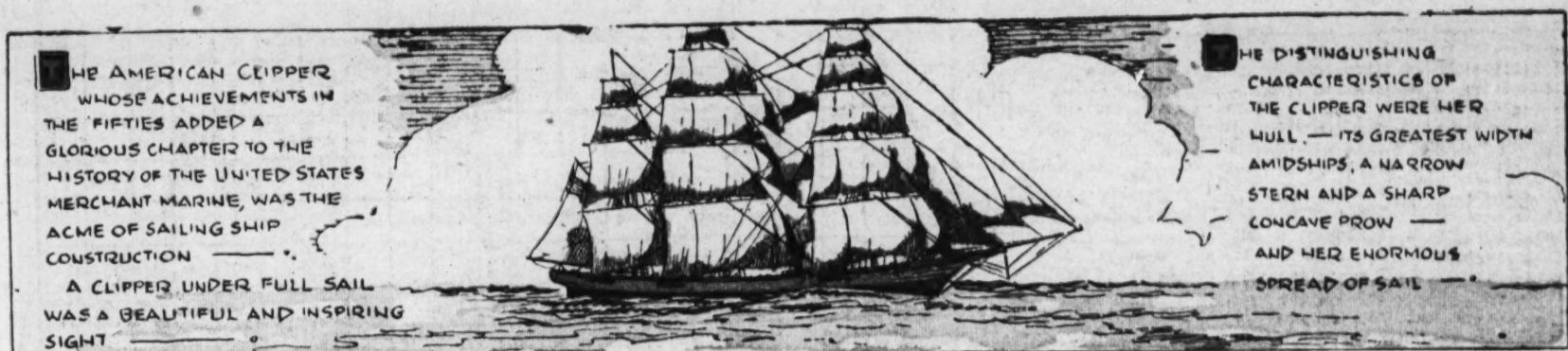
Just then he saw shaggy fur caps on the slope—saw the glint of weapons—saw the raiders climb up the trail. He stood there, sharply outlined against the light, pigeon blue sky.

"My sorrow," he thought as he advanced toward them, "that Tartars must kill Tartar! Hal—but I follow the road of my feet!"

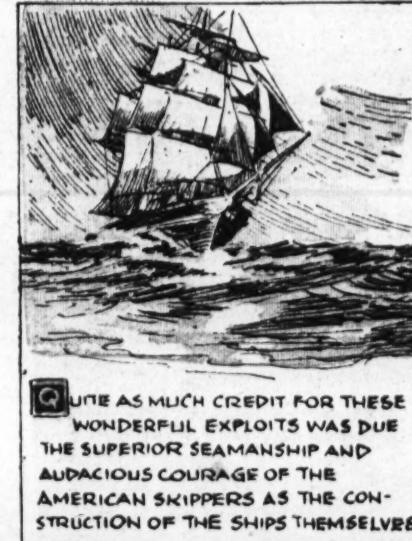
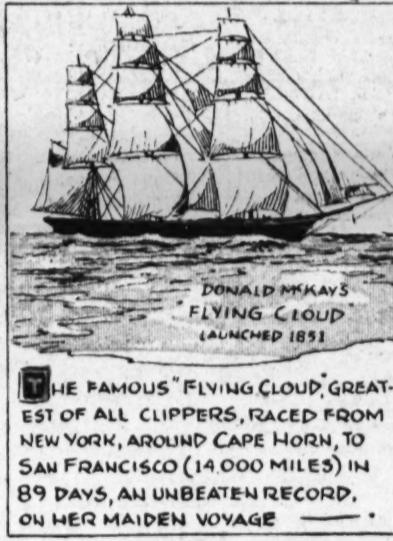
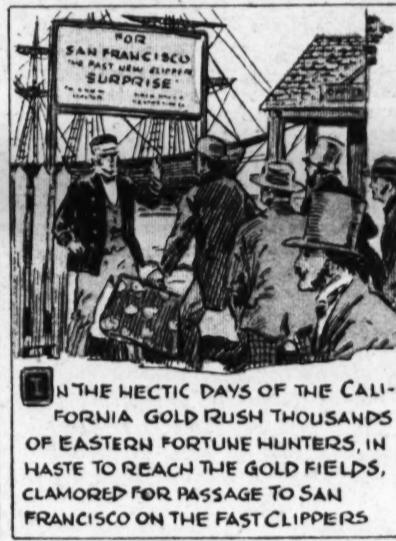
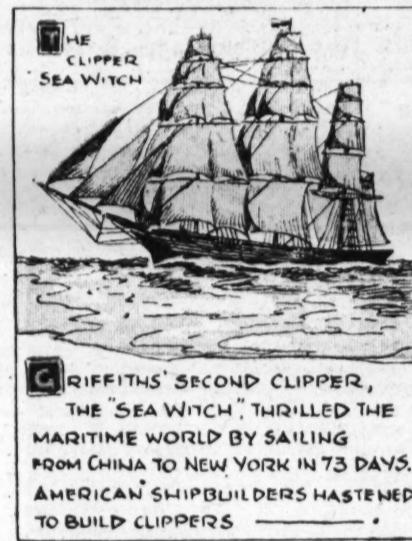
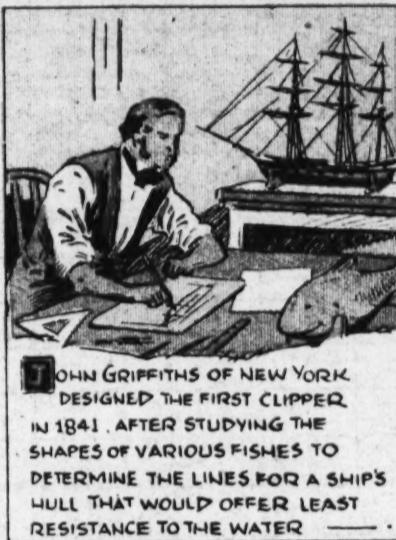
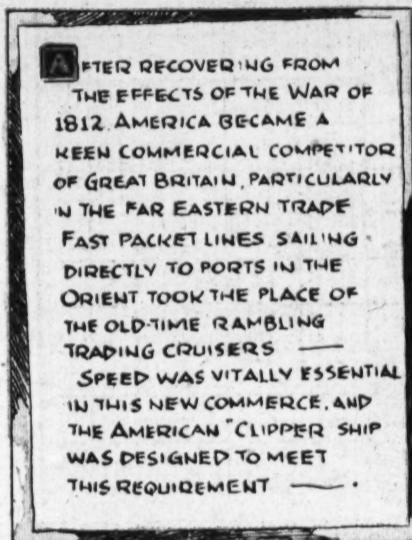
And he went down beneath the crimson wind of the scimitars.

HIGH LIGHTS OF HISTORY

By J. CARROLL MANSFIELD



The Reign of the American Clipper.



Meeting Place of the Puzzle Makers

By J. Luzzatto

Another very full page for puzzle fans.

ACROSS

- Made a low sound.
- Jewish festival.
- Mutually fitting.
- Prisoner.
- An Abrama shrub.
- Howl.
- European bunting.
- Offspring.
- Bounces on the knee.
- Error.
- Month of the Jewish calendar.
- Tinge.
- Poisonous reptile.
- Thus: Latin.
- Kind of herb.
- Materials used in the manufacture of hats.
- Ancient Tetric tribe.
- Portray.
- Passionate attachment.
- War god.
- Spanish cooking pot.
- Employee of a bank.
- Headed.
- Signifying maid's name.
- Active toxin of snake venom.
- Inflammation of the shoulder.
- Pen.
- A mineral.
- Journeyed.
- A Roman goddess.
- Nonconformist.
- Contrivance for pushing back logs in a saw-mill.
- Consecrated.
- Cry like a cat.
- Personality.

DOWN

- Food.
- Hindu of low caste.
- Man's title.
- As large as ever.
- Carries off: rare.
- Beach grass.
- Spread to dry.
- Competitor eligible for the deciding contest.
- Odd.
- Cushion.
- Oil of orange flowers.
- Supporting beam.
- Boy.
- Crazy.
- Liberian tribe.
- Builder of the wooden horse of Troy.
- Stop.
- Declare.
- Variet.
- Flat-bottomed Dutch boat.
- Names for a H. represen capital: coll.
- Oil smelling like mint.
- River.
- Pertaining to India.
- A kind of sausages.
- The cigar box.
- Coral bed.
- A proof of innocence of a crime.
- Scheduling.
- Wooden gateway in India.
- Rips.
- Condense printed matter.
- County in Tennessee.
- New England city.
- Wigwam.

15 x 15, by F. W. Voll jr.

ACROSS

- Boat.
- Upset.
- Layer formed by soiling.
- Frigate bird.
- Desert.
- Repent.
- Idols.
- Evil spirit.
- Cultivated piece of ground.
- Long drawn angry speech.
- Man's nickname.
- Tatters.
- Female voice.
- Frost.
- Vessel for heating liquids.
- Relate.
- Town in Portugal.
- Accord.
- River, in Spanish.
- Resinous substance.
- Burn with steam.
- Parts of a church.
- Hawaiian bird.
- Pronoun.
- Assert.
- Artificially produced.
- Woodcock.
- Paramour.
- A hard substance.
- Worship.
- Crafty.
- Church seat.

DOWN

- South American rodent.
- Musical note.
- Branded wand-stick.
- Not present.
- Relative.
- Tin: chem. symbol.
- Fish.
- Path of the planets.
- The science of energy.
- Goad.
- Half moon.
- Pronoun, old form.
- Musical instruments.
- Church services.
- Prefix meaning now.
- Prefix meaning three.
- South American rodent.
- Latin abbr.
- Uncutuous combustible substance.
- To incline the head.
- Roman room.
- Knock.
- Cleansing agents.
- Wish for with eagerness.
- Sea duck.
- Metric measure.
- Sheep.
- Large spool.
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The House On Caroline Street



Caroline Durant's Husband Was a Success as a Novelist.

Also as a Woman Charmer, So When He Met

Wealthy Eleanor Loring on a Yacht Party

Things Didn't Look So Nice for Caroline.

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

EARING Caroline stop rustling suddenly the pages of the letter Margaret Milne asked lightly, "What's the news from David?" And Caroline Durant said slowly, "He wants me to divorce him."

There was a long quiet in the big Spanish room after that, or so it seemed to Caroline.

"I'm really—I'm really not very much surprised," she felt herself saying. "It has been six months since his last novel was finished and in all this time he hasn't had the glimmer of an idea for another one. It's the first time that that has ever happened to him and he's been dreadfully disturbed. That's why he went on this yachting trip with the Lorings. He thought the change—and at the last minute Eleanor Loring decided to join them—so of course—that is, I expect she—"

It was the next day, when Caroline had had all night to understand fully and clearly that David had asked her to divorce him, that Margaret had said suddenly, "You know perfectly well, Caroline, that David is always getting emotions, and getting over them. I wouldn't pay any attention to it."

They were sitting in the patio. Caroline's long hands were quiet together in her gray lap and her feet in gray suede were quiet together on the floor.

"I hope you won't be harsh with David," she said to Margaret simply, ignoring the fact that Margaret's eyes seemed to redder when she looked at her. "He—there are very few men like him. The English reviews of his last book said there were very few American novelists of his caliber."

"And very few wives like you, my dear," Margaret said to her impulsively. "You've been perfect for him. You've subordinated everything to him. You've been the most perfect listener, the most perfect—why, I can't imagine his getting along without you for a moment. He has simply thought up this idea of a man of his age needing to be free."

"No," said Caroline slowly, "I rather think Eleanor Loring thought that up."

Margaret stopped suddenly. She and Caroline both thought vividly about Eleanor Loring. She was young, magnetically young, and she was all satin brown skin and scarlet imperious lips and young blue eyes. She moved like a manner in the wind and men's heads followed her like weathercocks. Caroline and Margaret remembered her unconcealed excitement at meeting David in New York four months ago. She had worn scarlet chiffon and clung to David, dancing with him. Now she was on Brother Bill's yacht, looking at David.

Presently Caroline rose slowly, went in, fetched her hat, and came out wearing it.

"I'm going away," Caroline said mildly. "Tell David when he lands that I said he must do as he thinks best. I—I have to go away."

"But Caroline, darling, not right away, like this? You can't."

"I'm taking our small car and just a bag. I've packed my trunk, but I shan't want it. And thank you, thank you deeply, for everything."

She crossed the sun gold and green of the patio quickly, with Margaret's astonished exclamation in her ears. It was dreadfully rude of her to go like this and yet she couldn't do anything else. The car started easily and she got away before any one could come out to the gate.

She had some instinct for the southward which drew her, eyes steadily on the road. Beneath her overwhelming preoccupation she woke slowly to a feeling of guilt about Margaret. Because at the last she had not been quite honest with her, who saw her going away, a pale and heartbroken woman. How could she possibly have explained to David's friends that she was leaving hastily out of the most overwhelming surge of relief?

The point was, even she could not keep up perfection always. She thought that and grinned sardonically, pushing at the gas. It was Margaret's remark about her having given up everything for David that had been the last straw. Everybody always thought that. The general implication that she had given up even individuality for him. Well, she thought honestly now, she had. Maybe she had had no particular individuality to give. And yet somehow she had always secretly felt that she might have one somewhere. Just to think that she would not have to listen any more to David telling her, every night, the whole gamut of his emotions for that day. Caroline had always wondered what it would feel like to feel so acutely all the time.

Of course she had felt this. David's letter had struck her numb at first. Because, after all, she remembered vaguely there had been a time when David had been young

about that. If she were to have a new self, she thought at last, drifting off to sleep, she would choose to be the mistress of that house—free minded and serene.

The pungent smell of early Cuban coffee was on the street in the morning sunlight when she went up the path of the house on Caroline street with the key in her hand. The agent had let her go in alone. She turned the key in the lock and went in.

It was just as she had imagined—high and shadowy and still. She stepped down the long hall that ran straight through the house, opened the door on the back gallery, and felt the wind move through familiarly once more. The wall opposite the staircase which turned its back to the street door was all one enormous folding door,

with a firm, gay hand and walked to the street with a firm, gay step. She wired Lucy Burnell immediately and her banker, and hurried to see the agent. There would have to be innumerable repairs. Poor, dear David, she thought once, signing papers by her maiden name, as Mrs. Caroline Kenyon, which might or might not be legal. He would be shocked if he could see her so lighthearted.

She discovered that curious creative thrill that comes to almost every woman in poring over samples and holding them against window frames, in watching, in an alert haze of satisfaction, men's knowing hands spreading paint creamy smooth over fine sandpapered wood, in seeing locks mended, broken glass repaired, old carpets taken up and thrown away, electric wiring laid behind panels, and everything from front steps to cupola scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed.

She rejoiced daily in new discoveries, the curious charming hinges of the old doors, the patterns of old bolts, the fineness and strength of old hand hewn beams, the easy tread of ancient stairs. Occasionally she thought of David. He must be ashore by now, she was aware. He would have been having all the proper emotions at knowing that she had left him free. She was pretty certain that he would be outraged at her abruptness. But he would have Eleanor Loring to talk to. She supposed sometime she would have to communicate with him, after it had been time enough for a divorce.

But after the wall paper was up in the long living room, faint silvery gray and green old landscape paper that Lucy Burnell had sent her, she thought of him only at lengthening intervals. Even before her own old furniture was in place the room was a delight to her, it was so cool, so reserved, so delicately stately. It was not David's sort of thing at all. The tiny clinkings of the crystal chandelier were a little scale of pleasure in her mind. This was entirely hers.

The day came surprisingly soon when she moved into her house, walking about her own room quietly, putting away shoes and hats with a sense of great restful breaths. Deep in the kitchens she could hear the murmur of old Charlotte and her daughter, who were going to take care of her. She stood in the doorway of the living room sighing with content. The curtains were the color of tea roses, and the heavy plain furniture stood like massed shadows in the quiet, clear light. She moved about touching a book in the shelves, a key of her mother's old square piano, a camellia in a thin glass. When she turned she saw her own figure down the room in a great mirror. Curious, she went nearer, staring with surprise at the woman she had become. That woman was tall, with a skin richly brown with sun, carrying her head high and smiling a little softly with a mouth that might once have been only wistful. Her face was even a little strange to her; there was so much vivid life in it, so much vigor and delight. Her eyes were wide open, darkly brilliant, with a look of frank and undefended happiness. What would David think of her now, she wondered, and was startled at having thought of him.

She ate her lunch serenely, savoring the broiled pompano with clear green slices of Persian lime and the smooth Spanish bread. Her eyes followed with satisfaction the soft coming and going of Charlotte's daughter serving her. The girl was the color of ripe sickle pears. She would dress her in carnelian colored uniforms, with little ecru net aprons, and a turban of tomato red silk. Back in her own room for a nap after lunch, she lay down with the quiet of the house full in her veins. The street outside was lazy huskies. She did hope, just dozing off, that Eleanor Loring would recognize the moment when David would need to be let alone to work. If he could not work when he needed to he got so difficult and high strung.

People began dropping in to call. They seemed to her unique and charming people, whom she was grateful to for coming. There was the little librarian woman, with soft clever eyes and surprisingly deft conversation about books, and the Episcopal minister and his wife, and also several Cuban wives of men with whom she had done business, shy and plump and charming mannered. Presently there was a brisk, smartly turned out Navy wife or two, whom for some odd reason she seemed to impress, with their interest in bridge and their crisp talk of strange places, like well-groomed birds of passage. Caroline smiled delightedly at all of them, feeling utterly at home in her new dresses, soft silvery flowing things, that rustled behind her on the stairs as she descended to her guests. She did her dark hair in a new way, high on her head,



Now she was on Brother Bill's yacht, looking at David.

stretched luxuriantly. A gulf of silky air streamed across her from the wide window squares of starry dark, and there was a queer old bell toning. This was Key West and she was going to stay here. Life could begin again.

For three days she moved quietly about her room and about the city as if waiting for something. She slept lightly and awoke often to stare out at the sea beyond the narrow streets and the rooftops. The sea was on all sides. A vigor was growing in her, a keen freshening of interest in her surroundings and in herself. Whatever she was waiting for might happen at any minute.

It was then that she came upon the house on Caroline street. She had noticed the street name first, and, pleasantly amused, followed it, strolling leisurely down the white pavement laced by the long late shadows of the trees. At the corner she looked across at the house.

It seemed to her instantly that it was hers. It stood a little back from the street, high and silvery gray, and gracious, with the two great galleries that swept about its shuttered windows, where the great tree shadows moved in silence. Its front door was a massive simplicity. There would be an identity for her there.

At the hotel she found the clerk knew all about the house. It was for sale, unfurnished. There was a man she could see about it in the morning. She slept only three hours that night after excited planning. Lucy Burnell in New York would send her things to furnish it properly. There was her own banker in Connecticut on whom she could depend to keep her secret. There was a bond or two she could sell. She would have enough to live on without another cent from David. It was the first time she had definitely thought

high, narrow white panels which gave into the huge living room. She stood in the middle of that and sighed contentedly in the dim space.

The dining room was huge and empty on the other side of the hall, with another room, a library, perhaps, nearer the front door. Beyond that again was a great open breezeway, latticed, with latticed pantries, and beyond that again, so that the heat would never affect the house, the kitchen with raised brick platforms where ancient stoves had stood, and sheds multiplying themselves beyond that. All about everything went the wide gallery with its pillars. Upstairs she turned as if instinctively to her own room, on the corner to the right, almost as high as the high ceiled rooms below, with as many windows looking out to the upper gallery, and behind it a smaller room for a spacious dressing room and bath.

She stood a long time in the corner of the upper gallery, looking down on the hot, bright streets from her high shadows, thinking how it must have been when the house was built. Those were high days then, with gold and goods pouring into Key West through the salvage courts, when the harbor was etched with tall masts of ships from Salem and London and St. Pierre and Havana and Panama. All the unnoticed things she had ever heard about Key West came flooding back to her now, a tradition of its own. It was refreshing to her now to remember that life had gone on here richly, full-bodied, and adventurous with the sun.

She went on planning with delight. She wanted heavy plain damask, satiny with use, and clear glasses, and the sea air always moving among silvery cool colors, and a brown gentle face or two in her kitchens, soft voiced in her halls. When she went out again into the sunlight she locked the door

and found some heavy old coral earrings and touched her lips with rouge to the same color.

She was hardly aware of how it came about that there came to be so many men among the late groups on her long sofas, or lingering on the gallery outside the French doors. She supposed at first it was because their wives made them come. It was tremendously pleasant having them, and starched navy white and a gleam of a gold insignia gave such an air. But it was not until Peter Benson had been coming for weeks, to play the piano among the ravaged coffee trays, that she realized suddenly that not all of them were married. Peter wasn't, of course, silly to imagine Peter married, or to think of him by any other name than Peter, although really, they told her, he was one of the young generation of brilliant navy doctors. Somebody had brought him probably Mrs. Venno, the commandant's wife. Lieutenant Barry came with him often, and Archer Collins, the town's bachelor lawyer. But Peter came more often than any.

She ventured, breathless as a bride, to give little dinners in her shadowy dining room for Captain and Mrs. Venno and Peter, or the Mansons and the Episcopal minister and his wife, and Peter. Peter stopped by sometimes in the mornings, to bring her an invitation to tea at the navy yard or a book or a dozen mangoes and she would lean from the upper gallery and laugh down at his banter. He had a trick of laughing up at her, with his eyes black and brooding. Peter left piles of music over her piano, and insisted that it be repaired and tuned, and brought in stray musicians, a baritone or violinist, for unimaginably lovely evenings, with the neighbors drifting in. Peter gave her bitter tones when she had a cold and scolded her for being too much absorbed in housekeeping. He organized navy picnics and fishing trips far out on the polished surface of the sea toward Cuba, and insisted that Caroline learn to swim. Her days were filled with Peter, somehow.

He had the most astonishing way of talking to her. There was the afternoon when he had stopped playing suddenly and stalked across to the tea tray, where she sat for a moment alone, bent over and said, "Your eyes are the youngest things in the world except sunrises." There was the evening when they had walked home through the jet and moonlit shadows of the navy yard and he had said, "Your silences are like a crown about your lovely head." She had peered a long time into her mirror after that. Could it really be possible that she had a lovely head? Peter had said, "After you have spoken, your words are beautiful a long time."

It was perfectly absurd, of course, Caroline told herself. It was the influence of the tropics, or something. And yet it was delicious.

Lieutenant Barry proposed to her. That was the first real shock she had. And the very next afternoon Archer Collins asked her to marry him. She could not have been more amazed, she told herself, cooling her hot cheeks afterward, if David himself had suddenly appeared to fall at her feet. It was simply incredible. Lieutenant Barry had stammered and flushed, poor boy, just as if he had really meant it. And she was old enough to be his aunt, she had told him, motherly and understanding and tolerant. That would have been enough without Archer Collins proposing the very next evening.

Neither Archer nor the lieutenant stopped, coming to see her. They stood in corners with dignity, gazing at her, and passed cake with passionate good manners.

She sat one afternoon in the high brocaded chair by the windows, thinking that it must be five months since she had arrived in Key West. This was May, with the airs from the sea bright hot at moontime under the blazing sun. It might have been five years. The Milnes, and Eleanor Loring, and David, all those hurrying, high keyed groups, must have been in the north long since. She leaned her dark head back tranquilly, half listening to Peter playing Bach at the other end of the room. No other way of life, she told herself, could be possible to her now. The light darkened suddenly and Peter changed to Chopin. It was going to rain.

The heavy tropic downpour crashed out-

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side, turning the world all flowing dark green and silver, lashing whitely against the hastily shut windows. Caroline paced the room, elevated with it, her eyes toward the white swirl outside. She hardly noticed that Peter had stopped playing the piano. Presently the storm ceased abruptly and she threw open the windows to the dripping green light, feeling the cool drops along her bare arms.

When she turned back Peter was just behind her. He caught her in his arms in one long abrupt gesture and kissed her, kissed her mouth, her eyes, her cheeks, with a mature, deliberate force that kept her rigid, shocked, mute.

"I love you," he said to her harshly. "I love you." And let her go. She stood staring at him, her hands fumbling her hair. She was warm and trembling. His young face was dark and his eyes brooded upon her. She was old enough to be his aunt, she insisted to herself. Yet this warm shiver—was this love? Was she going to fall in love with Peter, like a girl of twenty?

He turned and strode out of the room, out the front door. The fresh wind scattered all his music from the piano and she stared at the leaves, aghast. This was dreadful—she was a middle aged woman, perhaps still married.

She lay awake much of that night. It was extraordinary how that one event, which it was silly to take too seriously, changed the whole serene weather of her being. She went alternately not and cold, thinking of herself and Peter. It was absurd. It was dreadful. When she went down to breakfast the next morning, trying not to think of the circles under her eyes, Peter moved deliberately to the foot of the stairway, caught her again, and kissed her.

"Peter," she said, as soon as she could catch her breath, "you must stop this. You mustn't ever do this again. I can't."

"You love me, you know you do," he said defiantly and was gone again. He stayed away for two days. She could not imagine what had happened to her, or to him. Her serenity was shattered like a too fragile glass. In its place she was disturbed and moody, fighting off the preposterous idea that she could be in love with Peter, and yet restless with thinking about him, restless with expecting to look up and see him.

On the third night she dined at the Venno's in the navy yard and Peter was there. He stirred a kind of nervous electricity in her, that was not happiness so much as a feverish gayety. He drove her home later and tried to kiss her in the shadows of her own doorway but she escaped him and was miserable for hours, regretting that he had let her escape. It was like having a high temperature, she told herself. This must not go on.

She moved out on the upper gallery, after she had gone upstairs, because she was not yet ready for sleep. There was wind between the trees; and the stars. She stood a moment in shadow, musing down at the street. David stood there before her house, staring up at her front door. The street light fell stark white upon his blown gray hair and upon the lines in his heavy face.

Her heart leaped and struck. She froze into immobility for fear any gesture would snatch his glance upward. It was David, here. He walked slowly up the path, glancing about him. She heard his footsteps on the porch. If she had not seen him at all, had no idea he was within a hundred miles, she would have known that step and the way he rang the bell. She stayed as still as death, with her breath coming faster. Charlotte and her daughter were out somewhere. The house was empty but for her. But if they had been there, she would have whispered to them fiercely, from the stairs, not to go to the door.

Presently David went back down the path. On the sidewalk he stopped and looked again toward the house, with the jerk of his head that meant he was irritated and impatient.

When his footsteps had ceased to ring up the street she crept to bed and lay there, shivering with excitement, like a child. He would be back in the morning, of course. And what if Peter—heavens, what a whir of emotions one could have, to be sure, with all the best intentions toward tranquillity.

In the morning she found a decidedly invigorating quality in the idea that David was in town. After all, nothing he could say could have any effect on her now. She had put on her newest dress, a faintly yellow organdy with tiny ruffles up the full skirt like a ghost of a crinoline and with faint yellow lace on her smooth brown shoulders. The corals in her ears were the color of her lips, and her eyes were brilliantly excited under her high piled cloudy hair. She did not feel in the least like Mrs. David Durant, whatever her legal status. Suppose she did marry Peter, she thought, with sudden audacity. It was not at all impossible. There was such a maturity about him. She should not imagine him marrying a mere girl. He required maturity, also. She could do wonders for his career. She really did not know exactly how

much younger he was. She had had a curious instinct to avoid the knowledge.

The doorbell rang and she felt her heart sink, knowing it was David. After all, she thought, with a leap of defiant exultation, she was glad that David could see her like this, just once.

He stopped just within the doorway, looking at her, with his lips apart as if the sight of her had checked a torrent of words. He was bigger than she had remembered and his hair was shaggier and grayer. But he had lost a little weight and there was something else changed about his face, a vividness gone or a consciousness of added years.

"Well, David," she said composedly, moving toward him down the room, "how nice to see you."

"Carolina," he said, clutching her hand, "I—I can't believe that I have found you. You can't imagine what I've been through."

"Found me?" she said brightly, glowing at him. Really, it was nice to see him again, now that she could feel so firmly free. "You mean you've really been trying to find me? How funny. Do sit down, won't you?"

"Funny," he said, standing stock still and glaring at her. "Heavens, what an odd expression, Caroline. I tell you, I've suffered."

She sat down contentedly in a swirl of pale yellow and smiled gayly up into his eyes.

He said, "Ever since I arrived that day at the Milne's and found you had gone, heaven knows where, without a word to me, or an explanation I—I haven't known what to do. I would not have believed you would have done a thing like that to me."

Caroline laughed out loud, lightly, full up into his abstracted gaze. "David, you are marvelous," she said. "Do sit down. Have you forgotten completely that you had wanted a divorce?"

Sitting down, so that he no longer was multiplied in the long mirrors, and gazing at her with that astonished and awakened glance, he was suddenly a rather interesting and certainly a very stimulating guest.

"Surely you might have known I would want to talk things over, explain my position and my feelings to you, which were always of respect and affection. Surely you might have—"

She laughed out loud lightly again, from the brimming of her reassurance. "My dear, you're so funny," she said. "That's why it's so nice to see you again. And when are you going to get married?"

"Married?" His stare was a bit wild.

"Certainly. Married."

"But—but did you divorce me?"

"I?" she said. "Why, no, David. Did you think I had? I had no grounds for divorce. Didn't I desert you?"

There was actually a dark brickish color sweeping up into his face. "But you couldn't imagine that I would divorce you?" he said. "Surely you knew I thought too much of you, of your reputation."

"Then we're still married?" she asked him, curiously. There was an acute touch of disappointment in her tone. She had taken so much for granted. And now that Peter—"Dear me, that's a nuisance," she said.

David's face was dark red. "You're sorry?" he said stiffly. "But I used to think that you were devoted to—I supposed you had not forgotten. You're changed," he said abruptly. "I—you're very different, Caroline."

"But don't you think I'm nicer?" she said gayly and saw him go absolutely mute. Poor, dear David.

That was Peter, coming in the front door with his usual hail. She was surprised that she was not disturbed. Peter halted in the doorway—Peter, slim in his whites, dark headed, romantic. He was the most romantic figure she had ever known, she thought, smiling at him tranquilly.

"This is Dr. Benson, David," she said. After all, why not be matter-of-fact about it? "My husband, Peter. He is David Durant."

The men nodded awkwardly. Perhaps it was difficult for them, she thought. But how could she help it? "Mr. Durant just dropped in unexpectedly this morning," she said lightly. "Not sitting down, Peter? He has been—where have you been, David? How did you happen—"

David's eyes were on her still with that startled look. "I—I was in New York all spring," he said heavily. "I was trying to work. Then Bill Loring wired me from Palm Beach that he was cruising to South America. I hadn't been able to write a word. We got in here yesterday. I saw you on the wharf. It was the most astonishing thing. I was just looking casually through the spy glass and you walked into it, from

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across the wharf." His face shaped itself heavily, as if it tired him. Peter stood perfectly still in the doorway, his face guarded. It was like a challenge, his guarded look. It was so utterly different from David's.

"You'd better stay to lunch, David." And yet how could she sit opposite him, reading so clearly every line of his face. "Peter's staying, of course," she said to him. It would be easier to have them both there.

David struggled to his feet. "No, they'll be expecting me on board. But I must talk to you, Caroline. I must."

Peter made a polite murmur of departure, which Caroline checked. "O, I doubt if there is anything much for us to say, David," she said firmly. "We can say good-by just as well now, I think." She gave him her hand pleasantly and firmly. She wanted him to go away now, to go away quickly, with that bewildered, altered face. "I suppose Eleanor is with her brother on the yacht?" she said.

"Eleanor?" David said, and flushed slowly again. "Why, yes, she's aboard."

"Eleanor Loring?" Peter asked unexpectedly. "Why, I used to know her when she was a little girl in Newport. Bill Loring's kid sister? Terrible little tomboy. She here?"

"O—ah—yes," said David. "Used to know them, did you? You better come to tea. They'll be glad. She's been complaining she's bored with us already. And I'll come back this evening, Caroline. I—I'll have to talk to you. You must let me."

Poor, dear David. He was quite wretched. Caroline thought following him to the door. Well, it wouldn't hurt her to let him talk.

Peter sat moodily at the lunch table, playing with his fork. "I didn't know David Durant was your husband," he said.

"I forgot to tell you," she said lightly. His dark look stirred little throbings in her heart. He was so young, beside David. He made life so young for her, so exciting. "Do you—do you really mind? We'd planned a divorce for so long." She flushed suddenly at that. How stupid of her. It was just as if she were throwing herself at Peter's head. She felt awkward and confused.

"He writes such stunning prose," Peter said, not meeting her eyes.

She glanced at him, thinking that she did not know him at all, perhaps she never would know him, his dark, inexplicable moods, his unexpectedness. "Poor, dear David," she said lightly.

When Peter was gone she realized that he had not kissed her. She wandered about the house uncertainly, feeling restless, feeling a little apprehension growing in her at seeing David again. It was ridiculous of David not to have gotten a divorce.

She said as much to him, sitting in the soft candlelight, in creamy white silk that left her shoulders bare and made her hair inky. "I can't imagine why you should have been so old-fashioned, David," she said with irritation, tapping her black lace fan impatiently on her slim, silken knee.

David sat on the long sofa, looking even more disturbed than he had in the daytime. His face was dark with sunburn over the whiteness of his dinner shirt. His heavy shoulders in the black coat slumped a little. Curiously, he did not answer her. "Tell me what you have done with yourself all these months, Caroline," he said simply, so simply that she stared at him.

"What I have been doing? Goodness, David, imagine your being interested. I've done very little, but I've enjoyed it. This house, reading, making new friends."

"You've been happy," he said with a kind of slow bewilderment. "And men have made love to you. And I haven't been able to do anything. I couldn't write, I couldn't—"

"I suppose that's from being in love with Eleanor," she said. "She's very lovely, David. She'll make a brilliant wife for you."

"Brilliant," he began and stopped. "But

Continued on Page Twenty

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Your Flower and Vegetable Garden

By W. Elbridge Freeborn



ANOTHER garden club has started an educational garden here in Atlanta, and it bids fair to be one that will be the talk of the town. It is being planted at the present time. This garden is being planted by the Iris Garden Club and is located on Peachtree circle at LaFayette drive. Already they have planted more than five thousand German iris and in that number there are more than 200 varieties. Some of these varieties are the most choice ones, worth in some instances \$25 per bulb. We hope that it will be as great a success as we believe that it will be, and wish the club the best of luck.

For those of you that haven't had the pleasure of seeing this garden it will be well worth while to drive out and take a look at it. Next spring it will be a riot of beauty.

We understand that the club's idea is not to confine itself to the growing of German iris but to grow the English, Japanese, Spanish and Dutch iris as well.

As the new flowers are introduced, we find ourselves with new loves and favorites. A new strain of gaillardia will make us forget many of our old friends of the garden and forsake them for this new attraction, but our true love remains with our old friends that, year after year, give us beauty and make our garden a spot that we cherish and that our friends come to and admire.

There isn't a better example of this characteristic than our old friend the German iris. It is so well known and generally loved that it is often times called "garden iris." Once I stopped to think of the reason that might account for the fact that the German iris is called garden iris. The only logical reason that occurred to me that it carried the name because of the fact that it is found in so many gardens. As a matter of fact "Better Homes and Gardens" recently made a survey of gardens over the entire country and found that the German iris was the most popular flower in the entire country. The highest compliment that can be paid any flower is that it has proven itself such a thing of beauty, such a measure of satisfaction, such an aid to the amateur that it is seen in every garden.

The origin of the word "iris" is most interesting: It comes from an old Greek word meaning rainbow. So it is that when we deal with the iris we are dealing with the colors of the rainbow.

The popularity of the iris rests on the fact that it is one of our most adaptable plants. In certain places and under certain conditions, it will grow at its best, but under the most adverse conditions it will grow well and bloom satisfactorily. For the best results, for the finest, greenest foliage and the most magnificent blooms, irises like three things:

First, they like a sunny location. They will stand almost any amount of sun, even perfect baking will not prove a calamity to the German iris; however they prefer a

WHAT TO PLANT IN JULY.

LAWNS: There is still time to plant Bermuda grass seed. Roll thoroughly after planting. Mow the lawn at least once each week.

FLOWER SEEDS: There is still time to get blossoms from annuals that flower quickly, such as zinnias, marigolds and petunias. Perennial flower seeds may now be planted for blossoms next year. The more popular perennials are hollyhocks, delphiniums, pansies, aquilegia, Canterbury bells, shasta daisy, English daisy, foxglove, oriental poppies, etc.

VEGETABLE SEEDS: July is the accepted month for rutabagas, pumpkins, spinach, squash and crowder peas.

VEGETABLE PLANTS: Sweet potato slips, tomato, egg plant, pepper, cabbage, collards may all be set out now for fall use.

FLOWERING BULBS: Gladioli, tuberous and canna may all be planted until July 15th.

WATER PLANTS: Water lilies, water hyacinths and other water plants, such as Egyptian and American lotus may be started in July. If insects eat the lily pads use evergreen, which is not a poison and will not injure the fish.

MELONS: All of the vine crops, squash, watermelon, pumpkins and cantaloupes may still be planted.

BEDDING PLANTS: These may all be planted through June and the early part of July.

German or Garden Iris



German Iris.

well-drained location, yet it is not unusual to see them used as border plants for a lily pond and to grow there well, too. They prefer a limestone soil, yet will grow well in almost sour soil.

The best fertilizer for them is bone meal. This is particularly beneficial because of the lime that is always in bone meal. Some concentrated commercial fertilizer worked around the roots just before they are about to bloom will also be beneficial.

WHEN TO PLANT.

The German iris may be transplanted at any time, except when they are in full bloom. The best time for planting is immediately after they have finished blooming.

Most of the authorities suggest June, July and August plantings. The Iris Garden Club is planning on planting throughout the summer and fall in their garden.

In planting iris there is one thought that should be before you. The top of the rhizome is left out of the ground. Work the bone meal into the soil before the root is placed in the ground and pack the soil tightly about the root. One of the best methods of packing the soil is by watering thoroughly. This washes the soil around the fine roots and does away with the possibility of there being left any air pockets.

Because of the rapid multiplication, the iris should not be planted too closely to each other. For this same reason the most expensive roots, that cost two or three dollars each, are rather inexpensive the second year. It is not unusual to have eight or ten rhizomes the second year from planting the original one root. Because of this prolificacy

these plants should be thinned out at least once each three years.

VARIETIES.

There are hundreds of varieties of German Iris, and in all probability there are at least 200 of these that are distinctly different and worth while. With that bit of apology and explanation we would like to suggest a few of the better known varieties that offer quite a range of color. For a white iris, with only a bluish cast, there is Florentina Alba also Madame Chereau, which is a white with blue borders. For the deep purples, there are several worth while varieties. Lent A. Williamson is rated 88 by the American Iris Society and is truly a magnificent purple iris. Purple King, crimson King and black prince are all three good purple irises. For the yellow shades there are the Inca Darius and Dr. Bernice. The pink effects may be gained by the use of Queen of May and Her Majesty. All of the intervening colors may be gained by the planting of some of the other varieties.

For the most striking effects with irises, they are planted in groups of clumps and will fit in particularly well with shrubs or at the base of trees as well as in the perennial border or in the more formal flower garden. The iris is growing in popularity as a cut flower as well as a garden flower.

The bulbous iris, that is the Spanish, Dutch and Filiformis should all be planted in the fall at the same time that the other fall bulbs such as tulips and daffodils are planted. These are very beautiful little fellows and we will tell you more about them, that is if they are strangers to you, during the early fall just before planting time. The Japanese iris are also planted during the

fall and we will hear more about them before a couple of months have past.

DISEASES.

The iris is troubled with very few diseases or insects. Sometimes they become infested with root borer. This borer tunnels through the roots and will sometimes ruin an entire bed if it is not checked. The injured stock should be removed as soon as the trouble is found and it is well to burr over the iris bed the following winter in order to destroy the eggs.

On rare occasions they are bothered by leaf spot. Spraying with copper lime dust will control this disease. If the rhizome is planted too deeply, soft rot will set in. If this happens, it is best to soak the roots in a normal solution of seimesan for about ten minutes and replant them immediately. Be sure not to plant them too deeply the second time.

These diseases and insects are very rare, which is unusual considering the number of pests and diseases that we must fight in order to have other flowers.

Everything considered, there is, in all probability, not another family of flowers that will add to our gardens as much of beauty with as little work as the German iris. As a matter of fact, about the only thing necessary, other than an occasional application of fertilizer, after planting is the division of the roots about once each three years.

BUGS.

The annual war is on in every garden. The bugs are beginning to attack our plants of all kinds. We are fortunate, at least, more fortunate than we have been at any time in the past since new things have been introduced with which we may battle our enemies. There are new insecticides that have been discovered since our last battle with them this past fall. There are new spray pumps, new dust guns that are more efficient than those we formerly used. We know more about the habits of the little gentlemen that we want to destroy. With each bit of information that we have been able to gather, with each bit of new insecticides, and with each improvement on our spray pumps, we are at a still greater advantage over our enemies. We may even refer to them as friends, now that we may destroy them so much easier than was the case in the past.

The use of pyrethrum as a base for sprays is being used more and more. Pyrethrum is not poisonous as so many of the other in-

Continued on Next Page

WHAT TO DO IN JULY.

SPRAYING: The bugs are having a big time now. Those that chew may be controlled by any of the arsenical sprays such as arsenate of lead, calcium arsenate or pyrox. The lice, flies, aphids and other sucking insects may be controlled by the use of the pyrethrum sprays or nicotine sulphate. For the mildews, blights and black spot, the Massey Dust, Bordeaux or Volek; for bean beetles a mixture of calcium arsenate, sulphur and lime is recommended by the department of agriculture of Alabama.

FERTILIZER: If your dahlias and gladioli are about to bloom give them an application of a good high-grade complete commercial fertilizer. If they will not start blooming for a month or more use a mixture of sheep manure and bone meal. For the vegetable garden and the cutting flowers an application of a good high-grade commercial fertilizer, about 12-4-4 will make them grow off quickly.

LAWNS: For best results lawns should have a monthly application of a good high-grade fertilizer followed by a thorough soaking. Patch the bare spots with a few seeds and a handful of fertilizer in each spot.

SPRING BULBS: Tulip and daffodil bulbs may be taken up and transplanted at this time, now that the tops are turning yellow. These bulbs should be dried in a cool, shady, well-ventilated spot. This transplanting is not necessary.

PRUNING: Take out all of the dead wood in the shrubbery, fruit trees, roses and all plants. This is the proper time of the year for pruning all of the spring flowering shrubs, such as forsythia, spirea, weigela and bush honeysuckle, and all other shrubs blooming before the month of June.

When Justice Triumphed

Continued From Page Ten.

Police officers gave their evidence, Vincent Carney testified, also Mickey Cahill, one of the passengers in the gray sedan. Then Prosecutor Cuff read Moran's signed confession, detailing exactly how he had shot down the two patrolmen. Moran snapped out of his lethargy while the confession was being read. He looked around proudly, as though expecting approval for his cowardly attack.

All this evidence by the state was, of course, purely routine stuff, for the defense could not dispute the fact that Moran had killed the officers. The whole case for the defense rested upon the insanity evidence.

Attorney Smith first called Mrs. Margaret Moran, the prisoner's mother. She could not help much except to say that Thomas had changed considerably after he quit school. He had been very cruel to his sisters and brothers, all younger than he; nobody had been able to do anything with him.

The defendant showed no interest in this testimony. He appeared bored to death. His heavy, stolid features contrasted sharply with his mother's wan, delicate, anxious face.

Other defense witnesses included his sister, Mrs. Margaret McKenna, guards from Raymond street jail, where Moran had been confined, and various insanity experts.

Mrs. McKenna said her brother had been troubled with headaches three times a week. She told of his fondness for terrifying the other children, usually with a knife. Yes, she thought he was insane. He had never behaved quite like other children.

Attorney Smith requested Moran to take the stand at the opening of court, January 27, but he sat in his chair, silent and motionless. "Don't you wish to testify?" persisted Smith. Still no answer. Then Judge Martin asked him if he wished to take the stand—he looked at the floor. Two court attendants shook him by the shoulders. He looked at them, a shadow of a grin on his face, but kept his seat.

Insanity?

Dr. John A. McComber, neurologist, said Moran was suffering from a progressive

form of insanity. "He has an exalted opinion of his own importance," said the doctor. "His sole object of living is to get a kick out of life."

RED MORAN BEHAVES SOMEWHAT ERRATICALLY.

Dr. Lewis J. Smith, neuropsychiatrist, who had been physician at the Matteawan hospital for the criminal insane for 11 years, stated that at the time of the shooting Moran had been suffering from an "epileptic furor." Other physicians testified that Moran was an epileptic.

While one of these witnesses was on the stand, the defendant kept drumming with a pencil on the table before him. An attendant ordered him to stop. Moran paid no attention, so the guard took it away from him. Another time when the judge entered the courtroom after a recess, Red was the only one to remain seated. A guard seized him by the shoulders and jerked him to his feet.

He again emerged from his habitual state (whether simulated or not, one can't say) of semi-coma when his girl friend, Agnes Guilfoyle, took the witness stand. That was on the 28th. She was a rebuttal witness for the state.

Miss Guilfoyle, a vivacious, red-haired child of 16, said that Moran had picked her up in a movie theater five months before.

"I saw him often after that," she said, "and he was always too lovely for words. On the Sunday before the two policemen were killed he called at my home and asked me to go for an automobile ride to Coney Island. With him were Lacurto and Cahill.

"Tommy drove the car to Coney Island and he went terribly fast. He only laughed when I asked him to slow up. We had some narrow escapes."

She testified that on the way back Lacurto took the wheel, while she sat in the rear with Tommy. She had told them, she said, that she would not get into the car if Moran drove any more she was that terrified.

"All at once while we were talking, he

took a little white mouse out of his coat pocket," she continued. "I screamed terribly and he laughed and said the mouse was trained and it ran up and down the sleeve of his coat until he put it back in his pocket."

She said that he then asked her to elope with him.

"And you agreed?" asked Cuff.

"Yes. He told me to get ready to leave home and he would call for me in a few days. I did not see him again. The next I heard he was under arrest."

Miss Guilfoyle was not cross-examined. Her testimony didn't seem to mean very much.

Prosecutor Cuff again read some portions of the confession. When he reached the description of the killing, the prisoner grinned and went through the motions of pulling a trigger.

The case went to the jury on January 31.

"Moran's crime was a horrible one," said Smith in his address to the jury. "Society is better rid of him—sure. He is a menace. But I contend, gentlemen of the jury, that he was not aware of the nature and quality of his acts."

Judge Martin told the jury that the evidence admitted of no verdict save either an acquittal or a conviction of murder in the first degree. He stated that there could be no middle ground. This was to prove very expensive advice.

The jury thought the matter over for 37 minutes and found Moran guilty of murder in the first degree.

He showed no emotion when the verdict was announced. When he was taken before the bar to give his pedigree he refused to answer the usual questions. More foolishness. The court knew how old he was and where he was born and who his parents were, didn't they? He was sick and tired of all this red tape. Let them burn 'em—what d'hell did he care!

Two women wandered silently out into the street. His mother and his grandmother. Mrs. Moran did not weep, but suddenly she stumbled and would have dropped

to the sidewalk had some one not gone to her and held her up. A passer-by hailed a taxi, helped them in, and gave the driver a bill.

AND SO THE MONTHS DRIFTED ALONG.

So Red went into the death house at Sing Sing.

He was still there the following July 20 when the Court of Appeals reversed the verdict on the ground that Judge Martin erred in limiting the jury to only two verdicts.

Nine days later Moran was back in Brooklyn, awaiting trial.

July passed—August—September—October—November—December—January—February—

In February, 1928, he was stabbed three times by William Reid, a fellow prisoner serving a 30-day sentence for disorderly conduct. The weapon was a sharpened spoon. Moran had been a trifle too nasty for Reid. Red was rather badly cut up, but he survived.

March—

The second trial began March 13 before County Judge Alonzo McLaughlin. It was exactly like the first trial, so far as the evidence was concerned. It went to the jury March 20 and after two hours and twenty minutes the verdict was again guilty of murder in the first degree.

"I got the works this time," said Red.

April—May—June—July—August—September—October—November—December—

On December 14, at 1 a. m., Moran entered the execution chamber at Sing Sing, smoking a cigarette. He walked straight to the electric chair and sat down. He did not speak or look around. Executioner Robert Elliot turned the switch at 1:02.

And so another megalomaniac experienced his last thrill.

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The House on Caroline Street

Continued From Page Eighteen

of course, we haven't been actually engaged."

"Well, you can be engaged now," she said with a touch of asperity. "I will get the divorce, if you like, David. Although it's absurd because I have no particular charge. Suppose we say that I will, and finish with it right here. There's no necessity of going on and on this way. Mind if I say good-night?"

Before his disturbed silence, the curious emotion of his look, she fled upstairs. Charlotte could see him out. She found herself wanting to throw herself across her bed and cry and cry. But when she lay there she had not tears, only a sort of blank discouragement.

It was late, she realized after a while, but she couldn't possibly sleep. She loosened her hair and put on her negligee to walk out into the soft salt wind of the upper gallery, cooling her hot face.

Archer Collins' long yellow roadster slid up to the curb below with a little slurring of brakes. She stopped in the shadows to look down at it. Archer was not driving it, but a girl, half lying negligently behind the wheel, a girl in a scant scarlet evening dress with bare shoulders and a smooth, insolent head, a girl even in the half light with an air that was conquering and unescapable. It was Peter in the seat beside her. Peter Benson, with his black head bare and very near that other one, and a white sleeved arm carelessly around the other's shoulders.

As the car throbbed a little under the street light, Caroline heard Peter laughing—young, careless laughter, caressing, and a little excited. He was looking down at Eleanor Loring's assured little smile as if

he had never looked at a woman before in his life. He had one hand on the door as if he were expecting to get out, but Eleanor glanced up at the house and Caroline heard her slow voice, "He's gone, I fancy," she said negligently. "Let's drive." Then the car roared and slid down the street again, and Caroline saw Peter tighten that careless arm. Caroline asked herself curiously, staring after them, if this were pain she felt.

Then she saw that David had been standing across the street in the dark shadow of the dilly tree. Only a vague bulk but he was unmistakably David. He must have seen them as clearly as she had. He moved, after a moment, uncertainly to the corner. His gray hair was blown. She could see in the light the heavy lines deepening in his face. Those wretched children, she

thought suddenly, and leaned over the railing.

"David," she called clearly and firmly. "David. Come back. I want to talk to you."

He started, and stared up toward her as if it had become incredible to him that any one could know him or care to speak to him in this strange and shadowy city.

"Come to the front door," she said again, and turned to go in. She almost ran, lightly, down the long stairs, and as she went she felt surging in her a great warmth of purpose and decision, of clarity and tranquillity. That was her own husband down there—unhappy and utterly at a loss, poising uncertainly on the strange street corner, as uncertainly as he was in his life, in his whole career. A shaft of pure anger at Eleanor Loring struck through her as she fumbled with the bolts. The very idea

of a rude little snip like that humbling David Durant.

He was standing on the top step as she swung the door wide, fumbling with his hat. She could not bear to see him fumbling with his hat.

"You come in here, David," she said. "You'd better come in here and stay. I have a lovely cool room for you. And tomorrow you can be quite by yourself, to start to work. You'll like this house to work in."

She heard him sigh deeply as he stumbled across the threshold. He breathed heavily beside her in the dark as she shot the bolt home.

"That is," she said softly, keeping very still, "if you want to?"

"I've been lost without it," he said slowly. "There wasn't any place—"

"You've been lost without me," she said, patting his sleeve and laughing a little with a kind of bright sagacity. Her heart was slow and tranquil. She didn't mind being David's age at all. It was so much easier. It was not romance at all. But it was very comfortable.

He put a heavy arm around her. "There was an idea I had," he said, "but somehow I couldn't. Look! Don't let me ever go on yachting trips again, will you?"

She laughed again, lightly, thrilled a little with something very like triumph, and with the touch of his lips on her hair.

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YOUR FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN

Continued from Preceding Page

seccicides are. There is no danger that the baby, the dog, or the cat might try it as a new sort of breakfast food. Another big advantage in the use of pyrethrum sprays is the fact that it may be used for either sucking or chewing insects.

All of the insects may be divided into two classes. The sucking insects, those insects that suck the sap from the plant including the aphis and lice that are so common. Sometimes lice may be seen on the bottom of a nasturtium leaf so thick that the leaf seems black. These sucking insects may be killed by the use of nicotine in some shape, usually as a sulphate or by the use of one of the pyrethrum sprays. Care should be taken on using a liquid spray that the liquid be placed on the under side of the leaf. It is on the under side of the leaf that the sucking insects seem to prefer to hide. Place some sort of an attachment on the end of your spray pump that this spray may

be directed to the under side of the leaf.

The chewing insects leave a wide trail behind them and they are usually detected only a short time after they have put in their appearance. These insects may be killed by the use of the pyrethrum sprays, or by the use of some one of the arsenical poisons. These arsenical poisons may be applied either in the shape of a dust or as a liquid spray. If the dusting method is used, it is best to apply the dust early in the morning in order that it will stick on the plants. If applied in the form of a liquid it may be applied at any time of the day.

Gall Stone Colic

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ELLIS PARKER BUTLER
RICHARD CONNELL
SAM HELLMAN

IN THE BEST OF HUMOR

A Galaxy of Gaiety

STEPHEN LEACOCK
DONALD O. STEWART
P. G. WODEHOUSE

ON PUSHING A PILL AROUND A PASTURE



“Now watch me closely,” says Ira Mellish. “Golf’s a game that’s got to be played just so. If your hands and your feet are a fraction out of line or your—”

“Does it make any difference how your hair’s combed,” I cut in, “or the kind of fillings you have in your wisdom teeth?”

“I take my stance thus,” goes on Ira, with a scowl, “pull back like this, and—zowief!” The ball’s topped and barely rolls off the tee.

“I know what’s the matter with your game,” offers Joe Davis. “You stand too near the ball after you hit it.”

“What do you know about it?” growls Mellish. “Ever play golf?”

“Once,” returns Davis. “When I was a lad, my father took me to the Miasma Golf and Hunt Club over near Hackensack for a round. I remember it as if it was tomorrow. Assuming a position of nonchalant ease at the first tee, I lets drive. The ball goes straight down the fairway and would’ve made the green, except for a string of freight cars that got in the way—”

“Where was this course?” I asks, shrewdly. “In a Jersey Central roundhouse?”

“No,” says Joe. “It was out in the open. In the winter it was used for a fish-hatchery and in the summer it was rented out for circuses. But to get on with the game. My second shot slices into a cranberry bog, but I makes a good recovery to within 25 feet of the pin. My mashie approach, however, is not so good. The ball hooks into a bevy of beehives that had been parked in the neighborhood, bounds off an abandoned boiler, and strikes a society girl who was doing tat-work on the rim of the green. That’s enough for me. That afternoon I leaves for parts unknown and nothing has been heard of me since.”

“Would it were so,” grunts Mellish. “Do you fellows want to learn the game, or don’t you?”

“Apparently not,” says I courteously. “We’re taking lessons from you, but do your stuff.”

After three or four tries, Ira manages to get the ball off the plate. Then he turns the driver over to me.

“What’s the idea?” I asks. “To hit that flag down there?”

“Yeh,” says Mellish, “but you’d better pull your drive. It’s only four hundred and eighty-six yards, and you might overshoot it.”

At that, I gets the ball further down the fairway than Ira did—about a hundred and fifty yards I should say.

“What do I do now?” I inquires. “Putt?”

“It’s not necessary,” replies Mellish, wearily. “I’ll concede it. Here—let me show you how to make an iron shot.”

Ira misses a couple and then digs up a divot big enough to subdivide into building lots.

“If I were you,” suggests Davis, “I’d present that plot to the city for a park.”

“I knew a lad once,” I recalls, “who gave his gal a necklace of square-cut divots. I think one’d look swell around Minnie’s neck.”

“Say,” howls Mellish. “How do you think a mashie iron’d look wrapped around your brow?”

“Talking about wrapping irons around brows,” says I, “did you ever hear the story of the guy who accidentally killed his missus while swinging a niblick in a sand-trap? Stop me, if you’ve heard it.”

“Consider yourself stopped,” snorts Ira, “and I’ve never heard it.”

“This bozo,” I goes on, “comes running to the club-house all astremble and ready to collapse. I just killed my wife in a sand-trap,” he gasps to some members in good standing. “What with?” asks one of the M. I. G. S. “A niblick,” says the assassin. “Well,” comes back the M. I. G. S., “what are you worrying about? That’s the right club to use in a trap.”

This talk about traps is infectious. On his very next shot Mellish slaps one into a sand-hole—a real snappy sand-hole it is, too, with an overhanging lip.

“I did that on purpose,” he explains, “just to show you boys how we adepts get out of trouble.”

The adept’s not so adept this time. He bangs away at the ball with no other result than to impede it deeper into the sand and so close to the bank that even Walter Hagan would have given it up and gone to the north of Scotland for the grouse-shooting. Joe and I just sit around making ap-



Ira digs up a divot big enough to subdivide into building lots.

propriate comments on the excavation work.

“Do we cut in,” inquires Davis, “if you should strike a rich vein of antimony?”

“I hear,” says I, “that it gets quite hot after you get down three or two hundred feet. Do you find it so, Ira?”

“You want to be careful when you come up,” advises Joe. “I understand you get a kind of disease called the ‘bends’ when you jump from one level of pressure to another.”

“Cone on,” I growls impatiently. “Throw it out. You’ll be late for the fancy dress ball next month.”

“I won’t throw it out,” barks Mellish. “That ball’s going to get out of here by club-power if I break a Chinaman’s head before I stop digging.”

“Oh, very well,” I shrugs. “You’ll be legally dead at the end of seven years.”

“You’ll be legally dead at the end of seven minutes,” yelps Ira, “if you don’t shut your trap. Watch it come out now.”

And it does. Mellish manages to get under the ball for the proper lift. It sails high above the green—and into a trap on the other side!

“Well,” says Ira, picking up the pill, “it’s no use shooting out of this one. You’ve got the idea, haven’t you?”

“Yeh,” comes back Joe, “I got it. To play

this game right, you ought to carry a steam-shovel and apparatus for sinking caissons in your bag.”

Ira does pretty well on the next hole, taking a five for a four par hole through sinking a twenty-foot putt. He’s all hopped up about it.

“How do you like my game, caddy,” he asks the kid.

“It’s all right, I guess,” says the kid, “but personally I prefer golf.”

The third hole is the shortest on the course—a hundred and thirty yards.

“If you take more than one stroke on this one,” I remarks, “you ought to go to a chiropodist and have your eyes examined. I could throw it into the cup from here.”

“Yeh?” sneers Mellish. “A dollar’ll get you a thousand if you sink it in one.”

“You’re on,” says I, promptly. “With those odds, I’ll bet you that a guy can marry his own widow. Hand me a club.”

Ira slips me an iron and I takes a wallop at the pill. It’s a wild hook to the left of the green and Mellish breaks into a sarcastic laugh, but he’s laughing out of turn. The ball hits a big tree, bounces into a shallow trap, runs out of it to the pin, and plops in the hole!

Ira just stands staring at the green in wide-mouthed wonder. It’s a minute or more before he comes out of the coma.

“Five thousand to one,” he snarls, “that you can’t do it again.”

“Not me, baby,” says I. “I’m through with golf until somebody beats my mark on this hole.”

(There will doubtless be considerable argument by pro and con regarding the attitude toward the stymie and ornamental shrubbery expressed in this article, but no less an authority than Bobby Jones declares there is much to be said on neither side of the question. With that we rest our case, first removing a bottle or two for immediate consumption. Our next effort in the matter of American recreations will deal with Tennis. You can’t afford not to miss it.)

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OH, THAT’S DIFFERENT.

Henry Peck didn’t often get out by himself at night—his wife saw to that. But there are times in the affairs of men when the tide if taken at its flood, etc.—this was such a night. Mrs. Peck was called away suddenly to her mother’s and Henry, feeling like the little drummer boy in the “spirit of ‘76” episode, took a stroll in the bright light section of the city. Out of curiosity he dropped into a big hall where he heard a woman orator screeching at the top of her voice.

“Now,” asked the woman, “is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up.”

Meek little Henry stood up. The lecturer glared at him. “Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?” she cried.

“Oh, I—er—ah, I’m sorry,” Henry apologized, grinning. “I thought you said ‘slandered.’”—The Pathfinder.



Ira just stands staring at the green in wide-mouthed wonder.

THE SECOND WARNING

Jeckerson and I stood staring at the lighted window of the hotel, in which stood the parrot's cage. It was the screaming of the bird that had caused us to pause on our way to our cots in the cottage—we turned and looked back, both of us quite startled at the sudden scream of the bird. But even as we watched, the light went out. Now the hotel was in absolute darkness. Not a light showed anywhere—unless, of course, you would call the glow from the fireplace in the living room a light.

"Come on, Hawkins," said Jeckerson, starting to walk back to the hotel which we had just quitted. "No sleep for us yet a while. We've got to work fast on this case or we will be beaten. By the great Jove! there is more to this mystery than I imagined."

"You don't expect to find the answer in there, do you?" I exclaimed, as he led me to the hotel.

"Not the final answer, no!" he said, as he quickly leaped up the step, pulling me with him. "But several other answers have gone to come forth from this point before we go farther. Hold on—is the old man still moving, or has he gone to bed? By Jove! what a ghostly place it is in there, with only that firelight from the hearth!"

"Yes, he's still up, Jeckerson!" I whispered, suddenly. "I see some one moving—over by the clock!"

We pressed our noses against the pane of glass in the door and watched. A shadow of a man was moving along the wall to the right of the fireplace. At the corner where the low stairway began stood a great grandfather's clock. The light from the fireplace was so dim that we could not really make out whether or not it was the owner of the place, whom we had bid good night a few minutes ago. We saw him stop in front of the clock and pull up the weights which wound it. Jeckerson grasped the doorknob and turned it—

"Who's there?" cried the man within, turning suddenly, his voice alive with fear. I could see his hands shaking—

"Open, Mr. Parr!" whispered Jeckerson. "We've got to talk to you again for a minute—"

"Oh, yes, all right, then!" exclaimed the man, hurrying forward and turning the key in the lock. "Thank God it's you, Mr. Jeckerson! You had me badly frightened, sir! I had just locked up the place and was preparing to turn in for the night. You see, any noise has a disturbing effect these last few days, sir—ever since the terror of the lake has bobbed up again."

"Quiet, please," whispered Jeckerson, as we stepped inside, and closed the door. I turned to watch Jeckerson, and saw him lock the door, taking out the key and slipping it into his pocket. "We must go very cautiously, Mr. Parr, if we are to be of any real help to you. Talk in low tones, you understand? Now, if you will kindly be seated, I want to ask you a few more questions."

"Sure!" exclaimed our host, in an awed whisper. "Come, sit by the fire. I'll throw on another log—"

"No!" interjected the detective, quickly. "That would give more light—we want to remain here, in this darkened room, Mr. Parr, and I want everything to appear as if everybody has gone to bed. Not a sign of life anywhere. Do you get me?"

Our host looked amazed.

"You do—you really believe, then—that—"

"Mr. Parr, we left you a few minutes ago, intent to seek our beds in the cottage which you have so kindly set aside for me and Doctor Waters and the boys we have brought up to Lake Tapaho with us. We have changed our minds, suddenly, and I do not think we will have any sleep for another few hours, at least."

Our host sank slowly into a seat.

"You—you saw something, then?"

"Two things, Mr. Parr. One of them we would not have seen if we had not heard a sound. What do you know about this woman who came here tonight with a parrot in a cage?"

"I never saw her before in all my lifetime, sir. Surely, she has nothing to do with the mystery on this lake?"

"I'm not so sure about that, Mr. Parr. There is another thing. Just as we left this room a few minutes ago, we walked along the lake shore toward our cottage. I fully expected to get a good night's sleep, and I wanted Seckatary Hawkins to get a good rest himself, so as to be ready and fit for a full day tomorrow. As you may suppose, Mr. Parr, we expect to find out a great deal tomorrow, to help us in solving this mystery for you—"

"You cannot solve it too soon, sir!" exclaimed our host.

"So I thought. Well, just as Hawkins and I passed along the lake shore, something seemed to drift away from us, like a great gray shape. It floated out into the fog upon the lake."

"What was it, sir?"

"That's what brought me back here

SECRETARY HAWKINS

—to ask you whether you knew. Has there ever been seen such a thing?" "No, no, sir! Nothing of that description, sir! I am appalled, sir! Something new to terrify us—"

"This need not really terrify you, Mr. Parr. It may have a very simple explanation, if we only knew. Then again, it may bear a frightful train of consequences. I'm ready to admit that it frightened me. Its very appearance, you un'erstan', all of a sudden, as it were, and the silent way it sped away from us as we approached

his cigar—but suddenly he withdrew his hand and said: "Listen!"

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Three thunderous thumps came from above our heads, before Jeckerson had time to utter the words that were on his lips, the thumping moved swiftly toward the wall, and then, the next moment came the sound of door opening on the landing of the stairway above us, and a reddish glow of light streamed down the stairs.

"It's the light at the head of the

walker—we've had the doctor in about it, but he says the best thing is to let Cabbett alone. The lake calls him, sir! You see, Cabbett is not strong.

I feel sorry for him, sir, and so let him stay. I know nobody else would have him—he'd most likely starve if I didn't let him keep his job here, sir. And he's good as a porter, sir—and very cheap. If the doctor would have ordered anything—but no, the doctor said to let Cabbett alone, as it was not dangerous for him to walk in his sleep, because Cabbett always comes back in a little while, none the worse—he's not a dangerous type of sleep-walker, sir—"

"Who was the doctor that told you this?" interrupted Jeckerson.

"Doctor Chambliss, sir—"

"I should like to meet him, at your convenience, Mr. Parr."

"Tomorrow, sir, if you like. He is one fine doctor. He's been stationed here for many years, sir. In fact, he has been the doctor for this lake

fear anything now; let us have light!"

A log fell upon the glowing ashes. A flame sprang up. It lit up a little bit of a parcel, done up in newspaper, lying upon the rug, right beneath our gaze. Jeckerson picked it up gingerly. A small piece of twine was wrapped about it. He pulled it off. A tone was within the wrapper, and under the tone a small bit of blue note paper. Jeckerson dropped stone, twine and newspaper wrapping, and holding the bit of blue paper to the light; he read out loud:

"This is the second warning. The next will not come in writing. Get off the lake before it arrives, else may God help you!"

Jeckerson looked up slowly, after he had read it. He passed his gaze from Mr. Parr to me before he spoke.

"The second warning," he said, slowly, with a grave face. "You understand, Mr. Parr, that these people, whoever they may be, are aware that you have sent for me to solve this mystery. They fear that I may be successful. You understand what I mean, don't you? If there is anything you have been keeping from me, for any reason at all, I advise you to tell it to me before it is too late—both for you and for me."

"Ah, Mr. Jeckerson! That you should suspect me of that!" cried Mr. Parr. "God knows I am sore beset, sir! I am the one who suffers most. This plague of a ghost upon this lake has driven me frantic, sir. Surely you would not believe that I would hide anything from you, sir!"

Jeckerson took up the newspaper wrapper that had come around the stone which brought us the second warning. He stooped and lighted it from the flowing embers under the newly lighted log. Slowly he applied it to his long cigar.

"Well," he said slowly, "it seems to me that you are too easy-going, Mr. Parr. About that doctor, now—the one you were telling us about just before this second warning came—Chambliss. I believe you said his name was—"

"That is right, sir!"

"Well, now about this sleep-walker. You will recall that just before this second warning was thrown through the window, your strange-looking Cabbett walked out of this room, apparently in his sleep—"

"Hush! here he comes, Jeckerson," I said, sharply, under my breath.

And there was a movement on the knob of the door. The next second the door was pushed open, and Cabbett came back in. He seemed still in a stupor. He moved slowly while he closed the door, turned the key in the lock, and then went to the stairs. But as soon as his feet touched the bottom step, he scampered up seemingly on all fours, quickly, disappearing at the same time that we heard the door slam above us, and the reddish glow of the night lamp went out.

Jeckerson turned to stare at the innkeeper.

"That," he said, slowly, "ends Cabbett's work for the night."

"You don't mean, sir," began Mr. Parr, in a quavering voice.

"I mean you can't trust anybody around here, sir!" snapped Jeckerson. "That Cabbett is a very suspicious character to me. What could have prevented him from going out there and playing the part of the fellow who threw us this second warning—"

"Jeckerson!" I screamed. "There it is again! Jeckerson!"

I stood up—pointing with my finger toward the window—and for a moment again loomed up that great, black, glossy shadow that I had seen just before the second warning had been tossed in. Jeckerson leaped up at my cry—sprang to the window—saw what I saw, and with a muttered oath he ran to the door, turned the key, pulled open the door, sprang upon the verandah—

I was at his heels. I was upon the verandah at the same time he was. But neither of us saw a thing. Only the lake shore spreading away before us, and the fog was lifting...

"Tomorrow we will look into this further," said Jeckerson.

Which we did.

Copyright, 1930, Robert F. Schukers.



We saw a great, dark, glossy shape behind those foggy window panes!

ed. Ghostly, if you know what I mean."

"I do, sir!" whispered our host. "And at this hour, sir! Good heavens! After 9 o'clock at night, and when all the lights are put out, I begin to shake—"

"Shaking won't get you anywhere!" snapped Jeckerson. "Look here, Mr. Parr! I feel sorry for you, really. You are surrounded by a thousand terrors in the night. What it all means I can not guess, for I have not had time to figure it out, not being here long enough, but if you will promise to do everything I tell you to do, listen to me, Mr. Parr, I'll see you safely through this mysterious business—"

"Oh, I'll do anything you say! I want to get rid of this terror! Look how I shake! Every night after 9 o'clock I feel this nervous! I can't even think straight! I'm not myself—now—you see! At this hour—he paused and turned his head, to glance furtively behind him—at this hour I'm positively numb! I've all I can do to wind the clock and rush up to bed, and lock my door. Almost like a schoolboy, sir, afraid of the dark!"

"I can sympathize with you, sir," said Jeckerson, nodding with a smile. "I don't blame you one bit! By the great Jove! If I were in your place, sir, I'd shiver and shake, and shake and shiver. But you can depend upon me, sir. And, should I fail you, there is that young man there, sir. Seckatary Hawkins—and he's the boy who won't let one thing get past his ever-watchful eye and his quick reasoning—"

"Don't count on me!" I cut in, suddenly, and I held up my hand. "Look! I'm shaking myself from hearing all this talk! If there's spooks roaming round here tonight—I'm goin' to be fair an' square with you—I'm tellin' you now that the first spook I see—well, I'm going to run!"

Silence followed my words—for a few moments none of us spoke. Then, slowly, Jeckerson began to speak:

"Spooks are out tonight, Hawkins," he said, slowly as he reached for a glowing amber with which to light

stair, sir!" whispered our host. "The night lamp, sir—"

He got no further, for something was coming down the stairway. Something that bumped and clumped its way down, one slow foot and another—and in the reddish glow that emanated from the stairhead we saw a strange figure—the odd figure of Cabbett, the man-of-all-work—coming slowly down the stair, one hand on the rail, the other clawing the air for something that was not there. In the deep glow of the light his figure was frightful, bent over as he was, his eyes popping out of their sockets, staring straight ahead of him, his ghastly-drawn lips moving in words that never came—

"Hush!" whispered our host. "It is Cabbett! He is sleep-walking, sir! Often he dreams like this! He knows not what he is doing. But do not awaken him, sir! It is dangerous!"

Jeckerson got up silently. Swiftly he moved to the door and inserted the key, and then ran back to his place in the big chair by the low-burning fire.

The grotesque shadow thrown by the bent-over Cabbett now passed from the stairs—he was on his way towards the door, staring straight in front of him. He did not seem to see us. He never looked toward the fire, in front of which we sat. He clumped along the floor, dragging one foot after another until he reached the door. He turned the key, pulled on the knob, still staring straight in front of him, and passed out, drawing the door securely behind him.

"What is it?" demanded our host. And now his tone was more trembling than before. He bent above Jeckerson, as I turned back upon them. Jeckerson had stooped. He was upon his knees, now, staring at something that lay upon the floor, right on the carpet in front of the hearth. I stooped down on hands and knees. There was a small object laying there. I reached out to pick it up, but Jeckerson cried out:

"Don't touch it! Wait! Throw a log on the fire, innkeeper! Let us have more light here! No need to

Club Motto
"Fair &
Square"

Seckatary Hawkins Club for Boys and Girls



Club Colors
Blue &
White

Our Weekly Meeting

How often do you sit and dream of the days when you will realize your ambition—when you have accomplished that which is in your mind would be the greatest possible and most desirable thing in your life? Those are day dreams, of course. And dreams are interesting things, whether we have them awake or asleep. Now, there are all sorts of dreams, and dreams have played an important part in some big events. The ancient kings used to place a great deal of importance on a dream, and there were wise men who were called upon to explain the meaning of dreams. The reason why I am writing this to you today is because our contest this week is going to be about a dream—any dream that you want to write about, of course; but don't you think that the best title would be "When My Dreams Come True?"

However, should you decide to send in a story about a dream, or a verse, it will be eligible for this contest if the title of piece you send in contains the word "DREAM." That makes it easier for all members to compete.

Having been asked of late to suggest some titles for members to choose from, I might mention that any of the following ought to give you a sufficient idea to begin: "My Dream," "A Dream that Came True," "In Dreamland," "Day Dreams," "A Funny Dream," "Twas Only a Dream," "The Dreamer."

We have this week a number of very interesting letters to place before the club. In starting the meeting we want to announce again that the members whose letters are presented in our regular meetings will receive an autographed copy of a book made up of Seckatary Hawkins' stories which have appeared in this paper. The first one we present is from Indiana:

Dear Seck:
Let's boast that motto, Fair and Square!
Let's fly its banner in the air!
And some day, some one will realize
Its meaning as they see it rise.
Straight toward the clouds to float on high.
But stay—let's save it 'till the sky
To shine on us below;
And every day our best we'll try
To others its meaning show.

To others fair and square we'll be;
We'll teach them right from wrong.
And then they'll begin to see
That life is one grand song.
Yours, fair and square, hoping to win a
book.

WILLIAM STRUNK, Jr.
Buckskin, Ind.

LOOK IN GEOGRAPHY FOR THIS ONE.

"Declaration of Independence" was the solution to last week's password, and it is gratifying to know how many boys and girls know their history.

Now, then, let's get back to our geographies again for this week's password and try to make it easy for every member of the club to figure out. Here it is:

CALIPHANAPA

No, sir, it does not mean Caliph Anapa, or any other Caliph of Bagdad—the way it stands now the letters in the word are all mixed up, but when you have changed them around and placed them in their right positions, you will have a word that means "of or pertaining to the mountain system of the eastern United States, extending from Quebec to Alabama."

Two little sisters in the Cotton State each write a letter, both on the same long sheet of note paper, so we introduce both of them:

Hello, Seck:

I read your club page every Sunday, and enjoy it very much. I notice you have a new member in your club. Wish I could hear that little fellow play.

I am a little girl 8 years old, have red hair, blue eyes and in the 4th grade. I am sending 2c for my club badge.

Good-bye!

Yours, fair and square,

DORIS SMITH,

Hello, Seck:
I can't let my little sister get ahead of me, so I'm sending a line, too. I enjoyed your trip to Cuba. I'll let you did get homesick, though.

I am a little girl 11 years old and in the 7th grade. I, too, have red hair and blue eyes. I enjoy reading and writing lots.

Am sending for my club badge. Hope to see mine and sister's letters in the paper.

Yours, fair and square,

MARGARET SMITH,

Stroud, Ala.

Down in dear old Georgia lives the member we introduce next, and there is something like a rhyme to this letter:

Dear Seck:

I am writing you again,
Hoping a book to win.
I'm writing you for the fourth time—
Twice in letters, twice in rhyme.
I read your adventures daily,
And enjoy them gaily.

I have had three of your books;
Two of them for me were bought,
But the third from my cousin I bought.
I've read of the "Yellow Y" and their gang
With their rat-faced leader who should be
sentenced to hang.

The adventures of the "Red Runners" and
the adventures of "Ching Toy,"
And now I'm crazy for another of your
books called "Stoners' Boy."

Yours, fair and square,

JANITA PLANT,

843 Chestnut St., Atlanta, Ga.

Now we take pleasure in introducing a member in the Far West—well, it's as far west as you can go without walking into the ocean:

Dear Seck:

I have written to you before, but I haven't won a book yet. I am hoping that I will find this letter under the "Weekly Meeting" column, but if I don't, I will keep on trying, as I know a quitter never wins and a winner never quits. I received my badge and membership card, and I think they are grand. I think your club colors are pretty, and I like your motto "Fair and Square" very much. I read your stories in the paper, and I like them very much. If your books are anything like your stories, they sure must be great. I will have to say good-bye until next week.

Yours, fair and square,

ELEANOR RUTH BOSWELL, 13,
643 Juanita Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

While we are out here in the Far West, we might as well stop at Hollywood long enough to get acquainted with this member, who can write a dandy letter, and wants to hear from other girl members of the club:

Dear Seckary Hawkins:

I am a new candidate for membership in your delightful club. I'm sure it's delightful. Mother just subscribed for the paper last Monday, so yesterday was the first time I saw your club page, but I decided immediately to join if you'll have me.

I love to write stories, though they never seem to amount to much; and poems, though they are harder; and your club is

BOW TO JOIN THE CLUB.

Every boy and girl who reads Seckatary Hawkins is invited to become a member of his famous club. It is a very big club and already has members in every state in the union, as well as Canada, and many foreign countries.

Fill out the membership blank at the bottom of this page. Write plainly. If you want a club badge be sure to enclose a two-cent stamp with your membership blank, and it will be mailed to you within a few days. No matter where you live, you can be a member of the Seckatary Hawkins Club. No matter how old you are—just fill out the membership blank and join.

just the thing for folks like me, isn't it? I also love to receive letters and write them to see, so won't you ask some of the other girl members to write to me?

I go to Hollywood High and am at present in the 10th B. You will excuse my not sending in anything this time, won't you? But I was in such a hurry to enter your club I didn't have time to write anything. I am enclosing a stamp for my badge and the membership blank. Wishing your club the best of success, I remain,

Yours, fair and square,

VIOLET KOMER,

842 N. Hudson Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

And now again we make a motion to adjourn this meeting till next week, same day, same place. If you are not yet a member of our club, fill out the coupon and send it in for your club button and membership card. And if your letter has not won a book yet, try again. Maybe next time is the lucky time. Who knows? Don't forget our radio meeting from Station WLW every week day at 5:45 p. m. eastern standard time, except Saturday, when it is held at 5 sharp.

Bye till next week.

Yours, fair and square,

Seckatary Hawkins

A NEW CONTEST EACH WEEK

READ THE RULES CAREFULLY.

In this week's contest the title must contain the word "DREAM." You may write a letter or story or verse. Write on one side of paper only. Your composition must be written without any assistance from older persons. All contributions must bear the writer's full name, address and age. The contest will close Thursday. Prize winners will be announced July 20th.

PRIZE: A SECKATARY HAWKINS BOOK.

Address all submissions in this contest to Seckatary Hawkins, care of The Atlanta Constitution.

:-:- IN THE SECKATARY'S MAIL BOX :-:-

Dear Seck:
I am enclosing my membership blank with this letter. I sure do like your stories every Sunday. I haven't even read one of your books, but I am sure they are very good because of the fine comments on them by other members. A friend of mine and I exchange books because both of us like to read. I would like to correspond with any members who are interested in mechanics and with others too. I will tune off now but I will be tuning on again soon.

Always, fair and square,
CHARLES FERRY,
Box 246, Winder, Ga.

Dear Seck:
I sure do enjoy reading your stories in The Constitution.
My school was out May 23. I sure am glad.

Yours, fair and square,
MARY CATHERINE ADAMS,
(Fifth grade.)
113 Monroe St., Ocala, Fla.

Dear Seck:
I only get your paper on Sunday. Although I am a girl, I like to read boys' stories better than I do girls'. In January I will be 12 years old. I was promoted to Junior High school, seventh grade. My brother, Everett, has joined your club and likes it very much. I have no pets. But I have a little brother that is two years old, weighs 42 pounds, has red hair and blue eyes and is also very good looking. Blue and white are my favorite colors.

Yours, fair and square,
LOIS TAYLOR,
DeLand, Fla.

Dear Seck:
I received my club badge and I am very proud of it. My friends think it is very pretty.

I read your adventures every day and enjoy them very much. I just can't wait for the next paper to see what you and the other boys are going to do with that three-eyed thing. Gee! I believe I would have run.

I am a girl with blue eyes, blond hair, 4 feet 11 inches tall, and I am 17 years old. My birthday is April 15th. I wonder if I have a twin.

For now, I have a little black dog and a cat.

I would be glad some of the other members would write to me.

Yours, fair and square,
LEAH EATON,
R. F. D. 4, Villa Rica, Ga.

Dear Seck:
I was 11 years old June 10th, and am in the seventh grade. I made A's in every subject, except writing, and I'm going to try hard to have all A's in that next term. I read your adventures in the daily and Sunday paper and have ever since you organized your club. O! Gee! how I do enjoy them.

Yours, fair and square,
LEWIS HOPKINS,
Route 1, Luthersville, Ga.

A GREAT ADVENTURE

"But it is a very dangerous thing to do, and I know you'll never come back alive."

"I know, sir, but the war is always filled with danger."

Lieutenant Howell, of the United States Army Air Corps had assigned Jack Harley a dangerous trip over the enemy's lines to check upon the machine gun nests.

Just before Jack climbed into his double motored Fokker plane, Lieutenant Howell came to give his friend a farewell.

"Good-bye, and good luck," were his parting words.

Jack passed over the American lines into the German territory. He was studying the ground below and didn't hear the plane approaching from the rear, above the roar of his two motors.

But he did hear a sharp report and feel a pain in his left arm. He looked and his sleeve was soaked with blood.

When Jack returned to consciousness he found his wound bandaged but his head ached terribly. He was not bound but he knew that he was in the hands of the enemy. He looked around the room for his guards, but saw no one. With a painful effort he arose and walked silently to the door. Looking through a crack he saw two men engaged in a conversation in low tones, but not low enough that they could not be heard by the prisoner within.

"Tomorrow is the time for the left and middle wings to attack together, isn't it?"

"I guess so, and I believe that they're going to mop up."

"You go in and see if that skunk has come to yet, while I go and get a drink of water. The captain said to carry the measly spy to him as soon as he woke up."

Jack thought quickly and he climbed up over the door, and as the German passed beneath him he gave a leap and landed squarely on his shoulders, bearing him to the floor. One punch was enough to knock him senseless. Jack quickly exchanged clothes and pulling his hat over his eyes left the place before the other German came back. As he turned a corner he saw to his astonishment and joy a landing field. Lowing his face Jack approached the nearest plane. As he was climbing into the cockpit he motioned for a mechanic.

"Crank!" ordered Jack in a cold tone.

"But, sir, there's no one going up today."

"No matter, I told you to crank this plane."

The mechanic obeyed and as the plane flashed past he exclaimed, "spy! spy!" but it was too late. Jack was in the air heading for safety.

As Jack crossed the lines he was attacked by a squadron of American planes, but he signaled to surrender and reached the ground without being fired upon. Jack reported to Lieutenant Howell of the conversation that he overheard and he later received a letter of thanks and promotion to second lieutenant from the general.

EARL COLLIER,
Paulan, Ga.

Dear Seck:
How's the old river bank? "Gee," I wish I lived as close to a river as you do. I haven't won a book yet, in this letter does not win a book I will try, try again. A bumble bee stung me Saturday.

I have a pet cat. He catches a whole lot of rats.

I hope you have a good time at Lake Tawaho.

I will have to sign off now but, gee, I wish I could keep on writing.

Yours, fair and square,

JOE BRADLEY,
Buford, Ga.

Dear Seck:
I read your adventures every day in the paper, and enjoy them more than anything else. Our teacher read us one of your books. It was called "They Grey Ghost." We all enjoyed it.

Well, Seck, I will tell you something of myself. I am 11 years old, blue eyes, fair complexion, black hair, weigh 100 pounds, am 5 feet 2 inches tall. My favorite hobby is reading.

Yours, fair and square,

GRACE ODOM,
1646 Kirkwood Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Seck:
I am a Georgia girl 11 years of age. Good old summertime is here again. I know it is fine down at the clubhouses near the river. I think if I could be there I would go swimming nearly every day. I know all are glad, as well as myself, that school is out again. Our school had a picnic at Lifsey Springs the last day. We all had a wonderful time.

I read all your pieces, Seck. Your adventures make The Constitution that much better. When the paper comes, the first thing I read is your adventures. I can hardly wait until the next issue comes. I have books of Scouts adventures, but none of them are as interesting as the stories about you.

Wishing all a happy vacation.

Yours, fair and square,

FRANCES COPPEDGE,

Zetella, Ga.

Dear Seck:
Hello everybody! This is my first letter, however, not my last.

I enjoy writing letters and everybody me out and see if I don't like to answer them, too.

I suppose before I go any farther I had better tell you how I look. I have light, brown hair, blue eyes and my skin is very tan, for I am in the Florida sun nearly all the time.

My favorite sport is swimming. I live just two miles from the ocean and I go nearly every day.

Yours, fair and square,

</div

Removing Summer Stains

Summer Fruits and Cold Drinks Are Hard on One's Table Linen; Automobile Touring and Summer Sports Do Plenty of Damage to One's Wardrobe. Only Immediate Action on a Spot, With the Right Agent, Can Eliminate the Evidences of the Accident

By Bernice Bronner

MANY years ago—oh, twenty-five at least—we heard much of a place called "Spotless Town." The inhabitants of this mythical city kept their pots, pans, kettles, knives, forks, spoons, dishes, floors, the paint in their houses and even their hands and dispositions speckless.

It was easier to be a spotless family in those days than it is for us moderns. We wear delicate gay colored clothes the year round; from oldest to youngest we spend more time in the fresh air and pursue sports with conscientious zeal. Autos and planes dash us about, and in summer we inhabit the beaches and golf links in throngs. With all this increased activity and interest it is more difficult than ever to keep ourselves well groomed and our household appointments able to bear inspection at all times.

Especially in summer—the season of vacations, picnics and added entertaining—does the vigilant housewife wage constant warfare on spots and stains. A spotless family nowadays is a real achievement.

If you would join the spotless crusade be initiated into the watchwords. One is: *Be quick*. As soon as the iced coffee is spilled begin at least preliminary efforts to remove it, for if a stained tablecloth is allowed to lie untouched in the laundry basket several days the coffee may be firmly dried or you may have forgotten the cause of the disfiguring yellow spot.

Be gentle. It is not main strength, but light, careful strokes that prevent unsightly rings and leave the texture unharmed.

Be sparing. A few drops of a bleach or solvent are enough at a time. This avoids spreading the liquid into the surrounding material, which does not need it.

Above all be intelligent. Work in a good light. Be sure of the kind of material. Is it cotton, silk, or is it a mixture? Choose the method of treatment that will be safe. Always try the method you are about to use on a piece of goods, even if you must clip it from a seam or the end of a belt. After the stain is gone the battle is not won unless all trace of the reagent is gone, too, for it may rise up to plague you by causing a blemish worse than the one it removed.

Mildew

Most stains we regard as visitations of a hostile providence, but it is usually our own fault if we find the dark spots of mildew have come overnight to disfigure our linens and clothes. Mildew is a plant and, like other plants, needs warmth and moisture to thrive. Given these, a fabric to fasten itself to, a dark place and the rest is botany. The housewife who on a hot evening dampens clothes preparatory to ironing them in the morning may find when she unrolls them that another problem awaits her attention first. Therefore, to avoid mildew never store fabrics in a dark, damp or warm place.

In some climates mildew is inevitable. In Japan, for example, during the hot, rainy summers Americans equip their houses with "drying rooms," where oil stoves are kept burning continually.

If the mildew is fresh and on white cotton or linen laundering will remove it. Hang in the sun to dry. If some stain remains, sprinkle with salt, moisten with lemon juice and return to the sunshine. Add more lemon juice if necessary. Rinse. If the spot persists dilute Javelle water half and half with water and apply to the spots with a medicine dropper. Do not allow it to remain on the spots more than one minute before rinsing in warm soap solution or the bleach will attack the fabric. Repeat this treatment if necessary, but not more than five or six times or the material will be affected.



Where it is not convenient to wash out grass stained garment, or where stain appears on a non-washable material, use denatured alcohol, applied with brushing motion. Below, right, fruit-stained napkins or tablecloths should first be soaked in water to loosen the stain. Then fasten stained section tightly across bowl and pour hot water on it from a height of three or four feet. The force of water carries off remaining juice

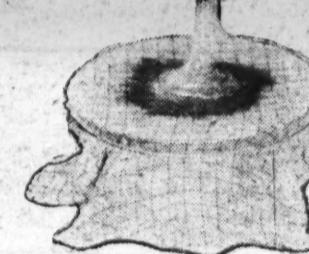
Rinse well with one tablespoon ammonia added to the last water. It is most important to rinse out all the Javelle water. If the mildewed article is large and of sturdy weave, such as a sheet or bath towel, soak five or six hours in a solution of one part of Javelle water to eight of plain water. Rinse thoroughly through several clear waters, to the last of which add one tablespoon of ammonia.

As Javelle water deteriorates with time it is best for the occasional user to buy it in small quantities.

Mildew on colored cottons and linens if not eradicated by laundering, may also be removed by potassium permanganate, although it should always be tried first on an unexposed portion of the goods to determine its effect on the dye. Dissolve one teaspoon of the crystals in one pint of water and apply a little of this to the stain with a medicine dropper and allow it to remain for about five minutes. Remove any resulting pink or brown stain by applying lemon juice and rinse thoroughly.

For mildew on white silk or wool try laundering first. If the spots persists you must again resort to a bleach, but not Javelle water, for it attacks silk and wool disastrously. Dissolve one-quarter teaspoon of potassium permanganate in one-half cup of water. Place the mildewed spot over a bowl of steaming hot water to hasten the action and fasten with a rubber band. Apply the permanganate solution with a medicine dropper and leave five minutes. The permanganate will leave a stain on which you must now drop a little oxalic acid solution (one tablespoon oxalic acid crystals dissolved in one cup of water) if the material is silk, or hydrogen peroxide if the material is wool. If, after rinsing, the mildew is still visible repeat the process. Finally rinse well.

Laundering, let us say again, is the first resource for removing mildew from colored silk or wool. The permanganate-oxalic acid



treatment is a doubtful second because of its possible bleaching effect.

Water Spots

It is occasionally the lot of even the most weather-wise to be caught in a summer shower. Even if shelter is available a few drops from foliage and leaves leave spots in the most conspicuous places, on sleeves or shoulders. Water spots may be dealt with variously. First try the magic nickel. Select a clean nickel from your purse and, holding the material taut, draw the smooth, blunt edge of the coin firmly but gently back and forth over the spot in the direction of the weaves. If the spot was caused by the water drawing the threads temporarily out of position, as in a crepe weave, it will disappear. If, however, there is sizing in the material the water may have dissolved some of it and no amount of rubbing will restore the texture. In this case turn the garment inside out, sponge it evenly all over with a clean cloth wrung out of cool water and when nearly dry press with a moderate iron. Try to move the iron and cloth in the direction of the weave. The material is now one big water spot, with its luster restored by pressing. If the fabric is washable laundering will, of course, remove water spots and usually render proof against further trouble of the sort, although there are exceptions, as witness silk stockings.

Foliage

We may permit ourselves an abandon of delights in being out of doors—tramping,

working in the garden and golfing—even though we are likely to collect green foliage stains. Grass, vines, flower stems, all contain a green coloring matter which is fortunately easily dealt with. A warm soap solution and persistent but gentle rubbing between the fingers will be quite sufficient to clear a foliage stain on a washable garment. Soap in solution should be used rather than the soap itself, for if a soap cake is rubbed directly on fabric it is hard to rinse out, and when a garment with soap still in the fabric is ironed a grayish color—a stain in itself—is the distressing result.

After the washing there may still be a slight yellow stain from the grass showing on white garments. To remove this a mild bleach, such as hydrogen peroxide from the medicine closet, should be applied. A stronger bleach for white cotton or linen's Javelle water or potassium permanganate, to be used as described for mildew, and necessary for the dark brown stains caused by dandellions.

A green foliage stain on unwashable material can be sponged out with denatured alcohol. Place the stain upside down on a clean, folded cloth or blotter, so that the stain can be flushed out without having to pass through the material. Moisten a clean cloth in a small amount of alcohol and gently brush in the direction of the weave. Now move the stain to a dry place on the blotter and brush dry with a dry portion of the cloth. Repeat if necessary. To prevent a ring forming, brush the alcohol irregularly into the surrounding fabric as you work.

Mud

Changing a tire on a country road may be a simple matter in itself, but it is likely to leave traces to remind us. Many a bit of country mud has found its way to town on summer frocks, thus. Mud stains are simple to treat. Try brushing them carefully after they are dry. This will usually remove all trace. If not, proceed exactly the same as with grass stains.

Tar and Road Oil

If there is reason to believe that these mud stains contain tar or road oil, then they present a different problem. Lose no time, but sponge repeatedly and patiently with carbon tetrachloride or with one of the many commercial cleaners of which it is a base. There are many of these preparations on the market which are faithful aids to the cleaner, and useful in emergency.

Lubricating Grease

Smears of lubricating grease from the automobile may worry you too, until you sponge them with your favorite cleaner or with carbon tetrachloride, gasoline or naphtha. Sometimes it is possible to scrape or wipe much of the adhering grease from the spot before treating. It is also helpful to surround the stain with a ring of French chalk to prevent its spreading. If the stained garment is washable, an alternative is washing with warm water and soap containing naphtha or kerosene. For a difficult stain on washable fabric rub the spot gently between the fingers with cold lard. This will urge the black particles in the grease out of the fibers into the lard. Scrape off the lard and repeat if necessary. Finally wash in warm soap solution. If the garment is not washable, try an absorbent, such as blotting paper, French chalk, powdered magnesia, or white talcum powder for fine fabrics, corn meal or salt for carpets, rugs and other coarse materials. This is effective only on spots of grease or oil unmixed with particles of dirt or metal.